





LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
SANTA BARBARA

PRESENTED BY  
MRS. ALFRED W. INGALLS

H. P. Harman.

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





PERILOUS ADVENTURES,

OR

REMARKABLE INSTANCES

OF

COURAGE, PERSEVERANCE, AND SUFFERING

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT

//  
"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach."  
SHAKESPEARE.

---

A. L. FOWLE  
NEW YORK  
1900

8/17/83

8/12/83





PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THE design of this work is to present to the reader such instances of courage, constancy, and perseverance, under circumstances the most perilous and appalling, as will most conspicuously show the power of the human mind to triumph over difficulties, and that nothing is to be despaired of where there is self-possession to look danger fearlessly in the face, and promptly to take advantage of emergencies as they arise. Truth, it has been said, is often more marvellous than fiction, and the realities here exhibited strikingly exemplify the correctness of this remark.

Each narrative is complete in itself, presenting a finished portraiture of the most prominent actors, and a full account of the events to which it relates. The reader, therefore, will derive much valuable historical information from this volume, in addition to the pleasure experienced in its perusal.

The publishers would farther state, that the articles composing this work have been taken from one of a larger size, the most valuable and interesting having been selected by the American editor for this object.

H. & B.

*New-York, Aug., 1841.*



## PERILOUS ADVENTURES

---

### WANDERINGS OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

THE adventurous attempt of Prince Charles Edward to recover the throne of his ancestors may be regarded as one of the most remarkable enterprises of the kind, when we take into account the scantiness of his means at the outset, the success he at first met with, the rapid progress of events, and the sudden and complete reverse of fortune which prostrated his family forever. Landing with only nine followers, in the course of nine short months he gained possession of the capital and part of the kingdom of his early progenitors; utterly routed a veteran army at Preston Pans; penetrated, in the depth of winter, nearly two hundred miles into England, and to within a hundred and twenty miles of its capital; effected a retreat, with his forces unbroken, in the face of two armies; won another victory at Falkirk; and at last sank beneath outnumbering foes at "pale, red Culloden, where his hopes were drowned."

When the battle of Culloden had been irrecoverably lost, the prince, with a party of horse, composed chiefly of his counsellors and friends, fled towards the River Nairn, which he crossed at the ford of Failie. Here, about four miles from the scene of his disaster, he rested for a short time ir

a cottage, and held a sort of council. The result of the deliberation was, that the routed army should be assembled at Ruthven in Badenoch, while he himself should traverse the country for the purpose of rousing those chieftains who had hitherto kept back, to bring their forces into the field, and make another struggle against the reigning monarch. There were, indeed, some grounds for believing that a stand might yet be made: in the course of a day or two a great part of the defeated troops were rallied at Ruthven; they held all the passes between Ruthven and Inverness; though diminished in numbers, they were still full of courage; were soon re-enforced by clans which had been on their march to join them before the encounter at Culloden; and might expect to be still farther strengthened by several clans which were absent on leave, and by others which dreaded the barbarity of the conquerors. But, influenced probably by his Irish counsellors, Charles seems to have lost all hope of accomplishing anything with his brave but irregular bands, and, accordingly, at the very moment when they were expecting his orders to take the field, he addressed to them the disheartening message that "every man must provide for his own safety in the best manner he could." This was, of course, the signal for a general flight.

From the River Nairn, meanwhile, Charles had continued his course to Gortuleg, a seat of one of the Frasers. Wishing, in case of pursuit, to divide and mislead the enemy's parties, he is said to have directed the major part of the gentlemen around him to disperse upon different routes. At Gortuleg Lord Lovat was then residing. This

wily and unprincipled personage, traitor alike to the cause which he really loved and to that which he had long pretended to espouse, was driven almost to madness when he heard that Charles was approaching as a hopeless fugitive. The ruin which he had brought upon himself and his family now stared him in the face, and he broke out into the bitterest execrations, reproaches, and bewailings. Charles, whom Lovat received, however, with outward tokens of respect, endeavoured to console him by exciting a hope of better days: "they had," he said, "had two days of triumph over the elector's troops, and he did not doubt they should yet have a third." He at last succeeded, or seemed to succeed, in calming Lovat, and a discussion was entered into respecting his own future movements. Gortuleg was deemed too near to the royal army to be a safe abode for the princely fugitive; and, therefore, after having rested for two hours, refreshed himself, and changed his dress, he continued his flight, accompanied by several of his confidential friends.

At ten o'clock in the night the prince and his followers quitted Gortuleg, to pursue their rugged and melancholy journey along the shore of Loch Ness. Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnel of Glangarry, a few miles beyond Fort Augustus, was the refuge they were seeking. They reached it at about five in the morning, but there was no one to give them a hospitable reception. The furniture had been removed, there were no provisions, and a solitary domestic was the only person remaining in the mansion. The fugitives, however, exhausted by a ride of forty miles in their perturbed state of

mind, were glad to sleep upon the bare floor. They must have departed without even satisfying their hunger, had not the servant of Alexander Macleod caught two salmon in Loch Garry, on which they dined. This was a foretaste of what the wanderer was destined to endure. At Invergarry he dismissed all his adherents, except Sullivan, O'Niel, and Edward Burke the servant of Macleod. The latter was to serve as his guide, and the prince now disguised himself in Burke's clothes.

A wearisome journey of seven hours brought the diminished party to the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean, at Loch Arkeig, where Charles halted, so completely worn out that he dropped asleep while Burke was loosening his spatterdashes. In the morning he resumed his flight to the westward. He stopped at Newboll, where he was liberally entertained; and where, for the first time in five nights, he enjoyed sound repose. He had need of it to strengthen him for the toil he was to encounter. In the expectation of hearing from some of his friends, he vainly waited for a few hours on the following day; but the fear of being overtaken by his enemies again urged him forward. Hitherto he had travelled on horseback; but he was now compelled to give up that accommodation, as his route lay over a chain of high mountains where roads were unknown. The fugitives crossed this almost inaccessible ridge, and in the evening reached the head of Loch Murrer, at a place called Oban. A miserable hut, situated on the verge of a wood, and occasionally used for sheep-shearing, was their shelter for the night.

The next day, which was Sunday, was no sab-

bath for Charles. Accompanied by his three adherents, with infinite difficulty he made his way over another range of steep and rugged mountains, and penetrated into the district of Aresaig, where he found a temporary refuge at the village of Glenboisdale. There he spent four days, and was joined by several of his fugitive partisans, among whom were Clanronald, Lockhart the younger of Carnwath, and Æneas Macdonald. While staying at this place he received a message from Lord George Murray, assuring him that the cause of the Stuarts was by no means hopeless, and imploring him not to quit the country. This petition was backed by Clanronald and others, who offered to build for the prince several summer huts in different extensive woods, near which a careful watch should be kept, and from one to another of which he might always remove, as circumstances required. In the meanwhile, Clanronald and some of his trusty friends would visit the western islands, and secure a vessel by which his royal highness might escape to France, should such a measure at last become necessary. But Charles turned a deaf ear to this proposal: Sullivan had impressed him with a belief that he would find a more safe asylum in the western islands than on the mainland, and thither he was obstinately bent upon going.

He would not, perhaps, have tarried so long in Aresaig had he not been waiting for one Donald Macleod, whom he expected from Skye, to be his guide to the islands. He was convinced that he should meet with no mercy if he fell into the hands of his enemies; and he might reasonably fear that the offer of thirty thousand pounds, formerly made

for his seizure, and now still more sedulously reproclaimed, would prove a temptation far too strong to be resisted by a weak or an avaricious mind. While he was labouring under these apprehensions, an alarm was one day raised that foes were approaching. An instant dispersion of the fugitives took place, Charles betaking himself to a neighbouring forest for security. While wandering there, he saw an aged Highlander coming towards him. On questioning the stranger, he found him to be the very Donald Macleod whom he was so anxiously expecting. "Then I am he who sent for you," exclaimed Charles: "you see the distress I am in, and therefore I throw myself into your bosom; do what you please with me; I am your prince." Donald was so deeply affected, that for a while he could only reply by tears; and when at last he was able to speak, he said that he was old, and he feared could be of no great use to him, but that he would do whatever was in his power. He added, that some of the hostile party were not more than ten or twelve miles off, seeking him, and consequently it would be prudent to remove from Aresraig with as little delay as possible.

By means of Clanronald, an eight-oared open boat was speedily obtained. Four pecks of oatmeal, and a pot in which to boil it when they landed, formed the whole of their stores. Charles had assumed the name of Mr. St. Clair, and Sullivan passed for his father. Macleod, from his long experience of the signs of the weather, foresaw that a storm was at hand, and endeavoured to persuade the prince to defer his voyage till the morrow. But Charles, believing he had more to dread from his



merciless enemies than from the raging elements, determined to put instantly to sea. The crew of the boat were willing to brave the danger, and accordingly, at twilight, they pushed from land. The prediction of Macleod was soon verified. Scarcely were they well out to sea when a terrible tempest arose, and the rain poured down in torrents. Their situation became perilous in the extreme; they had neither compass to steer by nor pump to discharge the water, the night was pitchy dark, and they were in utter ignorance of the course they were taking. On one side the waves threatened every moment to swallow them up; on the other they were in danger of being driven on the coast of Skye, where numbers of the militia were roaming about in quest of their proscribed passenger. The light of morning at length dawned upon them, and dispelled their terrors by showing them a friendly shore. During the night the wind had wafted them upward of a hundred miles, and they found themselves off Rossinish Point, the northeast corner of Benbecula, one of the group of the Hebrides. With joyful hearts the rowers ran the boat upon the beach, and landed with their passengers in safety. They took possession of a deserted cowhouse without a door, and the prince helped to light a fire to warm the crew, who were almost perished with wet and cold. He also purchased a cow for thirty shillings, a part of which, with some meal, was put into the pot, to relieve their hunger. When he had partaken of this rude refreshment, he lay down upon the floor, covered by an old sailcloth, and slept soundly. The storm, painful and alarming as it was, had nevertheless been favourable to them, as

it had driven into harbour all the boats and small vessels which were upon the lookout for the wanderer, it being thought impossible that any frail skiff could live in such a tremendous sea.

The storm continued to rage for fourteen hours after the prince's landing, and it was not till the third day that they could again safely put to sea. They were now bound to Stornoway, in the island of Lewis, where they meant to represent themselves as Orkney men who had been wrecked upon the isle of Tirec, and wanted to hire a vessel to convey them to their own country. Once masters of the vessel, there would be nothing to prevent their steering for France. Taking with them part of the cow they had purchased, they set sail, on the 29th of April, for Stornoway, distant about seventy miles. But they had not gone more than half way when they were overtaken by a storm, which compelled them to put into the little island that bears the double name of Glass and Scalpa. This island belonged to a hostile laird, and they were consequently obliged to appear under their borrowed character of shipwrecked merchantmen. They fortunately fell in with one Donald Campbell, a farmer, a partisan of the Stuarts, who hospitably entertained them, and lent his own boat to Donald Macleod to proceed to Stornoway and hire a vessel for the prince. Charles, meanwhile, remained in the farmer's house.

In the course of a few days, Donald having sent word that he had engaged a vessel, the prince and his friends set sail for Stornoway. Stress of weather, however, soon compelled them to land in Loch Seaforth, whence they had to travel thirty miles

over a wet and trackless moor. The distance was increased by the stupidity of their guide, who led them several miles out of their way; and it was not till the next day at noon that they reached Arnish, about half a mile from the town. From this place Charles despatched a messenger to Donald for some food, as they were almost starving. Donald himself came with the provisions, and then took the prince to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, where he was to take up his abode for the night. He then went back to Stornoway, to prepare for their embarkation.

When Donald arrived at Stornoway, he found it all in commotion. The townspeople were fully convinced that the prince was at hand with five hundred men, and meant to burn the place, take away their cattle, and seize upon a vessel to carry him to France. The origin of this commotion has been variously related: by some it is said to have been occasioned by a letter sent from South Uist by a Presbyterian clergyman, communicating the terrible intelligence of the wanderer's design; by others it has been ascribed to want of prudence in Donald, who had behaved in a manner to excite suspicion, especially by offering to purchase the vessel at a high price, on the owner refusing to abide by his original agreement. Be this as it may, it is certain that the people of the town were in a violent state of excitement; and, had the prince been among them, which he would have been but for his having been delayed, there can be no doubt they would have proceeded to extremities against him. It was in vain Donald protested that Charles had no forces, nor any wish to injure them if he

had the means. All he could gain from them was a declaration that they had no desire to hurt the prince, provided he would depart; but they positively refused to furnish him with a pilot, or to lend him any assistance whatever.

With this disagreeable intelligence Donald went back to Kildun. Some advised the prince to fly to the mountains; but, rightly judging that flight would tempt pursuit, he rejected this proposal. To set off immediately by water was impossible, for two of the boatmen, in a fit of panic, had fled into the country, and the other two had put to sea with the boat. The remainder of the day they were therefore compelled to spend at Mrs. Mackenzie's, in momentary expectation that something unpleasant would happen. Their fears were relieved in the morning by the return of the two men with the boat, and they delayed not a moment in making ready for their flight. They had part of a cow which they had purchased at Kildun, and this, with two pecks of oatmeal, a lump of butter, and some brandy and sugar, formed the stores for their voyage. The hasty meal which they took before their departure was prepared by the prince himself; it consisted of a cake, made of oatmeal and the brains of the cow, baked upon a stone before the fire.

On the morning of the 6th of May they left this inhospitable shore. It was the wish of the prince to steer for the Orkneys; but the boatmen were averse from venturing so great a distance, and it was resolved to take a southerly course. Danger was on all sides of them. The government were aware that Charles was wandering among the Hebrides, and the coast was consequently swarming

with English ships, in wait to intercept him. Before they had proceeded far, the sight of four vessels drove them to take shelter in the small island of Eiurn or Iffurb, a little to the north of Scalpa. This island was inhabited by a few fishermen, who, seeing the vessels and the boat, concluded that the latter was conveying a pressgang, and were so alarmed that they made the best of their way into the interior. Here Charles stayed for four days, lodging in a wretched hovel, the dilapidated roof of which they covered with a sailcloth, and partly subsisting on the fish which the fishermen had spread upon the rocks to dry. The prince would have left some money in payment for the fish, had not the politic Donald suggested that this would prove they were not a pressgang, and excite an idea that persons of consequence had been there. An attempt to land on Scalpa was frustrated by four fellows laying hands upon the boat the moment it touched the beach: a circumstance which induced them to push out to sea. The wind fell, and they had to row all night, though almost fainting for want of food. In the morning they again hoisted their sail. During this day they had nothing to eat but a mixture called drammock, made of oatmeal and salt water, for of fresh water they had none. This unpalatable composition the prince is said to have eaten with apparent relish, washing it down with a glass of brandy. Twice in their way to Benbecula they were chased for miles by English ships, from one of which they could escape only by running among the rocks, near Roundil Point, on the island of Harris. Soon after the prince had landed a storm arose, which blew his

pursuers off the coast ; on which he exultingly exclaimed that Providence protected him, and would baffle all the designs of his enemies.

Subsistence being a primary object, the boatmen immediately began to search among the rocks for shellfish. One of them caught a crab, and joyfully held it up to the prince, who seized a bucket and joined in the hunt. The bucket was filled by their joint exertions, and Charles, in spite of the remonstrances of his followers, persisted in carrying it for two miles, till they came to the hut where they were to reside. The doorway of this small, dirty hovel was so low that they were obliged to creep in on their hands and knees. This mode of entrance being by no means pleasant, Charles ordered a part of the soil round the door to be dug away. From this goodly abode the prince despatched Donald to the mainland with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, desiring a supply of money, and information as to the state of affairs.

The arrival of Charles being made known to the old laird of Clanronald, who had taken no part in the outbreak, that gentleman hastened to him with wine, provisions, shoes, stockings, and shirts ; the last was not the least acceptable of these articles, the linen of the prince having by this time become "as dingy as a dishclout." The wearer himself was in very indifferent plight ; his spirits were good, but he had begun to suffer corporeally from his toils and privations ; his frame was emaciated, his countenance haggard. To better in some small degree the condition of his guest, Clanronald removed him to a secluded hut, called the forest-house of Glencorrodale, in the island of South Uist.

so situated that, in case of alarm, its inmate could take either to the mountains or the sea. Thither Charles was accompanied by several of his friends; and twelve of Clanronald's dependants were stationed near his retreat, to serve as guards, guides, or messengers. In this place Charles enjoyed the luxury of having two cowhides, stretched upon four sticks, suspended over his couch to shield him from the weather. Here he remained for three weeks, amusing himself with hunting, shooting, and fishing, and sometimes enjoying the society of old Clanronald and his brother Boisdale. While the prince was here, Donald returned empty-handed as far as regarded money, Murray having told him that he had only sixty louis d'or for himself, and could spare nothing for his master. Donald, however, had not forgotten to purchase and bring back a couple of ankers of brandy.

The situation of the prince in South Uist was one of comparative comfort. But it was too pleasant to last. His indefatigable pursuers were dogging him closely, and he had no alternative but flight or destruction. They had girdled the whole coast of the Hebrides with vessels of all sizes, and the military had orders to sweep the chain of islands from end to end, and leave no corner unexamined. Even the remote island of St. Kilda, whose inhabitants lived in profound ignorance of war and politics, had been rigorously searched. Already troops had been landed in Barra and other neighbouring isles, and were preparing to overrun South Uist. Charles therefore sought refuge in the petty islet of Wia: scared from thence by his advancing foes, he found shelter for a few days on

the banks of Loch Boisdale, after having encountered a storm and some hostile cruisers. At Loch Boisdale he parted from all his friends except Colonel O'Niel, after which he removed to a hut near the seashore, about a mile from Clanronald's mansion.

The moment at length arrived when to remain longer on South Uist was impossible, the king's troops being on the advance from both of its extremities. Yet how were the means of escape to be procured? They were furnished by a woman: one whose memory will be honoured as long as courage and compassionate feeling can obtain the respect of mankind. There was then visiting at Clanronald's seat a lady nearly related to him, named Flora Macdonald, whose father-in-law commanded one of the militia detachments which were traversing South Uist. "She was about twenty-four years of age, of a middle stature, and a very pretty, agreeable person, of great sprightliness in her looks, and abounded with good sense, modesty, gentleness, and humanity." In the hope that she might render them service, O'Niel narrated to her the sufferings and imminent danger of the prince, and her womanly pity was excited by the mournful tale. She had an interview with Charles, and consented to convey him to Skye dressed as her female servant. Under pretence of wishing to see her mother, who was in Skye, she next obtained from her unsuspecting father-in-law a passport for herself, her male attendant Mac Echan, and her Irish maid Betty Burke. Flora seems to have felt a mischievous pleasure in trying how far she could play upon her simple stepfather; for, on the



pretence of her mother having a large quantity of flax in store, she actually prevailed upon him to give her a letter recommending the supposititious Betty Burke as an admirable spinner.

The plan was communicated to Lady Clanronald, who cordially concurred in it. Attire suitable for the assumed character of the prince was provided by the two ladies. It consisted of a coarse cotton gown, with purple flowers upon a white ground, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood to it. These articles they carried to the hut where Charles was concealed. When they entered they found him busied in roasting the liver and heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit, and were much affected at seeing him reduced to such necessity. The prince, who felt that his dignity was in no way compromised, made light of the matter, and remarked that "the wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow." He added, in a more serious tone, that "it would be well if all who were born to greatness had a little of the same experience that he had." They then sat down to dinner, the prince placing Lady Clanronald on his left, and Flora on his right. While they were at their meal, a servant came in haste, to warn Lady Clanronald that Captain Ferguson, with a party of soldiers, was at her house in quest of the prince. She therefore returned instantly to her home.

A boat had been secured to convey Charles to Skye, and he now began to prepare for his voyage by putting on his female apparel. This being completed, he proceeded with Flora towards the beach, and joined the boat's crew. As they were

wet, and had to wait some time before they could depart, a fire was lighted to dry them. But they had not been long there when they were startled by the sight of four cutters, full of armed men, sailing along near the shore. The fire was hastily extinguished; and, concealing themselves among the heather, their enemies passed by without observing them.

At about eight in the evening, on the 28th of June, they started from South Uist. After sailing some distance, the wind rose and the sea began to swell. Charles, who saw that his companions were ill at ease, did his best to enliven them, by singing pleasant songs and telling merry stories. At day-break a wide expanse of water alone was visible, and, the wind having often veered about during the night, they knew not where they were. In a short time, however, the hills of Skye came in sight; and, unconscious of the danger which awaited them there, they made for the point of Waternish, which projects from the northwest corner of that island. They had approached within musket-shot of the land before they perceived that it was covered with soldiers. Hastily changing their course, they plied their oars vigorously, regardless of the threats of the military. These threats were followed by volleys of musketry, the balls whizzing around the boat on all sides. In this critical situation the courage and coolness of the prince remained unshaken. He had but one fear, and that was for his deliverer. He earnestly entreated Miss Macdonald to lie down in the bottom of the boat to avoid the bullets; but, with Spartan firmness, she replied that she came there to save his life, not to

look to her own, and that she should blush to shrink from danger and leave him exposed to it : nor, though the shots were thickly falling about them, could he prevail on her to follow his advice till he himself consented to take the precaution which he recommended. By dint of strenuous exertion they at length got to a safe distance, and, happily, no one was hurt. Flora, however, was so worn out by fatigue and anxiety that she dropped asleep in the bottom of the boat. The prince covered her up carefully, and sat by to watch lest any of the crew should chance to disturb her.

Their landing was effected at Kilbride, near Magestad, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. It was to Magestad that the prince and his guide were bound. Sir Alexander, and most of the other lairds of Skye, were indeed ostensibly well affected to the existing government, and seemed to lend it a cordial support ; but their prejudices, and perhaps their affections, were on the side of the Stuarts. Sir Alexander himself was with the Duke of Cumberland ; yet it was to his wife, Lady Margaret, that Flora had confided her secret and looked for assistance.

Having placed Charles in safety, Flora proceeded, with her attendant Mac Echan, to Magestad. The house was full of British officers. She contrived, nevertheless, to have a private interview with Lady Margaret, in which it was settled that the prince should go, for the present, to the house of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the steward of Sir Alexander, who chanced to be then at the family mansion. Kingsburgh was speedily despatched to the prince, who, on hearing his approach, rushed

out from his concealment with a large knotted stick, and stood on the defensive till he explained the purport of his mission. Charles and his conductor then journeyed on towards the house of the latter, which was several miles off. Unaccustomed as yet to his disguise, the prince was more than once in danger of betraying his sex. "I never saw such a tall, impudent jaud in my life," exclaimed a girl; "see what lang strides she takes, and how her coats wamble about her! I daur say she's an Irish woman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Sometimes, instead of courtesying, he bowed to those who greeted them on the road. In fording a stream, he raised his petticoats far higher than was seemly in a woman; and when this error was pointed out to him, he remedied it by the still worse mistake of allowing them to float on the water. "Your enemies call you a pretender," said Kingsburgh; "but if you are one, I must say that you are the worst at your trade I ever met with."

On the road they were joined by Flora, who at first had taken another route on horseback, and the party reached Kingsburgh's house at eleven at night. His wife was gone to bed, and she sent down a welcome to the guests, and an apology for not rising. She little thought who one of her guests was. Her daughter, who was seven years old, now ran up to her, declaring that her father "had brought a very muckle ill shaken up wife as ever she had seen; ay, and had ta'en her into the hall too." The child was followed by Kingsburgh, who told his wife that she must get up and entertain the company. The lady obeyed, and in the

mean time sent her daughter to fetch the keys, which had been left in the hall ; but the timid girl returned without them, saying that she could not go in, "because the muckle woman was walkin' up and down the hall, and she was afraid of her." The mother, who was obliged to go for them herself, received from the formidable guest the customary salute on entering the room, and was sadly discomposed at feeling the roughness of a male cheek. Suspecting that it was some distressed gentleman in disguise, she questioned her husband as to the name of the person, and whether he was likely to know what was become of the prince. "It is the prince himself, my dear," replied Kingsburgh. Warm as her feelings were towards Charles, this abrupt intelligence alarmed her. "The prince !" she exclaimed ; "then we are ruined ; we will a' be hanged noo !" Kingsburgh succeeded in quieting her fears, and desired her to bring some eggs, and butter and cheese, for supper. The idea of presenting such a supper quite overthrew her again ; for she could not imagine the possibility of a prince condescending to sup upon anything so homely as butter, cheese, and eggs. This difficulty being removed by an assurance that Charles had lately lived upon much worse fare, another arose from his telling her she must come to table. "*I come!*" said the astonished dame ; "I ken naething of how to behave before majesty !" At last her terrors and scruples were dispelled, and the party sat down to their repast, the prince placing her on his left and Flora on his right. When the ladies had withdrawn, Charles took out a short dingy pipe, and began to smoke ; a prac-

tice to which, he said, the toothache had compelled him to have recourse in his wanderings. This pipe was known among his friends by the name of "the cutty;" an Irishman would call it a dudeen. While the prince was enjoying his cutty, Kingsburgh brought forth a small china bowl, in which he mixed some toddy; and so palatable was the liquor that bowl followed bowl, and the host and his guest sat quaffing and familiarly conversing for several hours. Though loth to seem inhospitable, Kingsburgh was at last obliged to hint at the necessity there was that the prince should retire to rest, that he might be prepared for the fatigue of the morrow. Charles, however, good-humouredly insisted on another supply of toddy; and, seeing Kingsburgh take up the bowl to put it away, he seized upon it to prevent him. Both held it fast, and in their amicable scuffle it broke asunder, each of them retaining a portion of it. The destruction of the bowl put an end to the debate, and they retired to their beds.\*

Charles, who, as he himself said, had almost forgotten what a good bed was, enjoyed his couch so much that he slept for ten hours, and would have slumbered longer had not his host aroused him. It was necessary that he should depart without delay. A change of dress was also requisite; and, accordingly, "a short coat and waistcoat, a phili-beg and short hose, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet," were provided for him. As, however, it would not

\* The habit of inebriety, which was a stain upon the latter years of this unfortunate prince, originated, perhaps, in his resorting to the use of spirits when worn with toil, and suffering from wet and cold, during his wanderings in Scotland.

be prudent to shift his attire in Kingsburgh's house, no other alteration was at present made than substituting a new pair of shoes for those which he wore, and through which his toes were peeping. Kingsburgh carefully tied the cast-off shoes together and hung them up, declaring that they might be of great service to him. "How so?" asked the prince; to which he replied that he would come, when his guest was firmly settled in St. James's, and shake them at him, to bring himself to his recollection.

Raasay, an island between the mainland and Skye, was the place which had been chosen for the prince's asylum; and he was to proceed thither from Portree, a small town on the eastern shore of Skye. To procure a seaworthy boat was a matter of some difficulty; it would not be prudent to confide in a Portree crew, and all the boats in Raasay had been destroyed except two, which were in the possession of Malcolm Macleod, a partisan of the Stuarts. This obstacle was, however, surmounted by the contrivance of one Donald Macleod. Knowing that there was a little boat in a neighbouring lake, he procured assistance, dragged it across a mile of land which was half bog, half precipice, and ventured in it to Raasay. He returned speedily, bringing with him Malcolm Macleod, his boat, and two stout boatmen.

At parting from his hostess, who had lost all her dread of being hanged, and who was full of enthusiasm for him, Charles received her mull or snuff-box as a keepsake, and allowed Flora to cut off a lock of his hair, which the ladies shared between them. The prince, Flora, and Kingsburgh now

set off for Portree. When they had gone far enough from the house, Kingsburgh took the prince into a wood: there Charles resumed his masculine appearance, and was himself again. They then went on to Portree, and found that the boat was waiting for them within half a mile of the town. Here, at the inn, Charles took a grateful and affectionate leave of the high-minded Flora, to whom he presented his miniature, with a request that she would ever preserve it for his sake. Kingsburgh attended him to the water side, and they embraced and wept when they parted.\*

Charles landed in Raasay early in the morning of the first of July. There was but sorry accommodation for him in his new place of abode. Nearly all the houses had been burned by the soldiery, and he was obliged to put up with a poor hovel which some shepherds had lately built. A bed was made for him of heath, with the bloom uppermost. For provisions they were tolerably well off, as the young laird of Raasay brought them a kid and a lamb, concealed in his plaid. Cause for apprehension soon arose. There was a man in the island who had come there a fortnight before for the purpose of selling a roll of tobacco. The tobacco had long been sold, and yet he continued to stray about without any apparent business to detain him. In such times the natural conclusion was, that he was a spy. He having chanced to approach the hovel, Malcolm, Murdoch, and young

\* Miss Macdonald, Macleod, and Kingsburgh were arrested soon after; the lady and Malcolm were conveyed to London, and Kingsburgh was taken first to Fort Augustus and subsequently to Edinburgh Castle. After having been imprisoned for more than twelve months. they were all set at liberty.



Raasay determined, without hesitation or inquiry, to shoot him. The prince was shocked; and he strongly remonstrated against murdering a person who probably was innocent. John Mackenzie, who was on watch at the door, heard him, and exclaimed in the Erse language, "He must be shot; you are the king, but we are the Parliament, and will do as we please." On the remark being translated to Charles, he laughed heartily, and called him a clever fellow. The stranger, meanwhile, passed on without noticing them, and thus escaped an otherwise inevitable death.

It is probable that this incident induced the prince to remove from Raasay after having been there only two days. He desired to be conveyed back to Skye, and the whole party consequently set sail on the evening of the third. The wind soon rose alarmingly, and the boat shipped so much water that his companions declared they had better return. Charles, however, opposed their wish, telling them that Providence, which had brought them through so many perils, would preserve him for a nobler end than being drowned. To divert their attention from the gale, he sang them a merry Erse song, and then took his turn in assisting Malcolm to bale out the water, which often threatened to swamp the boat. It was eleven at night when they arrived at Scorebreck, in the Isle of Skye. To reach the land they were obliged to jump into the sea, and the prince was one of the first to make the plunge and help to haul the boat ashore. Wet and hungry, they spent the night in a cowhouse, without food or fire.

In the morning Charles parted from all his com-

panions but Malcolm. As soon as they were alone, he told him that he wished to be conducted to that part of Skye which belonged to the laird of Mac-kinnon. Malcolm represented the danger; but Charles replied that there was nothing now to be done without danger. "You," added he, "shall be the master, and I the man;" and he immediately began to assume the character, by strapping their linen bag over his shoulders, and changing his own vest, which was of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons, for Malcolm's, which was of a plainer kind. Thinking this not sufficient, he afterward took off his wig, tied a dirty napkin round his head under his bonnet, stripped the ruffles from his shirt, removed the buckles from his shoes, and made his friend fasten them with strings. He was also careful to touch his bonnet when his fictitious master spoke to him while any one was passing by. They set out in the evening and travelled all night. The journey was long and wearisome; more than thirty miles, over hill, heath, and morass. In walking, Charles was more than a match for his companion, and he declared that, provided he was not within musket-shot, he would have no fear of being captured by English soldiers. Malcolm asked him what they should do if they were taken by surprise. "Fight, to be sure," replied the prince. Malcolm said that if their assailants did not exceed four in number, he thought he could manage two of them, and Charles promised to be answerable for the two that might fall to his share. Yet they were in no favourable condition for fighting, wearied as they were, and having had no food for many hours; their only refreshment had been a little brandy,

with water from the spring, the last glass of which Charles insisted that Malcolm should drink, as he himself could do without it.

Their tedious journey ended at Ellagol, near Kilmarie, in the southwest corner of the island. Malcolm had a sister living there, whose husband, John Mackinnon, had been a captain in the prince's army, and might therefore be trusted. Mackinnon was from home, but his wife received them kindly. Charles was introduced to her as his servant Louis Caw, who had fallen ill on the road. At table, Malcolm desired Louis to sit down with them, as there was no company; an invitation which the seeming servant accepted with a well-acted show of thankfulness and humility. According to Highland custom, water was brought in after dinner to wash the feet of the guests. The old crone who brought it having washed Malcolm's feet, he requested her to perform the same office for his attendant. Her Highland blood was fired by what she thought an insult, and she warmly exclaimed, with a Gaelic redundancy of speech, "Though I have washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" She was at last prevailed on to do it, however, as an act of humanity, though her humanity was displayed with a very ill grace. She rubbed Charles so roughly that he complained; but, instead of an apology, he was greeted with, "Filthy fellow, it ill becomes the like of you to murmur at anything my father's daughter could do to you!" The next morning he gave her fresh offence. Having taken but two hours' rest, he had long been up, and was dandling Mrs. Mackinnon's infant, when Malcolm, who had

only just risen, came into the room, and expressed his surprise at seeing him so actively engaged and so little affected by the previous fatigue. "Who knows," said the prince, "but this boy may hereafter be a captain in my service?" This remark must, under the apparent circumstances, have sounded strangely to the testy dame, and it is no wonder that she corrected him by saying, "Or you, rather, an old sergeant in his company!"

Mackinnon now returned, and was delighted to hear that the prince was under his roof. Charles was resolved to go to the mainland, and it was settled that Mackinnon should go to his chief and hire a boat for that purpose, without, however, letting him into the secret. But John had not the retentive faculty; and, in the fulness of his heart, he made everything known to the laird. The old chief, who was a warm friend of the Stuarts, directly ordered out his boat, and set off with his wife to welcome the prince. He carried with him some wine and provisions, and the whole party partook of them in a neighbouring cave. There it was arranged that the old laird and Mackinnon should conduct Charles to the mainland, Malcolm being left behind to mislead the enemies in case of their pursuing. After smoking a pipe with Malcolm, giving him a silver stock-buckle and "the cutty" as tokens of remembrance, and compelling him to receive ten guineas to bear his expenses while he was concealed, Charles bade him an affectionate farewell, and departed, late in the evening, from Skye. Two English ships were in sight, bearing down in a direction towards him, but he insisted on proceeding, being convinced, he said, that P<sup>r</sup>ovi-

dence would protect him. The wind soon veering round, the ships stood upon another tack, and he passed unseen. The voyage, which was of thirty miles, was tempestuous. The roughness of the weather, however, proved eventually a favourable circumstance; for it prevented them from being stopped by a boat full of soldiers who hailed them. Charles landed, on the morning of the 5th of July, at Little Mallag, on the southern shore of Loch Nevish.

The coast of the western part of Inverness-shire, where the prince landed, is intersected by several lochs, which indent the country deeply, thus forming a series of alternate inlets and peninsulas. Passing from north to south, there are the lochs of Duich, Hourn, Nevish, Morrer, Aylort, and Ranach, of which the last two are united, and Moydart and Sheil, which also communicate with each other. Taken in the same order, the peninsular districts between them are named Glenelg, Knoydart, Morrer, Arasaig, and Moydart. They are wild and mountainous, varying in breadth from five to ten miles, and the hills which compose them join, or, rather, are ramifications from, a mountainous chain which runs north and south, from Loch Shiel into Ross-shire. Over this chain pass the roads, which in those days were merely paths, from the seacoast to Glengarry, Glenmorisson, and other glens, terminating to the eastward at the great line of lakes which insulates the north of Scotland.

The return of Charles to the mainland was speedily known by his enemies, and measures were taken to hunt him down before he could quit the circumscribed district which has just been descri-

bed. If they could confine him within its limits, there was a great probability that he would fall into their hands; or, if he again sought shelter in the neighbouring islands, that he would be captured by the British cruisers. To prevent his escape from the circle, a chain of strong posts was formed along the mountain range, extending from the head of Loch Hourn to the head of Loch Sheil. These posts were connected by sentinels stationed within sight of each other. Not a traveller was suffered to pass during the day without a rigid examination. At night, large fires were lighted at the several posts, and the sentinels were kept in constant motion, crossing from one fire to the other, so as to leave no space untraversed throughout the whole extent of the line.

For three nights after his return to the mainland Charles and his party slept in the open fields. Two of the fugitives were then sent in search of a cave for an abode, and, in the mean while, the prince, with four companions, rowed up Loch Nevish. As they were rounding a point, they were discovered and pursued by a boat full of militiamen. The fugitives, however, plied their oars so vigorously that their pursuers were soon left too far behind to think of continuing the chase. After a short stay at Mallag, they crossed the hills between the Lochs of Nevish and Morrer, with the purpose of procuring an asylum at Morrer House, the seat of Lieutenant-colonel Macdonald. On their way they came to a hut, in which, as they were approaching it, they saw some people; and Charles, who feared that he might be known, desired Mackinnon to fold his plaid for him in the true Highland manner, and throw it

over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it. He then tied a handkerchief round his head, settled his features to the character which he assumed, and appeared as a servant again. At the hut he was not recognised, and he and his companions were refreshed with a draught of milk. When they arrived at Morrer House they found it reduced to a pile of scorched and blackened ruins, and its master living in a neighbouring hut. Macdonald, nevertheless, gave them a hospitable welcome, and sheltered them in a cave, where they enjoyed ten hours' sleep.

As Macdonald of Morrer was not in a condition to succour him, the prince resolved to cross the loch into Arasaig, and throw himself upon Macdonald of Borodale, from whom he doubted not of meeting with a cordial reception. But, when he reached Borodale, he found the mansion consumed, and the laird, like his namesake, abiding in a hut. This wretched dwelling Macdonald willingly shared with his dangerous guest. Receiving intelligence which gave reason to believe that the hut would be an unsafe residence for Charles, his host removed him to an almost unknown and inaccessible cave, about four miles to the east. There the prince remained till the coming of Glenaladale, one of his most attached followers, to whom he had sent a message to join him.

The departure of Charles was hastened by a letter from a gentleman in the peninsula of Morrer, who stated that his place of concealment began to be known, and offered him one which was more secure. The prince sent Ronald Macdonald to ascertain whether the new spot was really preferable.

but he did not wait his return ; for an alarm being given that an English tender was hovering on the coast, he thought it prudent to proceed without loss of time to Glen Morrer. On his way thither he was met by a messenger, who informed him that Clanronald was a few miles off, and had prepared a safe asylum for him. Charles, however, who was near Glen Morrer, determined to rest there for the night, and proceed to meet Clanronald in the morning.

But the prince was not destined to avail himself of Clanronald's services. In the course of the night, tidings were brought to the laird of Borodale that General Campbell, with several men-of-war and a large body of troops, had cast anchor in Loch Nevish, and also that Captain Scott had advanced with five hundred men into the lower part of Arasaig. This was a heavy blow to the prince ; he was now completely hemmed in, and must either break through the net which enveloped him, or inevitably perish. Not an instant was to be lost, for every moment would contract the circle which enclosed him. It was, indeed, doubtful even now whether with his best diligence and skill he would be able to find a penetrable point in the line of posts and sentinels by which every outlet was watched. Leaving behind him all his attendants save Glenaladale and two other Macdonalds, he set out early, and halted at noon to take refreshment on the hill of Scoorveig, in the eastern extremity of Arasaig, whence he proceeded to the top of a hill called Fruighvain, from which they perceived some men driving cattle. They proved to be Glenaladale's tenants, removing the cattle out of the reach of



several hundred of the king's troops who had come to the head of Loch Arkeig for the purpose of shutting in Charles upon that side. On their setting out from Morrer, they had intended to reach in the evening a hill named Swerninck Corrichan, near Loch Arkeig, and Glenaladale's brother had been sent to Glenfinnen, to direct two men to join the prince on that eminence. A messenger was now despatched to recall the brother, and a second to summon Donald Cameron, who was in the neighbourhood, and was excellently qualified to act as guide.

While the perplexed and weary fugitives were waiting for the return of these men, a wife of one of Glenaladale's tenants, in pity to her landlord, brought some milk for him up the hill. The weather was sultry, and they were suffering from thirst; yet, welcome as this refreshment was, Glenaladale would rather the donor had been less kind, as he dreaded the chance of the prince being recognised. But Charles did not lose his presence of mind: as she approached, he covered his head with a handkerchief, playing the part of a servant tormented by headache. A trifling circumstance prolonged her stay. Glenaladale, who wished to preserve part of the milk for the prince, was obliged to retain the pail; and he found it rather difficult to persuade her to depart without a utensil so indispensable in her domestic economy.

The man who had been sent to recall Glenaladale's brother now came back. He had seen neither that gentleman nor the two men; they were gone to the place which the prince had named. But, though he missed seeing them, he had discov-

ered something which alarmed his hearers beyond measure. He informed them, that upward of a hundred of the Argyle militia were approaching the foot of the hill on which they then stood. This news rendered it necessary to flee at once, without waiting for Cameron. The sun was setting when they began their hurried march. At about eleven o'clock, as they were stealing through a hollow between two hills, a man was seen descending towards them. Glenaladale stepped forward to ascertain whether the stranger was an enemy, and was delighted to find it was Donald Cameron. Under the guidance of Donald, they travelled all night through wild and gloomy paths, which even in open day would have been difficult to traverse ; and at four in the morning they reached the summit of the mountain called Mamryn Callum, in the braes of Loch Arkeig. In the prospect stretched out before them, their sight encountered one object by no means agreeable : at scarcely the distance of a mile from them there was a camp of the royal forces. Danger from the proximity of the enemy was at present, however, rather apparent than real ; Cameron knew that the mountain had been carefully explored the day before, and he rationally concluded that the search would not immediately be repeated. A sharp look-out was nevertheless kept. Here they remained during the day, obtained two hours' sleep, and had the pleasure of being rejoined by Glenaladale's brother, whom they had given up for lost.

Bending their course southward, they set out at nine in the evening, and after four hours' march reached Corrinangaul, between Knoydart and Loch

Arkeig. Here Cameron expected he should be able to purchase provisions from some of the country-people, who had driven their cattle hither to save them from the soldiery. The party had fared but scantily during their wearisome journey, and all their present stock of food consisted of a little butter and oatmeal, which they could not prepare for eating, as it was dangerous to kindle a fire while their enemies were so near. When, however, Glenaladale and Cameron went down to the huts, they found them deserted, and were obliged to return empty-handed. The place where they were not appearing entirely secure, they removed to a fastness on the brow of the hill, at the head of Loch Naigh. There they resolved to pass the day, and to sleep for a while, that they might be in better condition to make the perilous attempt of penetrating through the hostile line: an attempt which could no longer be delayed. Within the distance of a mile there was an English encampment. While the rest of the party were slumbering, Cameron and Glenaladale's brother again went in quest of food. It was three in the afternoon before they returned, and two small cheeses were all they had procured. The tidings they brought were by no means comforting, for on the opposite side of the hill there were upward of a hundred soldiers, busily employed in searching for the country-people who had concealed themselves. This made them keep close for the rest of the day, and they remained undiscovered, though the troops were roaming all around them.

Towards night, the soldiers being withdrawn, the coast was left clear for the retreat of the

prince and his followers. They sallied from their hiding-place at eight in the evening, and pressed forward at their best speed to the rugged eminence of Drumachosi, up which they climbed. Directly before them the fires of an English camp were burning. In reconnoitring this post, they advanced so near that the voices of the soldiers were distinctly audible. They then ascended a neighbouring hill, and beheld from it the fires of another camp. It was between the Scylla and Charybdis of these two posts that they must steer their hazardous course.

With a devotedness in his situation doubly praiseworthy, Cameron volunteered to go forward alone, to ascertain whether there was a possibility of effecting a passage at this point. "If," said he, "I get back, you may venture with more confidence, and I shall be better able to guide you." It is probable that when he made this offer he looked upon himself as going to certain death. Highlanders were at that period peculiarly subject to superstitious feelings, and Cameron was then under the influence of one of those feelings. He had been complaining that his nose itched, and he considered it an infallible indication that they were in extreme danger. Yet such was his native bravery, and his affection for the son of the man whom he regarded as his sovereign, that he was proof against omens. We may pity his weakness, but must admire the courage and fidelity which overcame it.

There are moments when the mind transiently feels the power of notions which it holds in utter contempt. Charles had smiled at Cameron's ab-

surd forebodings; but, though he thought them ridiculous, his anxiety to see him return was perhaps increased by them. The daring explorer did return, in spite of all sinister auguries, and he made an encouraging report. Two circumstances were favourable to the party. While the patrols were alternately passing between the posts, they necessarily turned their backs on each other during a part of the time, and a chance was thus offered of eluding their vigilance. It was another advantage that where they purposed to break through there was a deep and narrow ravine, hollowed out by the floods, which in winter converted an insignificant mountain stream into a furious torrent. At about two o'clock in the morning, when the patrols were supposed to be retiring on either hand, the fugitives silently entered the ravine. Crawling on their hands and knees, and scarcely daring to breathe, they toiled up it, and at length, to their inexpressible joy, emerged beyond the line of posts and sentinels. In a few minutes they arrived at a spot where they were safe from being seen. The magic circle which had so long hemmed them in was thus broken, and they had at least regained the power of choosing to what quarter they would direct their flight.

Charles now laughingly asked Cameron how his nose felt, to which the Highlander replied that it was much better, but was still rather uncomfortable. As the best mode to complete its cure was to get out of danger, they walked on for about two miles till they came to **Corriscorridil**, on the **Glenelg** side of **Loch Hourn**. There, having found a secluded spot, they sat down to refresh themselves.

The repast was an humble one ; it consisted of a slice of cheese, which, as they had no bread, they covered with oatmeal. Their drink was procured from a neighbouring spring. They remained on this spot the rest of the day, debating upon their future movements ; and it was finally decided that they should direct their course northward, to a part of the Mackenzies' country, which was not infested by the military. They set out at eight o'clock in the evening, and discovered that they had passed the whole day within cannon-shot of two English camps, into one of which they could see a company of soldiers driving a flock of sheep for slaughter. Quickening their pace, they pursued their journey till three in the morning, when they entered Glenshiel, a solitary vale on the Earl of Seaforth's estate.

The party having no provisions, Glenaladale and one of the Macdonalds went to seek for a supply. They also meant to find a guide to conduct them to Pollew, on the seacoast, off which place some French vessels had recently been seen. While they were on this quest they fell in with a Glengarry man, whom the soldiers, who had killed his father the day before, had hunted out of his own country that morning. This man had served in the prince's army ; and, knowing that he was brave and faithful, Glenaladale retained him to act as their conductor in case they should be disappointed in their new design of proceeding to Pollew. It was well he did so ; for he was soon informed that the only French ship which had appeared was gone, and that, even if it had remained, no person could have been procured to lead them to the

coast. After partaking of some food which Glenaladale had obtained, they laid themselves down in a safe spot on the side of a hill, and enjoyed a few hours' sleep. As the services of Donald Cameron could no longer be useful, he now bade them farewell.

Late at night they set out, under the guidance of the Glengarry man, and bent their course in the direction of Glenmorisson. They had not gone more than half a mile before Glenaladale discovered that he had lost his purse, containing forty guineas, which belonged to the prince, and was all the money they possessed. Charles wished to dissuade him from going back in search of it; but the latter pointed out the straits to which they would be reduced by the want of it, and his arguments prevailed. Glenaladale, accordingly, with one of the Macdonalds, went to seek for the purse, and Charles, the other Macdonald, and the guide made a halt to wait for their return. The prince and his companions stepped aside from the path, and in a short time they perceived an officer and two soldiers who were armed advancing along it. They hid themselves behind a rock, and the military passed by without seeing them. Had Glenaladale not gone back, the fugitives would have come full face upon their enemies. Thanking Providence for his own narrow escape, the prince felt considerable anxiety with respect to the safety of his absent friends. Glenaladale and Macdonald, however, came back unhurt. They had taken another road on their return, and consequently had not been met by the English party. The purse, too, was regained. It had been found by a little

boy who had brought them some milk to their former resting-place. Charles was so elated by this deliverance, that he declared "he did not believe he should be taken, even though he had a mind to be so."

The march was continued through the remainder of the night, and the next morning they paused in Strathcluanie, a small vale which forms the western extremity of Glenmorisson. There they selected a safe spot on a hillside, and rested till three in the afternoon, when they pursued their way. Scarcely had they travelled a mile before feelings of grief and anger, not unmixed with apprehension, were excited in their minds by hearing the troops firing on the hill above them. The military ruffians were wantonly shooting the poor peasants, who had fled to these mountain fastnesses with their cattle. The mental gloom thus thrown over the prince and his followers was deepened by the personal discomfort they were enduring. They were famished and toilworn, and the rain poured down without intermission during the whole of their journey. It was late at night when the wanderers halted on the top of a hill between Glenmorisson and Strathglass, and there their situation was no better than it had been throughout the day. Drenched with wet, and unable to procure a fire, they were obliged to huddle into an open cave, where they could neither lie down nor sleep, and where their only solace was a pipe of tobacco.

In pursuance of the plan for taking shelter among the Mackenzies, they continued their route towards Ross-shire. By the time they reached the braes of Kintail they were almost sinking for want of food.



The district in which they were travelling was inhabited by an uncivilized clan, called the Macraws, among whom there were few gentlemen. As, however, it was indispensable to obtain provisions, Glenaladale went to the house of one Christopher Macraw, and desired that he would supply them with some, as he and two of his friends were almost dying with hunger. Macraw insisted upon knowing who the friends were, to which Glenaladale prudently replied that they were the young Clanronald and a relation of his own. Upon this, the churl consented to furnish them with some victuals, for which he took care to make them pay an extravagant price. The liberal remuneration seemed to open his heart a little, and he accordingly invited them to pass the night at his house. His invitation was accepted. It was fortunate indeed that Glenaladale had concealed the prince's name; for "in the course of conversation, Macraw exclaimed against the Highlanders who had taken up arms for Charles, and said that they and those who still protected him were fools and madmen, and that they ought to deliver themselves and their country from distress by giving him up, and taking the reward which the government had offered."

That evening a Macdonald, who had served in the prince's army, came to Macraw's house, knew Charles, and earnestly entreated Glenaladale to take care that Christopher did not discover the quality of his guest: a caution which was kindly meant, but which Macraw himself had unconsciously rendered needless. Finding that this man was warmly attached to the prince, and that he had traversed the country in various directions, Glen

aladale made known to him their scheme of seeking an asylum among the Mackenzies, and desired him to give his opinion as to the course which it would be safest to pursue. The plan of journeying into Ross-shire Macdonald considered to be fraught with danger, some of the royal troops being then among the Mackenzies; and he suggested a more eligible place of refuge. He had, he said, spent the preceding night on the great mountain of Colorado, which lies between Kintail and Glenmorisson, in the most remote part of which mountain, called Corambiam, there dwelt seven men, upon whom the prince might implicitly depend, they being brave and faithful, and most of them having borne arms in his cause.

Charles had long been anxiously wishing to join, or, if that could not be effected, at least to get nearer to, his friends Lochiel and Clunie, who were secreted in that part of Inverness-shire which comprises the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch. To remove into Ross-shire would separate him more widely from them, and he therefore gladly acceded to a project which, on the contrary, had the recommendation of bringing him closer to his trusty partisans. The persons to whom he was about intrusting himself were in fact robbers; but this circumstance afforded no reason for suspecting that they would betray him; they were men proscribed for their fidelity to the Stuart race; men whom hard necessity, not vice, had driven into the Highland solitudes, and deprived of all means of subsistence but such as they could seize upon in their predatory excursions.

After having been forty-eight hours without food,

Charles and his fellows approached the spot where their new hosts resided. It was a rocky cave, in the side of the most wild and craggy part of the mountain. Glenaladale and the guide went on to the cave, leaving Charles and the two Macdonalds at a little distance. Six of the men were just sitting down to dine upon a sheep which they had killed that day. Glenaladale congratulated them on their good cheer, and they hospitably invited him to partake of it. He had, he said, another friend, for whom he must request the same favour. They inquired who his friend was, and he told them that it was his chief, young Clanronald. Heartily welcome should Clanronald be, they replied; they would gain food for him at the points of their swords. Charles was now introduced, and, notwithstanding his deplorable plight, was instantly recognised by his humble friends, who threw themselves on their knees to do him homage. The ceremony being over, the prince gladly shared in their repast, and afterward resigned himself to sleep, of which he stood in great need.

With respect to attire, Charles was, perhaps, at this moment in a worse condition than any of his adherents in the cave. Hugh Chisholm, who was one of them, thus describes the prince's garb: "He had a bonnet on his head, and a wretched yellow wig; a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse, dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat, much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he had not another, was of the colour of saffron." The

defects of his dress, as far as regarded linen, were speedily remedied by his active and zealous associates. Having obtained information that a detachment of the royal troops, headed by Lord George Sackville, was ordered to march from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, and must pass not far from their abode, they laid an ambuscade to plunder the baggage. Allowing the troops to get out of sight, they sallied forth upon the servants, who were lagging behind, and made themselves masters of some portmanteaus, the contents of which relieved Charles, for the present, from the necessity of wearing a saffron-coloured shirt.

With these men the prince remained above three weeks, in which time they more than once changed their habitation. In one instance he lodged for three days in a sheepcote, having a bed made for him of turf, with the grassy side upward, and a pillow of the same material. As they never removed beyond a few miles from Fort Augustus, some of them used frequently to go thither at night to procure intelligence from the villagers, and occasionally they brought the newspapers for his perusal. But, kindly as he was treated by them, Charles, either from restlessness or a desire of better society, expressed to Glenaladale his wish "to put himself into the hands of some of the neighbouring gentlemen, and desired him to inquire about them, and learn who was the most proper person for him to apply to." Glenaladale began to execute his commission by talking of the gentlemen in the vicinity, and inquiring their characters. The shrewd Highlanders at once guessed what was meant by the questions, and entreated him to

dissuade the prince from carrying his purpose into effect. "No reward," they said, "could be any temptation to them; for if they betrayed the prince they must leave the country, as nobody would speak to them except to curse them; whereas thirty thousand pounds was a great reward to a poor gentleman, who could go to Edinburgh or London with his money, where he would find people enough to live with him, and eat his meat and drink his wine."

About this time an event took place which contributed greatly to relax the hot pursuit after the princely fugitive. There had fled for shelter to the hills of Glenmorisson a young gentleman of Edinburgh, named Roderic McKenzie, who had been in the Scottish army. He was tall and genteel, well dressed, nearly the size and age of Charles, and bore that distant resemblance to him in features which might easily cause persons who had seldom seen them to be mistaken as to their identity. One day he was fallen in with by a party of soldiers. Having vainly tried to escape, and knowing that he had no mercy to expect, he resolved, not only to sell his life as dearly as possible, but also to render his fall beneficial to the prince, under whose standard he had combated. The heroic feeling and presence of mind which at such a moment could inspire so noble an idea, cannot be too much admired. His dress, his manners, and his desperate resistance all combined to make them believe that he was the man whom they were seeking. To secure at once their own safety and their valuable prize, they fired, and the victim fell. With his last breath he exclaimed, "You have

killed your prince," and this completed their delusion. They cut off the head, and hastened with it to Fort Augustus, where many persons pronounced it to be that of Charles. Nor was it till it had been carried to London, and examined by one of the prince's imprisoned body-servants, that the truth was discovered. In the mean while, a considerable portion of the troops had been withdrawn from the Highlands; and the remainder, being no longer animated by the prospect of gaining thirty thousand pounds, became less vigilant than before.

Of this comparative quiet Charles availed himself, to make an effort to join his friends in Lochaber or Badenoch. Peter Grant, the most active of his seven companions, was accordingly despatched on the 18th of August, to confer with Clunes Cameron, who was in the vicinity of Loch Arkeig. Grant returned the next day with a message from Cameron, offering to meet the prince at the head of Glencoich, where he had a hut in a secure place. Charles set out in a thick fog, accompanied by ten persons, forded the water of Garry, which was up to his middle, and at length was compelled by storm and darkness to halt on the side of Drumnadial, a high mountain near Loch Lochie. It rained excessively throughout the night, and they had neither shelter nor food of any kind. Next morning Grant was sent to see whether Clunes was at the place appointed; the prince and his attendants remained upon the hill, destitute of victuals, and not daring to seek for any. Grant came back with tidings that Cameron had been to the place of meeting, but had gone away on not finding them. He had, however, better news to

communicate ; he had shot a deer as he was returning, and hidden it in a secure spot. At night the hungry wanderers joyfully hastened to where the carcass was concealed, and, though they had neither bread nor salt, they made a hearty meal. Clunes joined them on the following morning, and conducted them to a hut in a wood at the farther end of Loch Arkeig. Here the robbers took leave of the prince, with the exception of Grant and Chisholm, who still remained with him for a while. In and about this hut Charles and Clunes continued for several days ; they lodged in it when the weather was bad and no troops were out, but at other times kept in the mountain.

Eager as Charles was for a junction with Lochiel and Clunie, he was compelled to postpone it for the present, as Clunes assured him all the ferries were so carefully watched that it would be impossible for him at this moment to reach the countries of Rannoch and Badenoch. His friends in Badenoch were equally eager to obtain some information respecting him. They accordingly despatched McDonald of Lochgarry, and Dr. Cameron, Lochiel's brother, to make inquiries on the north side of the lakes. These messengers speedily fell in with Clunes, who offered to take them to the prince.

The prince was then sleeping on the hill, with one of Clunes's sons, and Peter Grant was keeping watch over them. Grant himself was overcome with fatigue, and could not help nodding ; and, while his senses were thus obscured, Clunes, Lochgarry, and Dr. Cameron, with two servants, all armed, had approached within a short distance.

Believing that the strangers were militia, Grant roused the sleepers, and proposed that they should all retreat to the top of the hill. Charles was of opinion that this would be an impolitic step. It was, he said, too late to fly; their enemies would either overtake them, or come near enough to bring them down with their muskets; the best thing they could do was to get behind the stones, take deliberate aim, and fire upon them as they advanced. As Grant and he were excellent marksmen, they would, he thought, be certain of doing some execution; and he had in reserve a pair of pocket-pistols, which he now produced for the first time. Grant, who was not fond of running away, willingly acquiesced in this scheme. Their muskets were already levelled on the stones, and they were just going to fire, when they recognised Clunes, and the sight of him convinced them that they were not in danger. A minute more, and Charles would probably have destroyed some of his most devoted partisans. The joy which he felt at having avoided killing his friends was enhanced by the news of Lochiel having recovered from his wounds.

At this moment the prince's companions were dressing part of a cow which they had killed the day before, and the new-comers shared in the repast. Charles ate heartily, and was much delighted with some bread that had been procured for him at Fort Augustus; it was a luxury to which he had long been a stranger. Though for months he had not slept in a bed, and had been exposed to all weathers, he was cheerful and healthy. For his personal appearance, indeed, little could be said; it was scarcely equal to that of Robinson Crusoe in



the solitary island. His stock of plundered linen seems to have been exhausted, for his shirt is described as being extremely soiled; his dress consisted of an old black coat, a plaid, and a philabeg; his feet were bare, his beard was long, a dirk and a pistol hung by his side, and he carried a musket in his hand.

The time was not yet come for Charles to carry into effect his design of joining Lochiel. Dr. Cameron and Lochgarry advised its postponement. There was, they told him, a report abroad that Charles and Lochiel had gone over Corryarrick with thirty men; and this report could not fail to rouse the slumbering vigilance of the king's troops. It was therefore advisable for him to remain yet a while with Clunes. They then arranged that Dr. Cameron should return among his brother's people in Lochaber, to collect intelligence, and that Lochgarry should be posted between Loch Lochie and Loch Oich to watch the movements of the troops. Glenaladale was at the same time sent to the western coast, to wait for the arrival of the French vessels, and give notice of their coming.

A few days after the separation of the party Charles was again placed in jeopardy. He had passed the night upon the mountain with Peter Grant and one of Clunes's sons, and early in the morning he was awoke by a child, who told him that she saw a body of red-coats. On looking down into the vale he perceived a number of soldiers destroying the hut, and making a search in the neighbouring woods. Information of the abode of the fugitives in that quarter had been carried to Fort Augustus. There was no time to be lost. In the

face of the hill there was a deep channel, the bed of a winter torrent, the bottom of which was not visible to the enemy. Up this they ascended, and then made their way to another extremely high, precipitous, and craggy eminence called Mullantagart. There they remained all day without a morsel of food. In the evening another son of Clunes came, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place in the hills, somewhat distant, with provisions; and then returned to let his father know that he might expect them. At night, Charles, with his attendants, set out, and travelled through most dreadful ways, passing among rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs. At one time the guides proposed they should halt and stay all night; but Charles, though exhausted to the greatest degree, insisted on proceeding to meet Clunes. At last, worn out with fatigue and want of food, he was not able to go on without help, and the two guides, holding each of them one of his arms, supported him through the last part of this laborious journey. When they came to the place appointed, they found Clunes and his son, who had a cow killed, and part of it dressed for them. In this remote place Charles remained with Clunes till Lochgarry and Dr. Cameron came there, who informed him that the passes were not so strictly guarded now as formerly, and that he might safely cross Loch Arkeig, and get to the great fir-wood belonging to Lochiel, on the west side of the lake, near Auchnacarie, where he might stay, and correspond with Lochiel and Clunes till it was settled when and where he should meet them.

At this place of refuge Charles received a letter

from Lochiel and Clunie, stating that they were in Badenoch, and appointing a day for the latter chief to meet him, and conduct him to their habitation. The prince was, however, so impatient to see his friends, that he would not wait for Clunie's arrival, but, taking the first guide he could procure, set out immediately with Dr. Cameron, Lochgarry, and two servants, on his journey to Badenoch. They travelled all night, reached on the following day a place called Corineuir, passed the great glen of Albyn unmolested, and came to Mallanuir, where Lochiel was residing in a wretched hut, which had been his abode for a considerable time.

Charles was at this moment in danger of falling by the hands of his most devoted friends. When his party, all of whom were armed, was seen at a distance, it excited no small alarm in the mind of Lochiel, who mistook it for a detachment of militia from a body which was stationed about five miles off. As his wounds would not allow of his walking without assistance, flight was out of the question, and he therefore determined to have a struggle with his enemies. He had reason to hope that he should be the victor, for he had four companions, and twelve loaded muskets, besides pistols. The guns were already levelled, and a volley was on the point of being fired at the intruders, when, fortunately, some of them were recognised. Perceiving that the prince himself was among them, Lochiel advanced as nimbly as his lameness would permit, to give him a hearty welcome. The joy was mutual. Lochiel would fain have kneeled to him, but the prince laid his hand upon the chief's shoulder, and said, "No, no, my dear Lochiel; we

know not who may be looking upon us from yonder hills, and should they see any such motions, they will directly conclude that I am here."

In spite of his fatigue, the prince was gay and in high spirits. The habitation into which he was conducted by Lochiel was an exceedingly humble one; but, besides that it contained his faithful friends, it had one great charm in the eyes of a hungry wanderer who had long been used to scanty meals. It contained a plentiful stock of provisions: there was abundance of mutton, some good beef sausages, a large quantity of butter and cheese, an excellent and ample ham, and an anker of whiskey. The merit of the latter article was speedily tried by the prince, who drank to the health of all his followers. Some minced collops were then dressed for him with butter in a large saucepan, which was their only cooking utensil. Charles ate them out of the saucepan with a silver spoon, and, smiling, said, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince!" When he had dined, he asked Lochiel whether he had always fared so well since he had been compelled to hide himself. "Yes, sir," answered Lochiel; "for nearly these three months that I have been hereabouts with my cousin Clunie, he has so well provided me that I have always had plenty of such as you see; and I thank Heaven that your highness has got through so many dangers to partake of it."

Two days after the prince had joined Lochiel Clunie came back from Auchnacarie, whither he had gone in search of him. Clunie was about to kneel on entering the hut, but Charles stopped this ceremony by giving him a warm embrace. "Clu-

nie," said he, "I regret that you and your regiment were not at the battle of Culloden. It was not till very lately that I knew you were so near on that day."

Fearing that Charles might be endangered by too long a stay in one place, Clunie, the day after his return, conducted the prince about two miles farther, to a little shieling or hut called Uiskchibra. This new abode was smoky and uncomfortable in the highest degree. Charles nevertheless continued there for two days and nights without murmuring. At the end of that time he was removed to a habitation somewhat less inconvenient and much more romantic, which Clunie had fitted up for him in a secluded spot.

This asylum, which bore the name of The Cage, was well adapted for concealment. "It was situated," says its contriver, "within a small, thick bush of wood, in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were between the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made with heath and birch twigs up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or, rather, oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with moss. This whole fabric hung, as it

were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage ; and by chance there happened to be two small stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking."

Charles now breathed more freely. The pursuit of him was much slackened, and, at all events, he was no longer hemmed round within a narrow circle, but could direct his flight either to the north or the south, with the certainty of being received and concealed by some of his partisans. His perils, toils, and wanderings were, indeed, nearly at an end. The Cage was the last refuge to which he was driven in Scotland. The French vessels, to watch for the arrival of which Glenaladale had been sent to the coast, at length made their appearance. Glenaladale promptly set out to communicate to the prince the joyful information. But he found that Charles was gone ; nor was Clunes at hand, who had been left behind to apprise Glenaladale of the prince's movements. The approach of a party of soldiers had compelled Clunes himself to shift his quarters. While Glenaladale was entirely at a loss what step to take, and was sorely grieved at the idea that this oppor-

tunity might be lost, he accidentally met with a poor woman who directed him to the place where Clunes was concealed. That gentleman delayed not a moment sending off a despatch to Charles; and Glenaladale meanwhile returned to the coast to make known to the French officers that the prince was on his way to embark.

Charles received the glad tidings on the 13th of September, the twelfth day of his residence in the Cage. He began his journey without delay, in company with Lochiel, Lochgarry, and other faithful adherents, resting in the day and travelling by night, and reached Moydart on the 19th. On his arrival he found a great number of his adherents collected together. Expresses had been sent to all the fugitive partisans of the Stuarts within reach, that they might take this chance of escaping, and more than a hundred persons had availed themselves of it. The embarkation of the prince took place on the 20th at Borodale, the spot where fourteen months before he had landed to commence his daring and ill-starred enterprise; and, after a voyage of nine days, he landed in safety, with his exiled friends, at Rescoff, near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany.

## ESCAPE OF J. J. CASANOVA FROM THE STATE-PRISON OF VENICE.

THE narrative of Casanova's incarceration in the state-prison of Venice, and of his escape from thence, is perhaps one of the most interesting that has ever been made public. Remarkable as a man of talent, Casanova was at least as remarkable for his unbridled and unblushing libertinism. He seems to have been incapable of feeling shame for his misdeeds. The account which he has left of his own career, witty and animated as that account invariably is, almost tempts us to wish that the writer had found his Venetian jail impervious to his persevering efforts. He was, however, not without some redeeming qualities; and we must bear in mind that he lived in a corrupt age, and among a licentious people. He has been characterized, and not unaptly, as "a sort of Gil Blas of the eighteenth century."

Casanova, whose Christian name was John James, and who thought proper to add "de Seingalt" to his surname, was by birth a Venetian, but claimed to be descended from the ancient Spanish house of Palafox. Talent seems to have been largely bestowed upon his family; his two younger brothers, Francis and John Baptist, attained a high reputation as painters, and the latter is also advantageously known as a writer upon the pictorial art. John James was born at Venice in 1725,



studied at Padua, and distinguished himself by his precocious abilities, and his rapid progress in learning. His wit and conversational powers made him a favourite guest among the patricians of his native city. He was designed for the Church; but his scandalous intrigues disgraced his character, and even brought imprisonment upon him. After a variety of adventures, he embarked in 1743 for Constantinople, where he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Bonneval. A quarrel at Corfu compelled him to return to Venice. There for a while he gained subsistence as a violin player. By a lucky chance he acquired the friendship of a rich and powerful Venetian. He happened to be present one day when the senator Bragadino was struck with a fit. Casanova boldly prohibited the use of the medicine which the physicians had prescribed, and by his own skill succeeded in recovering the patient. The grateful Bragadino took him into his house, and thenceforward seems to have almost considered him as a son. But the licentiousness of Casanova stood in the way of his permanent happiness. He was anew under the necessity of quitting his native place, and successively other cities which he visited, and he spent some years in wandering over Italy, and to Paris.

Again Casanova found his way back to Venice, where his converse and his social powers procured for him a hearty welcome. But he did not long remain in safety. The malice of an enemy, aided by his own flagrant imprudence, at length brought him under the lash of the Venetian government. His dissolute character undoubtedly justified suspicion; he himself confesses, with a shameless

candour, that " he was anything but pious, and that there was not a more determined libertine in Venice." It was, however, no love of morality that prompted the proceedings against him. Among the many individuals whom he had offended by his tongue, his pen, and his rivalry, there happened to be one of the state inquisitors, and that worthy personage availed himself of his office to take vengeance on the offender. Convenient witnesses were not difficult to be found in Venice. Three men came forward as Casanova's accusers, and in their depositions they mingled a small portion of truth with much absurd falsehood. They swore that he ate meat on the prohibited days, and that he went to mass only to hear the music; two charges which no doubt were true. Their inventions were, however, more formidable than their facts. They asserted that he was vehemently suspected of freemasonry; that the large sums lost by him in gaming he obtained by selling to foreign ambassadors the state secrets which he artfully wormed out of his patrician friends; and that he believed only in the evil one; in proof of which last accusation they urged that, when he lost his money at play, he never, as all good Christians did, gave vent to execrations against the prince of darkness. His addiction to magical and cabalistical studies was also adduced as evidence of his heretical guilt.

On the morning of the 25th of July, 1755, the head of the Venetian police entered the chamber of Casanova, roused him from sleep, demanded his books and papers, and bade the astonished prisoner to rise and follow him. When he was told that he

was arrested by order of the tribunal of the State Inquisition, he acknowledges that, on hearing the name of this formidable tribunal, he was overpowered, and that his wonted courage gave place to the most implicit obedience. While the officer was securing the manuscripts and books, Casanova had his hair dressed, and put on a silken suit, as though he had been going to a ball instead of a prison. The papers and volumes, among the latter of which were his cabalistic books, being collected, he quitted the chamber with the head of the police, and was surprised to find more than thirty policemen in waiting. "Is it not," he sarcastically observes, "extraordinary, that in England, where courage is innate, one man is considered sufficient to arrest another, while in my country, where cowardice has set up her home, thirty are required for the purpose? Probably a coward is still more one when he attacks than when he is attacked, and that makes the person assaulted bolder; the truth is, in Venice one man is often seen opposing twenty *sbirri*: he gives them a good beating, and escapes."

Four only of the officers were retained by the chief, who proceeded in a gondola to his dwelling with the prisoner, and locked him up in a room, where he remained for four hours. On his return, he informed Casanova that he was directed to convey him to the *Camerotti*: cells which are known also by the name of *I Piombi*, from their being immediately under the leaden roof of the state prison.\*

\* These subterraneous cells are nineteen in number. "They are in reality graves," says Casanova; "but they are called 'wells,' because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner who will not stand all

This prison was opposite to the ducal palace, on the canal called Rio di Palazzo, and was connected with it by a covered bridge, which was emphatically denominated the Bridge of Sighs.

On reaching his destination, Casanova was pre-

day long in salt water must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on that is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately if he do not wish to contend for it with large water rats that infest these wretched abodes. In these fearful dungeons, where the prisoner remains for life, some have, notwithstanding the misery of their situation and the meagerness of their food, attained a considerable age. I knew of a man of the name of Beguelin, a Frenchman, who, having served as a spy for a republic in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them; he was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the 'wells.' He was seven-and-forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven-and-thirty years in them; he could have known only hunger and misery, yet thought *dum vita superest, bene est*, that while life remains, it is good."

"On the first arrival of the French," says Lord Byron "the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trapdoor, and crawl down through holes, half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there. Scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the Republicans descended into these hideous recesses; and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detainees appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body."

sented to the secretary of the inquisitors, who merely cast a glance on him, and said, "It is he; secure him well." He was then led up into a dirty garret about six yards long and two broad, lighted through a hole in the roof. He supposed that he was to be confined here, but he was not to be so leniently dealt with. The jailer applied a large key to a strong iron-bound door about three feet and a half high, in the centre of which was a grated hole eight inches square. While the jailer was doing this, the prisoner's attention was engaged upon a singular machine of iron which was fixed in the wall. Its use was explained to him, in a tone of levity accompanied by laughter, as though there had been some excellent joke in the matter. It was an instrument similar to the Spanish garotte, for strangling those who were condemned by the illusive inquisitors. After having received this consolatory explanation, he was ushered into his cell, which he could not enter without stooping till he was nearly bent double. The door was closed on him and he was asked through the grating what he would have to eat. The sudden calamity which had befallen him had, as may well be supposed, deadened his appetite and soured his temper, and he sullenly replied that he had not yet thought about what he would have. The question was not repeated: he was left alone, listened to the keeper locking door after door, and then leaned against the grating in confused and gloomy meditation.

When he had a little recovered from the first shock, Casanova began to explore his dungeon. It was so low that he was obliged to stoop as he groped along, and there was neither bed, chair, nor

table in it. There was, indeed, nothing but a shelf, on which he deposited the silk mantle, hat, and plume, and other finery in which he had so unseasonably arrayed himself. The place was involved in all but utter darkness. There was, it is true, a window, or rather aperture, of two feet square, but it was ingeniously contrived to admit the smallest possible quantity of light. Not only was it thickly checkered by broad iron bars, but immediately above it was a beam of eighteen inches diameter, which crossed before the opening in the roof.

The heat now became so intolerable that it drove him to the grating in the door, where he could rest by leaning on his elbows. From this loophole he could see droves of rats running about the garret, and even coming close up to the grating. The sight made him shudder (for rats were his aversion), and he hastily shut the wicket. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came near him. He began to feel the misery of solitude, and though he had no desire for food, he was pained by the neglect which left him without it. As the day advanced, his passions rose almost to madness; he howled, stamped, cursed, and screamed for more than an hour. No notice whatever was taken of him; and at length, it being pitch-dark, he tied a handkerchief round his head, and stretched himself on the floor. There he lay for some time, his mind distracted with contending thoughts and emotions, till sleep brought him a welcome relief. He had slept for three hours, when he was aroused by the midnight bell. Stretching out his hand for a handkerchief, it met another, which was of icy stiffness

and coldness. His hair stood on end, all his faculties were palsied by fear, and for some minutes he was unable to move. Recovering himself a little, he thought that his imagination might have deceived him. He extended his hand once more, and still the frozen hand was there. The idea now occurred to him that a corpse had been placed by his side while he slept. A third time he stretched out his hand to ascertain whether his conjecture was right, and in doing this he moved his left arm, and discovered that he had been terrified by his own hand, which was rendered cold and rigid by his having lain on it for some hours. "In itself," says he, "the discovery was laughable enough; but, instead of enlivening me, it rather suggested the gloomiest reflections. I saw myself in a place where, if what was false seemed true, truth itself became a dream; where reason lost half her powers, and where the fancy fell a prey to delusive hopes or fearful dependencies. I began to be distrustful of the reality of everything which presents itself to our senses or our mind."

With the return of day, hope revived in the breast of Casanova. He anticipated his immediate liberation; and, with a spirit which proved that he was scarcely worthy of freedom, he meditated sanguinary schemes of revenge. His cogitations were interrupted by the coming of the jailer, who sneeringly asked him whether he had had time enough to decide upon what he would eat. Now, seemingly out of bravado, he ordered an ample supply of different articles of food. In a short time the jailer returned, and expressed his wonder that Casanova had not asked for a bed and some furniture; "for,"

said he, "if you imagine that you will be here only one night, you are much mistaken." He then handed a pencil and paper to the prisoner, who gave him a list of what he should want. The jailer, on its being read to him, declared that books, ink, paper, looking-glass, and razors must be omitted, as they were forbidden things. He required money for the provisions; and Casanova gave him one of the three sequins which was all his present wealth. At noon the furniture and the food were brought, and he was desired to mention what he would have for the morrow, as the keeper could visit him only once a day. He was informed, likewise, that the secretary would send him books more fitting than those in the list, as the latter belonged to the prohibited class. On Casanova desiring that his thanks might be conveyed to the secretary for having given him a room to himself, instead of placing him with such "rascals" as he supposed to be inmates of these dungeons, the surprised janitor, who at first thought the speech was in jest, assured him that none but people of condition were put there, and that, far from being a favour, his insulated condition was intended as an aggravation of the punishment. "The fellow was right," says Casanova, "as I found out some days afterward but too well. I then learned that a man who is alone in his confinement, without the power of employing himself, in a cell nearly dark, and where he only sees once a day the person who brings him food, and in which he cannot even walk about upright, becomes the most miserable of living creatures: he may at last even long for the company of a murderer, a madman, or even a bear. Solitude in



these prisons brings despair ; but none know this who have not had the experience."

Drawing his table towards the grating, for the sake of the gleam of light that entered there, Casanova sat down to his repast : an ivory spoon was his only substitute for a knife and fork. He had, however, little occasion for carving implements. Long fasting and anxiety had taken away his appetite, and he could not swallow more than a spoonful of soup. Seated in his arm-chair, he passed the whole of the day in feverish expectation of the promised books. At night, sleep was banished from his couch by a combination of circumstances : the rats in the adjacent garret were persevering and noisy in their gambols ; the clock of St. Mark's tower, nigh at hand, was as audible as though it had been in the room ; and he was overrun and tormented by myriads of fleas, which, he says, almost threw him into convulsions. At daybreak Lorenzo the jailer appeared, ordered the cell to be swept out, placed the victuals on the table, and produced two large books which were sent by the secretary. Casanova wished to go into the garret, but this favour was refused. When he had eaten his soup, he examined the books by the help of the light which came through the grating. They were not of a nature to captivate Casanova, or, indeed, any one but a crack-brained fanatic. One bore the title of "The Mystic City of God, by Maria of Jesus, called Agreda ;" the other was a work, written by a Jesuit, to inculcate a particular veneration for the heart of the Saviour. "The Mystic City" was a wild rhapsody, the production of a nun, whose intellect was evidently disordered by ascetic practices

and visionary contemplation. Having nothing else to beguile the tedious hours, Casanova persisted for a whole week in reading it, and there was some danger of his becoming as mad as the writer. "I felt," says he, "the influence of the disorder which the nun of Agreda had ingrafted on a mind depressed by melancholy and bad food. I smile now when I recall my fantastic dreams. If I had possessed pen and paper, a work might have been produced in the prisons of the Camerotti more extraordinary than that which Signor Cavalli had sent me. Such a work would be sufficient to over-set a man's reason, if, like me, he were a captive in the Camerotti, and deprived of every employment and of every mental occupation." Little more than half a century before the period in question, a French translation of this volume had given rise to a violent controversy at Paris, and been censured by the Sorbonne.

In nine days Casanova's stock of money was exhausted. When Lorenzo asked to whom he should apply for more, "to no one," was the laconic answer. This was unpleasant news for the jailer, who was fond of pelf, and doubtless took care to remunerate himself liberally for acting as purveyor to those whom he held in custody. On the following morning he announced to the prisoner that the tribunal would allow about fifteen shillings weekly for his subsistence; and he proposed to lay out the sum for him, keep an account, and return any overplus at the month's end. This arrangement was acceded to by the captive. In the present condition of Casanova, the allowance was more than sufficient; for his health had now begun to give

way, and he had little inclination to eat. The burning sun of the dog-days, beating on the leaden roof, converted his cell into a kind of vapour-bath. He was obliged to remain wholly unclothed, and, as he sat in his arm-chair, the perspiration ran down from every part of him. Fever next came on, and he took to his bed; but he suffered in silence. In the course of two or three days, Lorenzo, who does not appear to have been at bottom an inhuman man, and who, besides, had an interest in keeping him alive, discovered the illness of his prisoner, and applied for medical aid. It was granted. "You will be astonished," said he, "to hear of the bounty of the tribunal, for you shall have a doctor, surgeon, and medicines, without its costing you anything."

A physician was introduced by the jailer, but Casanova declared that to his physician and his confessor he would not open his lips in the presence of witnesses. Lorenzo at first refused to leave them together, but was finally obliged to yield. Ill as he was, the prisoner still retained a portion of his satirical spirit. "If you wish to get well," said the disciple of Esculapius, "you must banish your melancholy." "Write a receipt for that purpose," said the patient, "and bear it to the only apothecary who can prepare a dose of it for me. Signor Cavalli, the secretary, is the fatal doctor who prescribed for me 'The Heart of Jesus' and the 'Mystic City;' those works have reduced me to this condition." By the care of his medical attendant, who also lent him Boethius to read, and obtained from the secretary a promise of other books, the health of the prisoner was speedily improved.

“Nothing now tormented me,” says he, “but heat, vermin, and ennui, for I could not read Boethius forever.”

A slight favour was now granted to Casanova, by the pity or the policy of his jailer. He was permitted to enter the garret while his cell was being set in order. During the eight or ten minutes which were thus occupied, he walked rapidly up and down, as much for the purpose of scaring away his enemies the rats as for the sake of exercise. Casanova prudently rewarded the jailer for what he had already done, and thus tempted him to do more. When Lorenzo, on the same day, came to settle his accounts, “there remained,” says Casanova, “a balance of about five-and-twenty shillings in my favour; but I gave it to him, telling him that he might have masses said for it; he thanked me, and at the end of each month I repeated the gift.”

From day to day Casanova continued to flatter himself that the morrow would set him free. When repeated failures had weakened his confidence of immediate liberation, he took up the hope that some term of imprisonment had originally been fixed; and it struck him that it would probably expire on the first of October, that being the day on which the state inquisitors were changed. On the night preceding that day his feelings would not suffer him to sleep. The morning for which he had so ardently longed brought him nothing but disappointment. Nearly the whole of the following week was passed in paroxysms of rage and despair. When he at length subsided into a calmer mood, and was capable of reflecting, he began

to think it probable he was to be confined for life. This idea did not, however, bring back his fits of fury or despondency. "The fearful thought," says he, "excited a laugh, but nothing more : I resolved to free myself, or perish in the attempt." Thenceforth his whole attention was turned to that one great purpose. It is true he had neither gold to bribe with, nor the power of corresponding and concerting with his friends, nor weapons, nor tools, but still he was not to be deterred from his enterprise ; for, in his opinion, "there was no object a man might not attain by incessantly devoting his thoughts to it."

While his mind was occupied in pondering upon the means to carry his resolve into effect, a circumstance occurred which showed that the idea of recovering liberty was so predominant as to leave no room for that of danger. He was standing in his cell on the 1st of November, looking up to the window in the roof, and scanning the large beam that crossed it. All at once he saw the massy timber shake, bend to the right, and then resume its place, while he himself lost his balance. He knew that this was caused by the shock of an earthquake, and he inwardly rejoiced. In about five minutes the shock was renewed. He could no longer contain himself ; he exultingly exclaimed aloud, "Another, another, great God ! but stronger." The earthquake which he felt was the same that shook the city of Lisbon into a heap of ruins. That he might escape by the destruction of the prison was the sole thought that flashed upon his brain ; it never entered into his head that he might be crushed by the falling pile.

The monotony of Casanova's existence was now somewhat relieved by his having a companion in misfortune. The first was a youth named Maggiorino, who had been valet to a count, and was sent hither for having gained the affections of his master's daughter. "He was an agreeable, honest young man, but madly in love; and all his sighs and tears seemed to be vented more on his mistress's account than his own." On the unlucky lover coming in, Casanova lent him his own mattress to sleep on. Lorenzo brought one, however, the next morning, and informed the new prisoner that a small sum was allowed for his support; but Casanova told the jailer that he would share his provisions with Maggiorino, and that he might keep the money to have masses said weekly for his soul. Lorenzo was so enchanted by this generosity that he gave the donor leave to walk for half an hour every day up and down the gallery. Poor Maggiorino did not long remain the companion of Casanova. He was removed to another part of the prison, where daylight never entered, its place being supplied by an oil lamp. There he continued for five years, at the expiration of which period he was banished for ten.

Casanova was sorry for the loss of his companion, and for a short time his spirits were depressed. But in a few days the vacancy was transiently filled up by a less pleasing character than the enamoured Maggiorino. The stranger was a thin, stooping, shabbily-dressed man of about fifty, with a sinister expression of countenance. He feasted at Casanova's expense on the first day; on the second, when Lorenzo asked for money to pur-

chase food, the new-comer declared that he had not a single farthing. Lorenzo coolly replied, "Oh, very well! then you shall have a pound and a half of ship-biscuit and excellent water;" and with this humble fare he provided him. Seeing that his fellow-captive seemed low-spirited, Casanova offered to let him share in his repasts, at the same time telling him that he was very imprudent to come there entirely without money. "I have money," replied the hunk, "but one must not let these harpies know it." He was a usurer, and had attempted to defraud a nobleman who had unwarily intrusted him with a considerable sum: he had been cast in a suit for the recovery of the deposit, and was to be held in durance till he made restitution and paid the costs. After he had been imprisoned for four days he was summoned before the secretary, and, in his hurry, he slipped on Casanova's shoes instead of his own. In about half an hour he returned with a most wo-begone look, took out of his own shoes two purses containing three hundred and fifty sequins, and went back to the secretary. Casanova saw no more of him. Stimulated, perhaps, by the threat of torture, the usurer had regained his liberty by parting with his idolized gold. Some months elapsed before he was succeeded by another tenant.

"On the 1st of January, 1756, I received," says Casanova, "a Newyear's gift. Lorenzo brought me a beautiful dressing-gown lined with fox-fur, a silken coverlid quilted with wool, and a case of bearskin to put my feet in; for in proportion as my prison was hot in summer was it cold in winter. At the same time he informed me that six sequins

monthly were placed at my disposal, and that I might buy what books and newspapers I pleased. He added, that this present came from my friend and patron the Patrician Bragadino. I begged of him some paper and a pencil, and wrote on it, 'My nanks for the clemency of the tribunal and the generosity of Signor Bragadino.' A person must have been in my situation to be able to appreciate the effect this had on me: in the fulness of my heart I pardoned my oppressors; indeed, I was nearly induced to give up all thoughts of escaping; so pliant is man after misery has bowed him down and degraded him."

The feeling of submission to his fate was, however, only momentary. His mind was again incessantly employed in dwelling upon his intended flight. The garrulity of the jailer, who had an inordinate love of babbling, supplied him with some particulars relative to the prison which ultimately proved useful. But it was from the leave to walk in the gallery that he derived the greatest advantage. At first the favour was considered valuable only as affording him an enlarged space for exercise; but it was not long before he began to imagine that he might turn it to better account. In the course of his brief visits to this spot, he discovered in a corner two chests, round which was a quantity of old lumber. One of the chests was locked; that which was open contained feathers, paper, and twine, and a piece of what seemed to be smooth black marble, about an inch thick, three inches wide, and six inches long. Apparently without having settled what use he could make of it, he carried the stone to his cell and hid it under his shirts.



Some time after this, as he was walking, his eyes rested on a bolt as thick as one's thumb, and eighteen inches in length, which he had more than once seen among the lumber, and the thought suddenly struck him that it might be converted into a tool and a weapon. He concealed it under his clothes, and took it to his abode. He now examined more closely the supposed piece of marble, and was delighted to find that it was in reality a whetstone. Quite uncertain as to what purpose he should apply the bolt, but with a vague hope that it might possibly be of service, Casanova set to work to point it. This was a wearisome task. He was nearly in the dark, held the stone in his hand, as there was no place where he could fix it, and for want of oil was obliged to moisten it with spittle. For fourteen days he worked incessantly, till his left hand had become one blister, and his right arm could not be moved without difficulty. He had, however, succeeded in converting the rusty bolt into an octangular stiletto, which might have done credit to a sword-maker's skill. When it was finished, he hid it in the straw of his arm-chair. Whether it would be employed in committing murder or giving freedom, or perhaps both, circumstances alone could decide.

After having pondered for five days on what was to be done, Casanova decided that to break through the floor of his cell was the only plan which afforded a chance of success. The state cells, in one of which he was immured, were in the roof, and were covered with plates of lead three feet square and about a line in thickness. They occupied the two opposite sides, eastern and west-

ern, of the building, four on the former side and three on the latter. The eastern cells were light, and would allow a man to stand upright in them, while the others were made low and dark by the beams which crossed the windows. The only access was through the gate of the palace, the Bridge of Sighs, and the galleries, and the secretary kept the key, which was daily returned to him by the jailer, after he had attended on the prisoners.

Casanova was aware that under his cell was the secretary's chamber, and that it was open every morning. If, by the help of the bedclothes, he could descend unseen into it, he purposed to hide himself under the table of the tribunal, and watch an opportunity to sally forth. If, contrary to his expectation, he should find a sentinel in the room, he made up his mind to kill him: Casanova was not troubled with an over-scrupulous conscience. He could not, however, yet begin his work, for the cold was so intense that when he grasped the iron his hands became almost frozen; and, besides, for nineteen hours out of the twenty-four he was in complete darkness, the winter fogs at Venice being so thick that even in the daytime he had not light enough to read by. He was therefore compelled to postpone till a more favourable season the commencement of his operations.

This compulsory delay, and the want of something to beguile the lagging hours, depressed his spirits. "I again sunk into despondency," says he; "a lamp would have made me happy. I thought and thought how I could supply the place of one. I required a lamp, wick, oil, flint and steel, and tinder, and I had not one of them all." By

dint of contrivance, however, he soon procured a part of them. An earthen pipkin which he managed to conceal was the lamp; the oil was saved from his salad; a wick he formed from cotton taken out of his bed; and a buckle in his girdle was converted into a steel. A flint, matches, and tinder were still deficient. These, too, his perseverance obtained. Pretending to have a violent toothache, he prevailed on Lorenzo to give him a fragment of flint, for the purpose of being steeped in vinegar and applied to the tooth; and to prevent suspicion, he put three pieces of it into vinegar in the presence of the jailer. Sulphur he got by a similar stratagem. He was very opportunely attacked by an irritation of the skin, for which the article he stood in need of was one of the remedies prescribed. "But now for the tinder: to contrive a substitute for that was the work of three days. It at last occurred to me that I had ordered my tailor to stuff my silken vest under the arms with sponge, to prevent the appearance of the stain. The clothes, quite new, lay before me; my heart beat; the tailor might not have fulfilled my orders; I hesitated between fear and hope. It only required two steps, and I should be out of suspense; but I could not resolve on those two steps: at last I advanced to where the clothes lay, and, feeling unworthy of such a favour if I should find the sponge there, I fell on my knees and prayed fervently. Comforted by this, I took down the dress—and found the sponge. I was no sooner in possession of it than I poured the oil into the pipkin, put the wick in, and the lamp was ready. It was no little addition to the pleasure this luxury af-

forded me, that I owed it entirely to my own ingenuity, and that I had violated one of the strictest laws of the prison. I dreaded the approach of night no longer."

The pleasure which he derived from this acquisition enabled him to bear with tolerable patience the necessary postponement of his great undertaking. Considering that during the riotous festivities of the Carnival he would be daily liable to have companions sent to him, he resolved not to begin his labours till the first Monday in Lent. But here he was staggered by another obstacle which he had not hitherto taken into account. He had always manifested an eagerness to have his room swept, for the purpose of keeping down the vermin that annoyed him. But if he persisted in having this done, the jailer could not fail to discover the breach he was making in the floor. He was therefore obliged to desire that the sweeping might be discontinued. For about a week Lorenzo humoured the prisoner; but he seems at last to have felt an undefined suspicion that something wrong was intended. He ordered the cell to be swept and the bed removed, and brought in a light on pretence of ascertaining whether the work had been thoroughly done. But his vigilance was thrown away: he was no match for his wily captive. Next morning he found Casanova in bed, and was told by him he had coughed so violently that he had burst a bloodvessel. Then, holding up a handkerchief which he had stained by purposely cutting his thumb, he added, "See how I have bled! Pray send for a physician!" A doctor came, prescribed, listened to his complaint:

against the jailer, assented to its justice, and directed that the broom should thenceforth be banished.

Having thus secured a clear field for his operations, he moved his bed out of the alcove, lighted his lamp, and set vigorously to work on the floor with his stiletto. The planks were sixteen inches broad, and he began to make the hole at the point where two of them joined. At the outset the chips were not bigger than grains of corn, but they soon increased to respectable splinters. After having worked for six hours he desisted, and gathered the chips into a napkin, intending to throw them behind the lumber in the garret. When, by dint of much toil, he had penetrated through this plank, he found beneath it another of equal thickness, which was succeeded by a third. Three weeks were consumed in getting through these multiplied impediments. After he had conquered them he came to a still more formidable obstacle: a sort of pavement, composed of small pieces of marble. On this his stiletto could make no impression. His fruitful brain, however, discovered a method of surmounting this difficulty. Taking the hint from a well-known expedient ascribed to Hannibal, he moistened the mortar with vinegar, and softened it so much that, at the end of four days, he was enabled to remove the pieces of marble. There was yet another plank to cut through; and, as the hole was already ten inches deep, this part of his task was exceedingly troublesome and laborious.

Prone on the ground, quite naked, and steaming with perspiration, his lamp standing lighted in the hole, Casanova had been working at the last plank

for three hours of a sultry day in June, when he was startled by the rattling of bolts in the ante-rooms. He had barely time to blow out the lamp, push the bedstead into the alcove, and throw upon it the mattress and bedding, before Lorenzo entered. The jailer brought with him a prisoner, and congratulated the tenant of the cell on having such a companion. "The new-comer," says Casanova, "must have thought himself in the regions of despair, and he exclaimed, 'Where am I? and where am I to be confined? What a heat and what a smell! With whom am I to be imprisoned?'" As soon as the captives could see each other, a mutual recognition took place. The person whom Lorenzo had installed in the cell was Count Fanarola, an agreeable and honourable man, of middle age, who was committed for some trifling remarks he had been so imprudent as to make in a public place. Casanova, who was well acquainted with the count, confided to him the secret of his project, and was encouraged to persevere. Fanarola was liberated in the course of a few days.

Left once more alone, Casanova resumed his toilsome occupation. It was protracted by a circumstance which he had feared might happen, but was unable to prevent. When he had made a small perforation in the last plank, he found that the room beneath was, as he had supposed, the secretary's; but he found also that his aperture was just over a large cross-beam, which would hinder his descent. He was therefore obliged to widen the hole on the other side, so as to keep clear of this impediment. In the mean time, he careful-

ly stopped up the small perforation with bread, that the light of his lamp might not be perceived. It was not till the 23d of August, 1756, that he brought his labour to a close. All was now ready for breaking through; but he determined to postpone his escape till the 27th, the day after that being St. Augustine's day, when he knew that the great council met, and that, in consequence, there would be no person in the Bussola, which adjoined the chamber through which he must pass.

Though the delay was dictated by prudence, Casanova had reason to repent of it. The wisdom of the proverb that recommends to take time by the forelock was proved in his case. "On the 25th of August an event happened," says he, "which even now makes me shudder at the recollection of it. I heard the bolts drawn, and a deathlike fear seized me; the beating of my heart shook my body, and I threw myself almost fainting into my arm-chair. Lorenzo, still in the garret, said to me through the grating, in a tone of pleasure, 'I wish you joy of the news I bring.' I imagined he had brought me my freedom, and I saw myself lost; the hole I had made would effectually debar me from liberty. Lorenzo entered, and desired me to follow him; I offered to dress myself, but he said it was unnecessary, as he was only going to remove me from this detestable cell to another quite new, well-lighted with two windows, from which I could overlook half Venice, and where I could stand upright. I was nearly beside myself. I asked for some vinegar, and begged him to thank the secretary, but to entreat him to leave me where I was. Lorenzo asked me if I were mad to refuse

to exchange this place of torment for a paradise, and, offering his arm to aid me, directed my bed, books, &c., to be brought after. Seeing it was in vain to oppose any longer, I rose and left my cage, and with some small satisfaction heard him order my chair to be brought with me, for in the straw of that was my stiletto. Would it had been possible for my toilsome work in the floor to have accompanied me also.

“Leaning on the shoulder of Lorenzo, who tried by laughing to enliven me, I passed through two long galleries, then over three steps into a large light hall, and through a door at the left side of it into a corridor twelve feet long and two broad; the two grated windows in it presented to the eye a wide view, extending over a great part of the town, but I was not in a situation to be rejoiced at the prospect. The door of my destined prison was in the corner of this corridor, and the grating of it was opposite to one of the windows that lighted the passage, so that the prisoner could not only enjoy a great part of the prospect, but also feel the refreshment which the cool air of the open window afforded him—a balsam for any creature at that season of the year; but I could not think of all this at such a moment, as the reader may easily conceive. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I threw myself, and he told me he would go for my bed.”

Casanova remained motionless in his chair, as though he were petrified. His mind was agitated by a variety of feelings, in which disappointment and alarm were predominant. He had not only to lament that his hopes were blighted on the very



eve of their being realized, but he had reason to fear that his punishment would be horribly increased. Clemency to state criminals was not an attribute of the Venetian government. He already seemed to himself to be condemned to dwell for life in the dark and silent dungeons called "the wells," where, far beneath the level of the waves, the victim pined away existence among swarms of vermin, oozing waters, and noisome exhalations. At last, however, by a powerful mental effort he in some measure recovered his composure.

Shortly after his removal two under jailers brought his bed, and went back for the remainder of his things. They did not return, and for more than two hours he was kept in suspense. At length hurried footsteps and words of wrath were heard in the passage, and Lorenzo rushed into the apartment, foaming with rage, and pouring forth a torrent of imprecations and blasphemies. He demanded the axe with which the hole had been made, and the name of the faithless servant who had furnished it, and ordered his prisoner to be searched. Casanova, who knew his man, met him with scorn and defiance. The captive, the bed, and the mattress were examined, but nothing was found; luckily, the under side of the arm-chair, into which the stiletto had been thrust, was not looked at. "So you won't tell me where the tools are that you used to cut through the floor?" said Lorenzo. "I'll see if you'll confess to others." Casanova answered with provoking coolness, "If it be true that I have cut through the floor, I shall say that I had the tools from yourself, and that I have given them back to you." This was too much for the jailer to bear:

“at these words he began literally to howl, ran his head against the wall, stamped and danced like a madman,” and finally darted from the room. The threat which Casanova had thrown out produced the effect which he probably expected from it. Lorenzo had the hole secretly filled up, and took a special care to say nothing about it to his suspicious and vindictive masters.

On quitting the cell Lorenzo closed all the windows, so as to prevent the prisoner from inhaling a single breath of fresh air. The place was like an oven, and to sleep was rendered impossible. As he durst not report to his superiors the offence which had been committed, the jailer seems to have determined to revenge himself by making the culprit as uncomfortable as he could. In the morning, sour wine, stinking water, tainted meat, and hard bread were brought to Casanova ; and when he requested that the window might be opened, no answer was vouchsafed. The walls and the floor were examined with an iron bar by an under keeper ; and as the inmate had formerly objected to sweeping, his cell was left undisturbed by a broom. The heat increased to such a degree that Casanova began to think he should be suffocated ; the perspiration dropped from him so profusely that he could not read or walk about ; and he could neither eat nor drink of the disgusting food with which he was supplied. The same fare was furnished on the second day, and the same silence maintained by the malicious jailer. The prisoner grew furious, and determined that he would stab his tormentor on the following day ; but prudence, or a better feeling, induced him to relinquish his purpose, and

he contented himself with assuring Lorenzo that, as soon as he regained his liberty, he would terribly revenge himself upon him.

For a whole week Lorenzo kept up his system of annoyance. On the eighth day, Casanova, in the presence of the under turnkeys, imperiously demanded the monthly account, and called him a cheat. This demand seems to have awakened the jailer to a sense of his interest. If he persisted in playing the tyrant, there was reason to fear that no more sequins would be forthcoming for masses. His avarice, therefore, got the better of his spleen, and he became tractable. A favourable opportunity for making his peace occurred at the moment. Bragadino sent to the prisoner a basket of lemons; which gift, with a chicken and a bottle of excellent water, Lorenzo presented to Casanova along with the account, ordering at the same time the window to be opened. Conciliated by this unexpected change, Casanova desired that the balance of the account might be given to Lorenzo's wife with the exception of a sequin, which was to be divided among his underlings. "When we were alone, he said to me, calmly, 'You have told me that you are indebted to me for the tools you made the great opening in the floor of your cell with; I am not, therefore, curious to know anything more of that; but who gave you the lamp?' 'You yourself; you gave me oil, flint, and sulphur; the rest I had already.' 'That is true; can you as easily prove that I helped you to the tools to break through the floor?' 'Just as easily; I got everything from you.' 'Grant me patience! what do I hear? did I give you an axe?' 'I will confess all; but the secretary

must be present.' 'I will ask no farther, but believe you; be silent, and remember I am a poor man and have a family.' He left me, holding his hands to his face."

Though Lorenzo was obliged to be silent with respect to Casanova's attempt, he adopted precautions to prevent another from being made. Every day one of the attendants tried the floor and walls of the apartment with an iron bar. But the prisoner laughed at this useless care. It was neither through the walls nor the floor that he was planning to escape: he well knew that in those quarters nothing could be done. His new scheme was to find the means of opening a correspondence with the prisoner over his head, whom he would furnish with the stiletto for the purpose of making an aperture through which he himself might ascend into the upper cell. On reaching that cell Casanova proposed to break another hole in the ceiling, get upon the roof with his fellow-labourer, and either find some outlet, or let themselves down by the help of their linen and bedclothes.

It is obvious that the success of such a project was so extremely doubtful, that it seemed the height of absurdity to reckon upon it. At the very outset, the commencing and carrying on an intercourse with the prisoner above stairs appeared to present an almost insuperable difficulty. If that were surmounted, there was the chance that his confederate might prove cowardly or treacherous; there was the hourly risk that their operations would be detected; and there was the danger which the adventurers must encounter in effecting their descent from the lofty summit of the prison. But the ardent

longing to recover freedom can inspire the captive with "hope, though hope be lost." The first obstacle was unconsciously removed by Lorenzo himself. That worthy had an insatiable love of gold, and could not bear to see the money of the prisoners pass into any pocket but his own. Casanova satirically describes him as one who "would have sold St. Mark himself for a dollar." The prisoner having desired him to purchase the works of Maffei, Lorenzo, who was vexed to see so much cash wasted, suggested that the expense might be saved by borrowing books from another captive, and lending his own in return. This suggestion was readily adopted by Casanova, who hoped that it might lead to a correspondence which would forward his design. A volume of Wolff's writings was brought to him, in which he found a sheet of paper containing a paraphrase in verse of a sentence from Seneca. He had neither pen nor pencil, but he nevertheless contrived to write some verses on the same paper, and a catalogue of his books on the last leaf of the volume. The nail of his little finger, shaped into a sort of pen, and some mulberry juice, were the materials which he employed. An answer, in the Latin language, came on the morrow, with the second volume. The writer, who was an inhabitant of the cell above Casanova's, stated himself to be a monk, by name Marino Balbi, and of a noble Venetian family. Count Andreas Asquino, of Udina, was his fellow-prisoner; and they both offered the use of their books. In reply, Casanova gave an account of himself, which drew forth a second epistle from the monk. "In the next book I found," says he, "a letter of sixteen pages, containing the

whole history of the cause of his imprisonment. I concluded from this that he was an affected, whimsical, false reasoner; wicked, stupid, thoughtless, and ungrateful. For example, he mentioned how unhappy he should be without money or books; without the company, too, of the old count, and then filled two pages with jests and ridicule of him. I would never have corresponded with a man of this character, had not necessity compelled me to avail myself of his aid. At the back of the volume I found paper, pen, and pencil: I now had the means of writing conveniently." These valuable articles the two prisoners had procured by bribing Nicolò, the under keeper who attended on them.

Balbi, who had learned from Nicolò the particulars of the recent attempt to escape, was eager to know what were Casanova's present plans. At first Casanova hesitated to trust a man of whom he had an unfavourable opinion; but, considering that he could not do without that man's assistance, he finally resolved to confide in him. The monk made some objections to the feasibility of the scheme, which, however, were soon overruled. That Balbi might perforate the floor, it was necessary he should have the stiletto; and Casanova was puzzled how to convey it to him. He at last hit upon this expedient. He directed Lorenzo to procure a large folio edition of a work which he specified, and which he thought would allow of the stiletto being concealed in the hollow between the binding and the leather back. But, unluckily, the stiletto proved to be two inches longer than the volume, and Casanova was obliged to task his ingenuity to find a remedy for this defect. "I told Lorenzo," says he,

“that I was desirous of celebrating Michaelmas day with two great plates of macaroni, dressed with butter and Parmesan cheese, and that I wished to give one to the prisoner who had lent me his books. He answered that the same prisoner had expressed a wish to borrow my great book : I told him I would send it with the macaroni, and ordered him to procure me the largest dish he could ; I would myself fill it. While Lorenzo went for the dish, I wrapped up the hilt in paper, and stuck it behind the binding. I was convinced that, if I put a large dish of macaroni on the top of the book, Lorenzo’s attention would be so occupied in carrying that safely, that he never would perceive the end of the iron projecting : I informed Balbi of this, and charged him to be particularly cautious to take the dish and book together. On Michaelmas day Lorenzo came with a great pan, in which the macaroni was stewed ; I immediately added the butter, and poured it into both dishes, filling them up with grated Parmesan cheese ; the dish for the monk I filled to the brim, and the macaroni swam in butter. I put the dish upon the volume, the former being half as broad as the book was long, and gave them to Lorenzo, with the back of the book turned towards him, telling him to stretch out his arms and to go slowly, that the butter might not run over on the cover. I observed him steadily ; he could not turn his eyes away from the butter, which he feared to spill ; he proposed to take the dish first, and then return for the book, but I told him by so doing my present would lose half its value ; he consented to take both at last, observing that it would not be his fault if the butter ran over. I followed him with

my eyes as far as I could, and soon heard Balbi cough three times, the concerted signal of the success of my stratagem." It must be owned that the rulers of Venice were fairly entitled to the character of being lynx-eyed; but Lorenzo affords a proof that they did not always succeed in choosing agents whose optics were as piercing as their own.

Balbi now set to work with the stiletto. Though he was young and strong, he did not labour with the same spirit which had been displayed by Casanova, to whom he often wrote, complaining of the toil he had to encounter, and expressing his fears that it would be unavailing. As, however, the floor presented but few obstacles, he had advanced so far by the middle of October that only the last plank remained to be cut through. To push in the ceiling was all that would then be requisite to open a passage; and this, of course, was not to be done till the moment arrived for their flight. But, while Casanova was exulting in the idea of speedily regaining his liberty, a formidable impediment was thrown in his way. He heard the outer door open, and instantly made the preconcerted signal to Balbi to desist from working. Lorenzo entered, accompanied by two of his underlings and a prisoner, and apologized for being obliged to bring him a scoundrel as a companion. The person whom he thus flatteringly described was a very ill-looking, small, thin man, apparently between thirty and forty, wearing a shabby dress and a round black wig. After having ordered a mattress for the new-comer, and informed him that tenpence a day was allowed for his support, Lorenzo took his leave.



The name of Casanova's unwelcome comrade was Sorodaci. In calling him a scoundrel the jailer had not been guilty of slander. He was a common informer and spy of the worst class, who was sent to prison for having deceived the council by false information, while at the same time he had betrayed his own cousin. He was a compound of knavery, ignorance, superstition, and gluttony. Disgusted as Casanova was with him, he nevertheless humoured him on certain points, to forward his own purposes; he condoled with him on his captivity, flattered him with hopes of a speedy release, and "procured for him, through Lorenzo, images to feed his superstition, and plenty of garlic and strong wine to feed his appetite."

It was politic in Casanova to foster the superstitious feelings of Sorodaci, for it was on them that he meant to work. There was, indeed, no other point on which the spy was tangible; to appeal to the honour or gratitude of such a caitiff would have been labour lost. To wait till he was removed would have been to relinquish all hope of escape. October was now wearing rapidly away, and the time was at hand when, if ever, the attempt must be made. The inquisitors and their secretary were accustomed to visit annually, on the first of November, some villages on the mainland; and Lorenzo took the opportunity of their absence to get merry the preceding evening, so merry that he did not rise till late next morning to visit his prisoners. The night of the last of October was consequently fixed upon for the completion of their enterprise. Casanova therefore instructed Balbi to recommence his operations precisely at a certain hour and to discontinue them at another.

“It now,” says Casanova, “only remained to work on the superstition of Sorodaci so effectually as to overawe him, and prevent his betraying or marring our plot. Accordingly, after he had eaten with me one evening, I assumed the air of one inspired, and bade him seat himself and listen to me. ‘You must know,’ said I, ‘that this morning early the Virgin appeared to me in a vision, and said to me, that as you were a fervent worshipper of her holy rosary, to reward your devotion she would depute an angel in human form, who would descend through an aperture in the ceiling to you, and free you in the space of five or six days. This angel, she told me, would commence his work at the stroke of twelve, and continue it till half an hour before sunset. Accompanied by this angel, you and I were to quit our prison; and if you swore to renounce the trade of a spy, and reformed, I was to take care of you for the future.’

“I observed with the most earnest attention the countenance of the fellow, who seemed petrified at my information. He remained silent for an hour, and then asked when the angel would descend, and whether we should hear him as he broke through the prison. ‘Certainly,’ said I, ‘he will come at the twelfth hour; we shall hear him at work, and after four hours, during which he will complete his task, he will retire.’ ‘Probably you have dreamed this,’ said he: I denied it, and asked whether he were determined to renounce the trade of a spy. Instead of answering directly, he asked me whether it would not be time enough to renounce his profession some time hence. I gave him for consideration till the coming of the angel, but as

sured him that if by that time he had not taken the oath, he should not be rescued. I was astonished at the calmness of his mind; he seemed certain of the non-appearance of the celestial visiter, and pitied me. I was impatient for the clock to strike twelve, and enjoyed the idea of the confusion and terror which I was certain this credulous man would manifest at the promised noise. My plan could not fail, unless Lorenzo had forgotten to give the book containing my instructions to Balbi.

“At our meal at noon I drank nothing but water; Sorodaci drank all the wine, and ate a great quantity of garlic. As the clock struck twelve I threw myself on the floor, and cried out, ‘The angel comes!’ he imitated me, and we remained an hour silent. I read for three hours and a half, and he prayed to the rosary, every now and then falling asleep; he did not venture to speak aloud, and kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling, at which Balbi was working, with the most comical expression. As it struck four I bade him imitate me, as the angel was about to retire: we cast ourselves on the earth, Father Balbi ceased, and all was quiet.

“On the following morning fear, more than rational surprise, was legible on the countenance of my companion. In two hours I had informed Balbi of all that had passed, and told him that when he had finished he need only push in the ceiling of my cell, which he was to do on the night of the 31st of October, and at four we would escape together. with his and my companion. I kept Sorodaci in a continual excitement by my discourse, and never left him to go to rest till he was nearly intoxicated and ready to fall asleep. Everything

succeeded to my wish ; the 31st was come, and I endeavoured to persuade myself of the probability of our success."

The inquisitors and their secretary had set out for the mainland. Lorenzo had supplied the wants of the captives, and was preparing for his carousal, and the field was thus left clear for Casanova's operations. As the clock struck twelve Balbi began his final attack on the floor, and in a few minutes a piece of the last plank and the ceiling fell in, and was speedily followed by Balbi himself. "Now," said Casanova, as Balbi handed to him the stiletto, "your task is finished and mine begins." As he did not like to leave Sorodaci alone, he desired the monk to remain with him, while he himself passed into the upper cell to reconnoitre. At the first sight he perceived that Asquino was not a man fitted for making perilous exertions. On being told how the escape was to be effected, the count, who was seventy years of age, replied that he had no wings, without which it would be impossible to descend from the roof. He candidly owned that he had not courage enough to face the peril which must be encountered, and would therefore stay where he was, and pray for those who had more strength and fewer fears.

Casanova now examined the roof, and found it break so easily that he doubted not of being able to make a practicable breach in less than an hour. Returning to his own cell, he cut up clothes, napkins, and sheets, and converted them into a hundred feet of rope, the pieces of which he took special care to knot together in the firmest manner. He finished preparing for his adventure by packing up

his clothes, his silk mantle, and some linen. The whole party then removed to the cell of the count. Desiring Balbi to get ready his package, Casanova set to work to enlarge the opening in the roof. On looking out, he became aware that the light of the moon and the fineness of the night would not allow of their entering upon their enterprise till a later hour ; St. Mark's place was full of people taking the air, some of whom could scarcely fail to see them scrambling about the roof. In three hours the moon would set, and they could then proceed.

Money being an indispensable article, Casanova told Balbi to request the loan of fifty sequins from Asquino. The count, who was the very personification of avarice, was exceedingly annoyed by this request. To avoid complying with it, he had recourse to all sorts of excuses ; and at last, weeping and sobbing, he asked if two sequins would not be enough. As no more could be obtained from him, the two sequins were accepted ; but he took care to stipulate that they should be given back, if the prisoners, finding no outlet, were compelled to return. So anxious was he to save his darling sequins, that he exerted all his eloquence to place the many difficulties and perils of their undertaking in formidable array before them, and to dissuade the adventurers from risking their necks in what he considered a hopeless enterprise. Balbi's courage was checked for a while, but Casanova contrived to restore it ; not, however, without receiving innumerable reproaches from the monk for having led him into so hazardous a situation. Sorodaci, who was already disheartened by discovering that no superhuman succour was to be expected, was completely

unmanned by the count's alarming representations. He wept, and implored Casanova not to require his death : he should, he said, only fall into the canal, and be perfectly useless to them, and therefore he would stay behind, and pray to St. Francis all night for them ; they might kill him, but he would never go alive with them. Casanova gave his assent, and was rejoiced to get rid of such a worthless and dastardly associate.

The moon had now sunk below the horizon, and it was time to depart : but I will give Casanova's own narrative of the perilous achievement. To abridge it would diminish its interest, and might produce obscurity. "I placed on the one shoulder of Balbi the bundle of cord, and on the other his packet, and loaded myself in the same manner ; we then dressed in our vests only, and, with our hats on our heads, looked through the opening I had made. I went first. Notwithstanding the mist, every object was visible enough ; kneeling and creeping, I thrust my weapon between the joints of the lead plates ; holding with one hand by that, and with the other by the plank on which the plate which I had removed had lain, I raised myself on the roof. Balbi, in following me, grasped my band behind, so that I resembled a beast of burden which must draw as well as carry ; in this manner I had to ascend a steep and slippery roof. When we were half way up this dangerous place, Balbi desired me to stop a moment, for that one of his bundles had fallen off, and had probably only rolled down to the gutter. My first thought was to give him a push that would send him after it, but Heaven enabled me to restrain myself ; the

punishment would have fallen on me as well as him, for without his help I could do nothing. I asked if the bundle was actually gone; and when I heard that it was, and that it contained his black gown, two shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him for its loss: he sighed and followed me, still holding by my clothes.

“After I had climbed over about sixteen lead plates, I reached the ridge of the roof; I set myself astride on it, and the monk imitated me; our backs were turned towards the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, and two hundred steps before us was the cupola of St. Mark’s, a part of the ducal palace wherein is the chapel of the doge, more magnificent than that of any king. Here we took off our bundles; he placed his ropes between his legs; but, on laying his hat upon them, it rolled down the roof and fell into the canal. He looked on this as a bad omen, and complained that he had now lost hat, gown, shirts, and manuscript; but I remarked to him that it was fortunate the hat had fallen to the right and not to the left, for otherwise it would have alarmed the sentinel in the arsenal.

“After looking about me a little, I bid the monk remain quite still here till my return, and climbed along the roof, my dagger in my hand. I crept in this manner for an hour, trying to find something to which I might fasten my rope, to enable me to descend; but all the places I looked down into were enclosed ones, and there were insuperable difficulties in getting to the canonica on the other side of the church; yet everything must be attempted, and I must hazard it without allowing myself to think too long on the danger. About

two thirds of the way down the side of the roof I observed a dormant window, which probably opened on some passage leading to the dwelling-places not within the limits of the prisons, and I thought I should find some of the doors going out of it open at daybreak. If any one should meet us and take us for state prisoners, he would find, I determined, some difficulty in detaining us. With this resolution, and with one leg stretched out towards the window, I let myself slide gently down till I reached the little roof of it that ran parallel to the great one, and seated myself upon it. I then leaned over, and by feeling discovered it to be a window with small round panes of glass, cased in lead, behind a grating; to penetrate this required a file, and I had only my stiletto. Bitterly disappointed, and in the greatest embarrassment, I seemed incapable of coming to a determination, when the clock of St. Mark's striking midnight, aroused my fainting resolution; I remembered that this sound announced the beginning of All Saints' day. When misfortune drives a strong mind to devotion, there is always a little superstition mingled with it; that bell startled me to action, and promised me victory. Lying on my stomach and stretching over, I struck violently against the grating with my dagger, in the hope of forcing it in; in a quarter of an hour four of the wooden squares were broken, and my hand grasped the woodwork; the panes of glass were speedily demolished, for I heeded not the cutting of my hand.

“ I now returned to the top of the roof, and crept back to my companion; I found him in a dreadful rage, railing against me for having left him two



hours ; he at last thought I must have fallen over, and was about to return to his prison. He asked me what were my intentions. You will soon see, said I ; and, packing our bundles on our necks again, I bade him follow me. When we reached the roof of the window, I explained to him what I had done and what I intended to do. I asked his advice as to the best mode of getting in at it. It would be easy for the first one, as the second would hold the rope ; but what would the last one do ? In leaping down from the window to the floor he might break a leg, for we knew nothing of the space between. The monk instantly proposed I should let him down first, and afterward think how I should get in myself. I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my indignation at this proposal, and to proceed to execute his wish. I tied a rope round my companion, and, sitting astride of the window-roof, let him down to the window, telling him to rest his elbows on the roof, and to put his feet through the hole I had made. I then lay down again on the roof, and assured him that I would hold the rope fast.

“ Balbi came safely down upon the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back ; but, in doing this, I found that the space from the window to the floor was ten times my arm’s length ; it was impossible, therefore, to jump this. Balbi called to me to throw the rope to him ; but I took care not to follow his absurd and selfish counsel. I now determined on returning to the great roof, and I discovered a cupola at a place where I had not been ; it brought me to a stage laid with lead plates, and which had a trapdoor covered with

two folding shutters. I found here a tub full of fresh lime, building tools, and a tolerably long ladder ; the latter, of course, attracted my particular attention. I tied my rope round one of the rounds, and, climbing up the roof again, drew the ladder after me. This ladder I must contrive to get in at the window, and it was twelve times the length of my arm. Now I missed the help of the monk. I let the ladder down to the gutter, so that one end leaned against the window, while the other stood in the gutter ; I drew it up to me again as I leaned over, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain ; it always came over the roof, and the morning might arrive and find me here, and bring Lorenzo soon after it. I determined, therefore, to slide down to the gutter, in order to give the ladder the right direction. This gutter of marble yielded me a resting-place while I lay at length upon it ; and I succeeded in putting the ladder a foot into the window, which diminished its weight considerably ; but it was necessary to push it in two feet more, when I should only have to climb back to the window-roof, and by means of the line draw it entirely in. To effect this I was compelled to raise myself on my knees ; and while I was doing so they slipped off the gutter, and I lay with only my breast and elbows upon it. I exerted all my strength to draw my body up again, and to place myself on the gutter. Fortunately, I had no trouble with the ladder ; it was now three feet in the window, and did not move. As soon as I found that I lay firm, I endeavoured to raise my right knee up to the level of the gutter. I had nearly succeeded, when the effort gave

me a fit of the cramp, as paralyzing as it was painful. What a moment! I lay for two minutes motionless; at length the pain subsided, and I succeeded in raising one knee after the other upon the marble again; I rested a few minutes, and then pushed the ladder still farther into the window. Sufficiently experienced in the laws of equilibrium by this adventure, I returned to the window roof, and, drawing the ladder entirely in, my companion received the end of it and secured it; I then threw in the rope and bundle, and soon rejoined him. After brief congratulations, I felt about to examine the dark and narrow place we were in.

“We came to a grated window, which opened on my raising the latch, and we entered a large hall; we felt round the walls, and met with a table surrounded by arm-chairs. I at length found a window, opened the sash of it, and looked by starlight down a fearful depth; here no descent by rope was practicable. I returned to the place where we had left our things, and, sitting down in an arm-chair, was seized with such an invincible desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death I should have welcomed it: the feeling was indescribable. At the third hour the noise of the monk awoke me; he said my sleeping at such a time and place was incomprehensible; but nature had overcome me; I had gained, however, a little strength by my rest.

“I said, as I arose, that this was no prison, and that, therefore, there must be an exit somewhere. I searched till I found a large iron door, and opposite to it was a smaller one with a keyhole; I

put my stiletto into it, and exclaimed, Heaven grant it may not be a cupboard. After some efforts the lock yielded, and we entered a small room, in which was a table with a key upon it; I tried it; it opened the door, and I found myself in a closet filled with papers: it was the archive-chamber. We ascended some steps, and, passing through a glass-door, entered the chancery of the doge. I now knew where I was; and, as in letting ourselves down we might get into a labyrinth of small courts, I seized an instrument with which the parchments are pierced to affix the seals; this tool I bid Balbi stick into the chink in the door which I made with my bolt, working it about on all sides, not caring for the noise, till I had made a tolerable hole; but the projecting splinters threatened to tear our skin and clothes, and it was five feet from the floor to the opening, for I had chosen the place where the boards were the thinnest. I drew a chair to it, which the monk got on, stuck his arms and head through the opening, and I pushed the rest of him through into a chamber, the darkness of which did not alarm me; I knew where we were, and threw my bundle to him, but left the rope behind. But I had no one to aid me; on which account I placed a chair on the top of two others, and got through the aperture as far as to my loins, when I desired Balbi to pull me through with all his force, regardless of the pain the laceration of my flesh gave me. We hastened down two flights of steps, and arrived at the passage leading to the royal stairs, as they are called; but these, wide as a town gate, were, as well as those beyond, shut with four great doors: to force these would have required a petard,

and here my Jagger seemed to say, 'hic fines posuit, this puts a stop.' I sat down by Balbi, calm and collected, and told him my work was done, and that Heaven and fortune would achieve the rest for us.

"To-day, I continued, is All Saints' day, and to-morrow All Souls, and it is not likely anybody will be here; but if any one should come to open the doors, I will rescue myself, and do you follow me; if none come, I will remain here and die of hunger, for I can do no more.

"Balbi's rage and desperation knew no bounds; but I kept my temper, and began to dress myself completely. If Balbi looked like a peasant, his dress, at least, was not in shreds, and bloody, like mine. I drew off my stockings, and found on each foot large wounds, for which I was indebted to the gutter and the lead plates; I tore my handkerchief, and fastened the bandages with thread which I had about me; I put on my silk dress, which was ill assorted with the weather, arranged my hair, and put on a shirt with lace ruffles, and silk stockings, and tossed my old clothes in a chair. My handsome cloak I threw on the monk's shoulders, and he looked as if he had stolen it. I now approached a window, and, as I learned two years afterward in Paris, some loiterer below, seeing me, informed the keeper of the palace of it, who, fearing that he had locked some one in by mistake, came to release us. I heard the noise of steps upon the stairs, and, looking through a chink, saw a man with some keys in his hand. I commanded Balbi to observe the strictest silence, and, hiding my stiletto under my clothes, placed myself close to the door, so that

I needed only one step to reach the stairs. The door was opened, and the man was so astonished at my appearance, that I was able silently and quickly to pass by him, the monk following me. Assuming then a sedate pace, I took the direction to the great staircase; Balbi wanted to go to the church to the right, for the sake of the sanctuary (forgetting that in Venice there was no sanctuary against state crimes and capital offences), but at last he followed me.

“I did not expect security in Venice. I knew I could not be safe till I had passed the frontiers; I stood now before the royal door of the ducal palace; but, without looking at any one, which was the best way to avoid being looked at, I crossed the Piazzetta, and, reaching the canal, entered the first gondola I found there. I cast a look behind us, and saw no gondola in pursuit of us. I rejoiced in the fine day, which was as glorious as could be wished, refulgent with the first rays of an incomparable sunrise. Reflecting on the dangers of the past night, on the place where I had spent the preceding day, and on all the fortunately concurring events which had so favoured me, gratitude filled my soul, and I offered, in silence, my thanks for the mercy of God; overcome by the variety of emotions, I burst into tears, which relieved my heart from the oppression of a joy that seemed ready to burst it.”

Though he was out of prison, Casanova was far enough from being out of danger. The fact of his escape must soon be discovered, and the myrmidons of the government would be searching for him in all directions. As soon, therefore, as he landed at

Mestre, he agreed with a coachman to convey him speedily to Treviso. But he was impeded at the outset; for, while he was bargaining with the driver, the selfish and gluttonous Balbi had strolled away to a coffee-house. After a long search, Casanova found him drinking chocolate. He dragged him away, and they set out on their journey. The delay might have proved fatal. They had not gone ten yards before they fell in with one Tomasi, who was not a bad man, but was believed to be one of the officers of the holy inquisitorial office. He knew Casanova, came up to him, and said, "What, sir, are you here? I am delighted to see you. So, you have just escaped. How did you manage it?" "I did not escape, sir," replied the fugitive, "I was set at liberty." "That's not possible," rejoined the questioner, "for I was at Signor Grimani's house yesterday evening, and should have known of your liberation."

"Reader," says Casanova, "you can more easily guess what were my feelings at that moment than I can describe them to you. I found myself discovered by a man whom I believed to be paid to arrest me; and who, to effect his purpose, had only to give a wink to the first police officer he saw, and of such Mestre was full. I told him to speak in a lower tone, and, descending from the carriage, I begged him to step a little to one side. I took him behind the house, and, perceiving that no one saw me, and that I was near a ditch, beyond which was the open country, I plucked out my stiletto and seized him by the collar. Being aware of my intention, he made an effort, broke from me, and leaped over the ditch. Immediately, without look

ing back, he began to run straight forward as fast as his legs could carry him. When he had got to some distance, he slackened his pace, turned his head, and kissed his hand to me, as a sign that he wished me a good journey. On my losing sight of him, I gave thanks to God that this man's agility had preserved me from committing a crime, for I meant to kill him, and it appears that he had no bad intentions."

Casanova now returned to the carriage, thoroughly irritated against the monk, who had placed him in so painful a dilemma. Their journey was continued in silence; Casanova was engaged in meditating upon the means of getting rid of his companion, for he was convinced that escape would be impossible if they remained together. At Treviso he ordered horses to be got ready for them to proceed; but this was only to blind the postmaster, for he had no intention to use them, nor, though suffering from hunger, would he even wait for breakfast. Accompanied by the monk, he went out under pretence of taking a walk. When, however, he had got about a mile out of town, he struck into the fields, over which he determined he would entirely make his way till he was out of the Venetian territory. Instead of bending his course towards Bassano, which was the shortest route, he turned his steps towards Feltre, rationally concluding that his pursuers would be more likely to seek him on the former road than on the latter. After walking for three hours, hunger compelled him to halt, and he sent the monk to a farmhouse to purchase some food. Somewhat recruited, he pushed forward for four hours longer, at the end of which



time he found himself more than twenty miles from Treviso. He could go no farther ; his ankles were swelled, and his shoes were nearly in pieces.

“Stretching myself under a clump of trees,” says Casanova, “I made Father Balbi sit down by me, and addressed him in these words : ‘ We must go to Borgo de Valsugano, which is the first town beyond the frontier of the republic. There we shall be as safe as if we were in London, and may rest ourselves ; but, in order to reach that place, it will be requisite that we take particular precautions, and the most essential of them is for us to separate. You shall go by the wood of Martello, I will go by the mountains ; you by the easiest and shortest road, I by the longest and most difficult ; you with money in your pocket, I without a halfpenny. I make you a present of my cloak, which you can exchange for a greatcoat and a hat, and everybody then will take you for a peasant, for, luckily, you have the look of one. Here is all the money that is left out of the two sequins which I took from Count Asquino ; there are seventeen livres ; take them. You will reach Borgo in the evening of the day after to-morrow, and I shall be there twenty-four hours later. Wait for me at the first inn on the left hand, and rely upon my meeting you there. This night I must sleep in a good bed, but I must be quiet in it, which would be impossible if you were with me. I am sure that at this moment they are hunting for us everywhere, and that the description of our persons is so accurately given that we should be arrested at any inn into which we might go together. You see my wretched state, and the absolute necessity of my having ten hours’ rest. Farewell,

then; go on, and let me pursue my course by myself. I shall find a lodging in this neighbourhood.

“I expected all that you have just said to me,” replied Balbi, ‘but my only answer shall be to remind you of what you promised when I let myself be persuaded to break through your dungeon. You promised that we should never part, therefore you must not hope that I will leave you: your fate shall be mine, and mine shall be yours. We shall find a good lodging for our money; we will not go to inns, and we shall not be arrested.’

“You are determined, then, not to follow the good advice which prudence has made me give you?”

“Yes, thoroughly determined.”

“We shall see!”

“I got up, not without difficulty; I took measure of him from head to foot with my eyes, and marked it on the ground; then drawing out my stiletto from my pocket, I bent down, almost lying on my left side, and began to dig a small excavation with the utmost coolness, and without returning a single word to all his questions. After I had worked for a quarter of an hour, I began to look at him with a sorrowful countenance, and told him that, as a good Christian, I thought it my duty to advise him to recommend his soul to God; for,” said I, ‘I mean to bury you here, either dead or alive: if you are stronger than I, you must bury me. You see the extremity to which your brutal obstinacy drives me. You may, however, save yourself, for I will not run after you.’

“Finding that he did not reply, I set to work again.

“ At last, either through fear or reflection, he threw himself down by me. Not being sure of his intentions, I held the point of my weapon towards him, but I had nothing to fear. ‘ I will do everything you wish,’ said he. I immediately embraced him, gave him all the money I had, and repeated my promise to rejoin him at Borgo. Though I was left without a halfpenny, and had to cross two rivers, I congratulated myself on having achieved my deliverance from the company of a man of his nature ; for, alone, I felt sure that I should succeed in getting over the frontier of our dear republic.”

The step which was next taken by Casanova is incomprehensible, unless we suppose that his intellect was transiently affected by what he had undergone. He himself confesses that he is unable to account for it. As soon as his burdensome companion was fairly out of sight, he went to a shepherd, who was watching his flock on a neighbouring hill, and asked him the name of a village which was visible from the spot. He was told that it was Val di Piadene. He then desired to know who were the owners of several villas to which he pointed, and found that they belonged to people with whom he was acquainted, but to whom he would not apply for aid, as he feared to bring them into trouble. He next inquired about a mansion which he saw, and was informed that it was the residence of the Grimani family, and that the eldest Grimani, who was at that time the state inquisitor, was then there. A red house, which he perceived at a distance, was the last that he questioned the shepherd about. It was the dwelling of a chief of the police.

Of all places in the world, this red house would seem to be one which a man in Casanova's circumstances would avoid. Yet though, as he remarks, "reason as well as fear ought to have made him shun it," he "mechanically" descended the hill and walked straight to it. Entering the courtyard, he asked a little boy who was playing there where his father was. The boy did not answer, but went into the house and brought out his mother. Her husband was absent; but an equivocal expression which Casanova used led her to suppose that he was a Signor Vetturi, a wealthy friend whom she had never seen, but who had promised to visit them about this time, and this ensured to the fugitive a hospitable reception. In the course of conversation, he learned that the owner of the house, with all his myrmidons, had set out but an hour before for the purpose of apprehending Casanova and Balbi, and that he was to pursue them for at least three days.

The wife and her mother were gifted with sweetness of temper and kindness of heart. They exerted themselves to the utmost to make their guest comfortable, and the mother dressed his bruises and lacerations, which he told them had been caused by a fall from his horse while he was hunting in the mountains. "The gentle wife of the thief-taker," says Casanova, "had none of the keenness of the profession, for nothing could look more like a romance than the story which I told her. On horseback, in white silk stockings! Hunting in a silk suit, and without a cloak or a servant! On his return, her husband would doubtless make fine game of her; but may God reward her for her

under heart and unsuspecting ignorance. Her mother took care of me with as much politeness as I could have met with from persons of the highest rank. Respectable and benevolent woman! she spoke in a motherly tone, and while she dressed my wounds she always called me her son. That name sounded delightfully to my ears, and the delicious feelings which it excited contributed not a little to my cure."

As, however, there was no knowing what might happen if he delayed his departure a moment beyond what was necessary, Casanova, after having recruited his strength by a twelve hours' sleep, set off secretly in the morning, and was fortunate enough not to be suspected by two police officers who were standing in the courtyard. The sight of them sharpened his fears and quickened his pace, and for five hours he continued to hurry on through woods and over mountains. At noon, as he was crossing a hill, he heard the ringing of a bell, and, on looking into a valley, he saw a small church. It was All Souls' day, and the villagers were flocking to church to hear mass. There were moments when the mind of Casanova was open to devotional feelings. This was one of them. "The thought struck me," says he, "that I too would go and hear it; my heart felt a craving to express its gratitude for the visible protection which I received from Providence; and, though all nature displayed before me a temple worthy of the Creator, habit drew me to the church." On entering the house of prayer, he was startled to see one of his former acquaintance, Mark Anthony Grimani, who was a nephew of the state inquisitor. When

the mass was over, Grimani followed him out and accosted him. "What brings you here, Casanova?" said he, "and where is your companion?"

"I gave him the modicum of money that I had about me, that he might escape by another road," replied the fugitive; "and, without a farthing in my purse, I am trying in this direction to reach a place of safety. If your excellency will have the goodness to assist me with a little money, I shall extricate myself more easily from my difficulties."

"I can give you nothing," said the cold-hearted Grimani; "but you will find hermits as you journey along, who will not let you die of hunger. But tell me how you contrived to break through the prison roof."

"The story would be interesting, but it would be rather a long one," Casanova sarcastically answered, "and, in the mean while, the hermits might perhaps eat up all the food which is to prevent me from dying of hunger." So saying, he made a profound bow and proceeded on his way.

By sunset Casanova was so fatigued, and faint from want of victuals, that his legs would carry him no farther. But here again fortune favoured him. Seeing a lone house of a respectable appearance, he went to it and asked for the master. His master, the porter said, was gone over the river to a wedding, and would not be back for two days; but he had left strict orders that any friends who might call should be treated exactly as if he were at home. Casanova entered, and was provided with an excellent supper and bed. From letters which were lying about, he discovered that the owner of the house was a gentleman named Rom-

benchi, and he addressed to him a billet of thanks and apologies, and then went his way. He obtained a passage over the river by promising to pay the boatman when he came back, and he dined at a Capuchin convent ; so that he got through a long march without suffering any inconvenience.

Casanova now stopped at the house of a friend on whom he had conferred many favours. He advanced to embrace him ; but, at the sight of the fugitive, the worthy friend gave a start of terror, and desired him to be gone without delay. Casanova, however, stated his wants, and requested the loan of sixty sequins, for which he offered to give a check upon Signor Bragadino, at Venice, who would instantly pay it. The reply was, that not even a glass of water could be granted him, and that the speaker trembled lest he should incur the anger of the tribunal for having admitted an offender into his house. Enraged by such ingratitude and cowardice, Casanova seized the dastard by the collar, pointed the stiletto at his breast, and, in a thundering tone, threatened to put him to death "Shaking from head to foot," says Casanova, "he drew a key from his pocket, showed me a bureau, and told me to take from it whatever money I wanted. I bade him open it himself. He obeyed, and drew out a drawer in which there was gold, and I ordered him to count out six sequins."

"You desired me to give you sixty."

"Yes, when I expected to receive them as a friendly loan ; but, since I am obliged to obtain by violence what I want, I will have only six, and I will give you no check for the sum. They will be repaid to you, however, at Venice, to which city I

shall write, to say what you have forced me to do, cowardly being ! and unworthy of living, as you are."

"Forgive me, I entreat you ; take the whole."

"No, nothing more. I will go, and I warn you to let me go quietly, or perhaps, in my despair, I may turn back and set fire to your house."

Casanova then pursued his way. After having travelled for two hours, fatigue obliged him to stop at the house of a poor farmer, where he obtained a coarse supper and a bed of straw. In the morning he bought an old greatcoat and a pair of boots to match, and hired an ass to carry him for the rest of the journey. His final and most perilous trial was now approaching. At Castello della Scala, the last village on the Venetian frontier, there was a guard stationed. But so well was he disguised in his recent purchase, that the sentinel did not think him of importance enough to be questioned. With a joyful heart he crossed the border line, and was at length in safety. At Borgo di Val Sugano he found Balbi, who had reached his destination without encountering any difficulty, and had begun to indulge his gluttonous propensities. For some time the monk proved almost as heavy a burden to him as the Old Man of the Sea was to Sinbad ; but eventually Casanova succeeded in liberating himself, by procuring for him the patronage of a rich canon at Augsburg. Balbi, however, was not made for good ; he spent a long life in profligacy and knavery, partly in prisons and partly as a fugitive, and died poor and despised in 1783.

A rapid sketch of the subsequent career of Casanova will suffice. From Borgo di Val Sugano



he journeyed to Munich, whence, after a short stay, he bent his course to the French capital. At Paris he was admitted into the best society, obtained the confidence of the Duke de Choiseul, and was employed by that minister in some pecuniary negotiations and other affairs. He resided for a considerable period at Paris, and then recommenced his wanderings. In Switzerland he visited Voltaire and Haller, and was well received by them; and at Florence he became acquainted with Suwaroff. Banished from Tuscany, he visited some other parts of Italy, and then returned to Paris, but did not make that city his permanent abode. Still erratic in his movements, we find him now at Paris, now in Switzerland, now in Italy, then at Paris again, and then at London. We must next follow him to Berlin, where Frederic the Great was about to appoint him governor of the Cadet School. Casanova relinquished this promotion, and took wing to St. Petersburg, where he had several political conversations with the Empress Catharine. He then went to Vienna, whence, however, he was immediately expelled by the government. Nor was he more fortunate in a new visit to Paris; he was driven from thence by a *lettre de cachet*. Spain next received him in 1769, and for a while he was a favourite with several eminent statesmen; but he was soon compelled to quit that country, and he passed through France into Italy; in the course of his journey through France he became acquainted with Cagliostro and the Marquis d'Argens. During this restless period of his existence, Casanova experienced frequent alternations of penury and riches. In 1774 his pardon was granted by the

Venetian government, as a reward for his having refuted the well-known work of Amelot de la Housaie, in which that government is roughly treated. He is said to have also rendered other and more important services to that republic: his travels were probably connected with those services. After a short residence at Venice he went back to Paris. The period of youth was now over, age was rapidly casting its shadow over him, and Casanova began to feel the want of repose. That want he was fortunate enough to satisfy, in a manner most congenial to his feelings. In the French metropolis he acquired the friendship of Count Waldstein, a German nobleman, who possessed large estates at Dux, in Bohemia. In 1785 the count proposed that Casanova should accompany him to Dux, and become his librarian and scientific companion. Casanova consented, and thenceforth ceased to be a wanderer. He died at Vienna in June, 1803.

Besides his memoirs and his defence of the Venetian government, Casanova wrote a history of the troubles in Poland; an account of his escape from imprisonment; *Icosameron*, or the *History of Edward and Elizabeth*; and two mathematical dissertations; and translated the "*Iliad*" into Italian octave verse.

**ATTEMPT OF CHARLES II. TO RECOVER  
THE ENGLISH CROWN; HIS DEFEAT AT  
WORCESTER; AND HIS WANDERINGS  
TILL HIS ESCAPE FROM ENGLAND.**

WHEN, on the first of February, 1647, the Scots gave up to his irritated enemies the misguided and unfortunate Charles the First, they certainly did not foresee that his death on the scaffold would ultimately be the result of that act. Their sole object was to make him an instrument of extracting as much money as possible from those with whom they were dealing; they were not sanguinary, they were only mean. When, therefore, they found that the king was about to be brought to trial, and that, in all probability, his life would be the forfeit, they deemed it necessary to take some steps to ward off the danger which hung over him. They were, besides, animated by another powerful motive: an utter abhorrence of the Independents, who were now dominant in England. On the sixth of January, the Scottish commissioners in London addressed to the speaker of the House of Commons, on the part of the Scottish Parliament, a long letter, indignantly protesting against the trial of the monarch, the recent expulsion and imprisonment of several members of the Legislature, the neglect of the solemn League and Covenant, and the manifest intention of "introducing a toleration of all religions and forms of worship." No answer being given

by the Commons, the commissioners, on the twenty-second, repeated their protest in still more forcible terms. Speaking in the name of the Scottish Parliament and people, they declared that "it will be a great grief to their hearts, and lie heavy on their spirits, if they shall see their trusting of his majesty's person to the honourable houses of Parliament of England, to be made use of to his ruin ;" that they "abominate and detest so horrible a design against his majesty's person ;" and that, "as they are altogether free from the same, so they may be free from all the evils, miseries, confusions, and calamities that may follow thereupon to these distracted kingdoms."

Both these protests were referred to a committee, and that committee was in no haste to perform its task. When the answer was finally given, Charles had been dead nearly three weeks. It bore the title of a Declaration of the House, and was of considerable length. There was nothing in it that could gratify the Scots. Though nowhere debased by invective or abuse, its language was confident and reprehensive, tinged at times with sarcasm, and occasionally with something like contempt. On one point alone—the defence of the king's execution—it was manifestly weak. With respect to the question of tolerance it was more successful ; and the manner in which this question was treated must have given grievous offence to the Covenanters. "For the toleration of all religions and forms of worship that this letter objects," says the reply, "we know not whom they intend in that charge. As for the truth and power of religion, it being a thing intrinsical between God and the soul, and

the matters of faith in the Gospel being such as no natural light doth reach unto, we conceive there is no human power of coercion thereunto, nor to restrain men from believing what God suffers their judgments to be persuaded of; but if they mean only the outward and public forms of profession or worship, we know no such universal toleration endeavoured or intended among us; neither yet do we find any warrant to persecute all that do not worship God, or profess to believe in the same form that we do."

The Scottish commissioners seem to have been stung to the quick by this declaration, and they resolved to depart suddenly, without taking leave; but in their flight they aimed a Parthian shaft at the rulers of the commonwealth. They left behind them an angry and imperious remonstrance, bitterly censuring the Parliament of England for its misdeeds, and warning it neither to tolerate "idolatry, popery, prelacy, heresy, schism, or profaneness," nor to "wrong King Charles in his succession, as righteous heir of the crown of these kingdoms." But paramount above all stood their claim, that "reformation of, and uniformity in, religion may be settled according to the covenant; and particularly that Presbyterian government, the confession of faith, directory for worship, and catechism, may be established!"

The Parliament was not slow to resent this arrogant declaration. It passed a resolution, declaring the paper to be false and scandalous, and intended "to raise sedition, and lay the grounds of a new and bloody war in the land;" and it denounced the penalties of treason and rebellion against whoever

should give aid to the Scots in their mischievous designs. An order was also issued by the Commons to set a guard over the commissioners, and prevent all communication with them, except in as far as might be requisite for the supply of their necessities. The commissioners were already gone; but they were followed to Gravesend, stopped as they were embarking, and brought back to London. The Commons then voted that they should be sent back to Scotland by land, under a guard; and this vote was carried into effect. This was followed by another vote, directing that the military force should receive an addition of four thousand foot, "for the better securing Berwick and Carlisle, and the other new garrisons in those parts."

It was not alone by the remonstrance of the commissioners that the resentment of the English parliament was excited. Even before that obnoxious document was presented, the Scottish Parliament had taken a step which placed the two governments in a hostile position. On the twenty-fifth of February it had solemnly proclaimed the accession of Charles II. to the throne. Had only the crown of Scotland been in question, the English rulers would have had no just cause of quarrel; but the Scottish Parliament had taken upon itself to declare him King of England and Ireland; and its doing so was, in fact, a declaration of war against the new commonwealth.

But though the Scots had recognised Charles as their sovereign, it was by no means their intention to make him their master. They therefore took care to specify that, before being put in possession

of the regal power, he "should give satisfaction to the kingdom in those things which regarded the safety of religion, the union between the two kingdoms, and the welfare and peace of Scotland, according to the national covenant, and the solemn league and covenant of the two kingdoms." Deputies were despatched to the Hague, where Charles then resided, to make known to him his recognition by the Parliament, and the terms upon which alone he would be suffered to exercise his authority.

Charles felt no gratitude for the limited loyalty of the Scots. The very name of the rigid covenanters was distasteful to him; and he set little value upon a crown, the privileges of which were to be curtailed at their pleasure. In entertaining a lofty idea of his kingly rights, he already proved himself to be a true scion of the Stuart stock. But there were other reasons why he received with indifference the overtures of his Northern subjects. He had been invited to Ireland, where, at this moment, under the guidance of Ormond, the royal affairs were in a prosperous condition. In that country he would have to encounter none of those annoyances which he knew awaited him in Scotland, and thither he therefore resolved to go. Besides, he was not without hopes of recovering the Scottish diadem on his own terms; the Hamiltonian party were making efforts in his favour, and, what was still more gratifying to him, the daring and indomitable Montrose was eager to raise again the royal standard in his own country. To Montrose the king gave a commission to raise troops in Germany, and make a descent in Scotland.

The flattering visions which deluded Charles

with the prospect of unrestricted sovereignty in Ireland, were soon dispelled by the republican arms. Convinced that the speedy reduction of Ireland was of vital importance, the rulers of the new commonwealth resolved upon a strenuous effort for its accomplishment. A formidable army was sent to Ireland, with Cromwell at its head; and in September he began his career of conquest by the storming of Drogheda, and by the terrific slaughter that ensued. Before the end of the following May he had nearly completed his sanguinary work; and what remained to be done was effected by Ireton, Ludlow, and the dissensions of the royalists themselves.

Thus shut out from Ireland, Charles thought it prudent to manifest a readiness to listen to the propositions of his Scottish subjects. Having found it expedient to quit Holland, and met, also, with so cold a reception in France as to discourage him from staying there, he was now residing in the island of Jersey. There he gave audience to Winram, laird of Libberton, who was charged with a message from the Scots committee of estates, that they wished to treat with him, and desired that some town in the Low Countries should be named, at which a conference might be held. Breda was the place fixed upon by the king. With what good faith he entered upon this negotiation may be known from the circumstance of his having written to Montrose, apprizing him of Winram's arrival and urging him to hasten the invasion of Scotland, in the hope that the success of that enterprise might save him from the mortification of complying with the demands of the covenanters.



The Scottish Parliament and the General Assembly of the Church having settled the conditions which should be imposed upon the king, their commissioners proceeded with them to Breda. Charles was required to exclude from his presence all excommunicated persons; to swear to the observance of the covenant; to ratify all acts of Parliament establishing the Presbyterian church government and its forms of worship; to observe those forms himself, and cause them to be observed in his household; and to consent that all civil affairs should be regulated by the Parliament, and all ecclesiastical by the General Assembly. The commissioners had no power whatever to modify any of these articles; they were only to receive his assent or refusal. Charles objected to swear to the covenant; and, while he agreed to the establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland, he claimed the private exercise of his own religion. His objection and his claim were declared to be inadmissible; but he still continued to negotiate, in the expectation that Montrose, who had landed in Scotland, would make such progress as would either overthrow the Covenanters, or at least compel them to treat on more favourable terms. This hope was crushed, however, by the defeat and death of Montrose.

To comply with the terms dictated by his Scottish subjects was now the only resource which remained to Charles. He therefore set his hand to them, with the exception of the article relative to his taking the covenant, which he promised to sign also if it should be insisted upon when he arrived at Edinburgh. He sailed from Scheveling under

an escort of Dutch men-of-war, and arrived in the Frith of Cromarty on the twenty-third of June. He was, however, not suffered to land before he had signed and sworn to the covenant.

This was a foretaste of what was in store for him. Though invested with the external marks of royalty, he soon found that he possessed neither power, nor influence, nor respect ; he was not admitted to any share in the public councils, or allowed to have any connexion with the military force. While he was carefully secluded from all in whom he had been accustomed to confide, he was surrounded by men who did not dissemble their hatred of his principles and opinions, and was beset by the clergy, who lectured and censured him in regard to his most trivial actions, and descanted upon the sins of his father and the idolatry of his mother. To have raised up an insurmountable barrier against any future attacks on the religion and liberties of the people, would have been a work worthy of all praise in those who were at the head of affairs in Scotland ; but the manner in which they sought to achieve this desirable end proved them to be men of cold hearts and narrow minds.

While the events which have just been described were in progress, the breach between the English and Scots was daily growing wider. Before Cromwell set out to Ireland, another paper war had taken place between the parliaments of the two countries, the advantage in which was not gained by the Scots. It was only the necessity, on the one side, of pursuing the war with vigour in Ireland, and, on the other, the want of military and pecuniary means to support a contest, that for the present

kept the hostile parties from settling their disputes by wager of battle. They both, however, looked forward to that inevitable event, and made their preparations accordingly: a considerable force was arrayed by the Scots, and the English Parliament voted a large addition to its army, and recalled Cromwell, whose victories in Ireland had rendered his presence no longer necessary for the subjugation of that unfortunate island. The treaty concluded with Charles by the Scots, the language held by them, and the warlike measures which they were adopting, convinced the English Parliament that hostilities were imminent, and they wisely determined to save England from invasion by carrying the war at once into the heart of Scotland.

At the head of the northern expedition Fairfax and Cromwell were placed (the former as captain-general), and they were directed to begin their march without delay. Both expressed their readiness to accept the command; but, after the lapse of a few days, Fairfax began to waver: he felt, or pretended to feel, scruples as to the lawfulness of making a war of aggression upon their Scottish brethren. The result was, that he resigned his command, and Cromwell was appointed in his stead, with the title of captain-general of all the forces in England.

The Parliament now came to a vote, that "it was just and necessary for the army of England to march into Scotland forthwith;" and it issued a declaration elaborately, and in some parts eloquently, stating the grounds on which the war was undertaken. This was followed by a still more remarkable paper, issued in the name of the Lord-general

Cromwell and his council of officers, and bearing the singular title of "A Declaration of the Army to all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland." Far from being written in that kind of spirit which its title might lead one to expect, it was a calm, argumentative, and dignified exposition of the wrongs which had been done to England, and of the motives and feelings of those who were about marching to demand redress for them. There was nothing in it that could irritate, unless, indeed, the more zealous Covenanters might take offence at the religious tolerance which it inculcated.\* Supplementary to this was a brief address to the people of Scotland in general, reminding them of the strict discipline which the English forces had recently observed in their coun-

\* "As for the Presbyterian, or any other form of church government," says the declaration, "they are not by the covenant to be imposed by force; yet we do and are ready to embrace so much as doth or shall be made appear to us to be according to the word of God. Are we to be dealt with as enemies because we come not to your way? Is all religion wrapped up in that or any one form? Doth that name or thing give the difference between those that are the members of Christ and those that are not? We think not so. We say, faith working by love is the true character of a Christian; and, God is our witness, in whomsoever we see anything of Christ to be, there we reckon our duty to love, waiting for a more plentiful effusion of the spirit of God to make all those Christians who by the malice of the world are diversified, and by their own carnal-mindedness do diversify themselves by several names of reproach, to be of one heart and one mind, worshipping God with one consent. We are desirous that those who are for the Presbyterian government should have all freedom to enjoy it; and are persuaded that, if it be so much of God as some affirm—if God be trusted with his own means, which is his word powerfully and effectually preached, without a too busy meddling with or engaging the authorities of the world, it is able to accomplish his good pleasure upon the minds of men, to produce and establish his good purposes in the world concerning the government of his Church."

try, promising equal strictness on the present occasion, and calling on them to stay quietly in their habitations, and not be misled by the craft and subtlety of those who had provoked the war.

Cromwell was not one of those who suffer the grass to grow beneath their feet. On the third day after he received his commission he was upon his way to the North. Orders had already been given to put the troops in motion from various quarters, and concentrate them in the neighbourhood of York. From that rendezvous they continued their march to the border, and reached Berwick before the middle of July. After having been feasted at York by the lord-mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, Cromwell arrived at Newcastle on the fifteenth, where a fast was kept, and the declaration which has just been noticed was agreed upon in council. His army, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen thousand men, was still encamped at Berwick.

While the English republicans were thus preparing for a decisive struggle, the Scots were not remiss in collecting their resources for the contest. They succeeded in getting together an army of about sixteen thousand foot and six thousand horse, the command of which was given to David Lesley, a soldier who had learned the art of war in the German campaigns of the great Gustavus. Scarcely more than a fifth of this number had seen actual service. Lesley, therefore, determined not to commit the fortunes of his country to the risk of a battle, in which the troops of his enemy, well trained and habituated to victory, would have too preponderant an advantage. It was his plan to choose and intrench good positions, to wear down

the strength and spirit of the invaders by a tedious and unprofitable war, and make fatigue, famine, and disease his allies. The villages were accordingly abandoned, whatever could be carried off was removed, what could not be removed was destroyed, and the hostile line of march was converted into a desert. Cromwell had partly foreseen this, and had directed a fleet with provisions to attend him along the coast; but the supply afforded by this means was imperfect and irregular, and was liable to be suddenly suspended. It seems an unaccountable oversight, that at the outset he did not occupy and strengthen Dunbar, and there establish his magazines.

Cromwell entered Scotland from Berwick on the 22d of July; and, after a march of only four miles, he halted at Mordington, on the verge of the border, where he remained for two days. He seems early to have become conscious of the difficulty of penetrating into a country which had been rendered a foodless solitude. On the 25th he reached Dunbar, where he "got some small pittance from the ships," which enabled him to proceed to Musselburgh. It was not till the republican army was approaching the latter town that it saw the face of an enemy, and then nothing more than an insignificant skirmish occurred. On the seventh day after crossing the frontier he came before the Scottish capital, and there for the first time he descried the congregated hostile force. There was nothing encouraging in what he saw. Lesley, with excellent judgment, had selected a position naturally strong, which he had made impregnable at all points by flanking redoubts and batteries. His right was

covered by the castle of Edinburgh, his left by Leith and its fort, the guns of the latter sweeping nearly the whole front of the line. A chain of outposts occupied all the eminences and defensible spots in the vicinity of this position.

The republican general was now brought to a stand. During the whole of a day and a night of incessant and drenching rain Cromwell lay within sight of the Scots, unable to advance and unwilling to retire. Want of provisions and stress of weather at last compelled him to begin his retrograde march to Musselburgh. As soon as the republican army was fairly in motion, the watchful Lesley poured forth his cavalry upon its rear, which was thrown into disorder by the charge. Cromwell, however, brought up his horse to its support, and "a gallant and hot dispute" ensued, which terminated in the discomfiture of the Scots. In this sharp engagement Major-general Lambert's horse was killed under him; he was wounded with a lance in two places, and was for a short time in the hands of the enemy.

The English army reached Musselburgh in a sorry condition. It was suffering severely from want of sleep and provisions, and from the constant rain and the miriness of the roads. But it was not allowed to recover itself in quiet. Lesley, aware of its plight, despatched Strachan and Montgomery with a considerable corps to attack it in its quarters. The Scots arrived at Musselburgh between three and four in the morning, and made so spirited an attack that the piquets were driven in, and a regiment of horse was broken. Cromwell, however, had expected this attempt, and was

consequently prepared to repel it. The Scots soon found themselves assailed by a superior force, and were ultimately routed, and pursued to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, leaving behind them a considerable number of slain and prisoners. These repulses of their assailants, though honourable and gratifying to the victors, were of no solid advantage; the scantiness of supplies for the army still clogged its operations, and Lesley had yet to be drawn or forced from his formidable position. The enemy, says Cromwell in his despatch to the council of state, hopes "we shall famish for want of provisions, which is very likely to be if we be not timely and fully supplied."

Having rested and refreshed his army, Cromwell proceeded to carry into execution a plan which he had devised for obliging Lesley to quit his advantageous position. The intention of the republican general was to move to the southwest of Edinburgh, and threaten the communication of the Scots with the western counties. Accordingly, on the thirteenth of August he again marched from Musselburgh, and took post in the Pentland Hills, within sight of Edinburgh. This movement produced no other effect than to fatigue his army; for, in the course of two days, the scarcity in the camp drove him back to his recent quarters.

While with such indifferent success Cromwell was wielding the sword, he was also wielding the pen, and with no unskilful hand. He addressed to the General Assembly of the kirk of Scotland a letter, which was deficient neither in point, spirit, nor shrewdness. He displayed equal ability in an answer to Lesley, who had transmitted to him a dec-



laration from the commissioners of the General Assembly, with respect to "the stating of the quarrel whereon the Scottish army is to fight."

It seemed, indeed, as though the theology of Cromwell were destined to make more impression than his cannon. He had artfully descanted on the singular inconsistency and sinfulness of rigid covenanters fighting for the cause of a prince who abhorred their doctrine; and his arguments and sarcasms were not wholly lost. While he was encamped on the Pentland Hills, conferences on the subject had taken place between several of the officers on the outposts, and some of the Scots did not scruple to acknowledge that "they had thoughts of relinquishing Charles, and to act upon another account."

This feeling appears to have been daily gaining strength in all quarters among the more zealous adherents to the covenant. The throne of Charles began to be in at least as much jeopardy from those who called themselves his subjects, as from those who were his declared and deadly enemies. It had been intended that his coronation should take place on the fifteenth of August; but that ceremony was postponed because he refused to sign a paper so humiliating in its character that no honest and high-minded prince would ever have set his hand to it. Seemingly determined to persevere in his refusal, he retired to Dunfermline; but thither he was followed by the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Lothian, who prevailed upon him to affix his signature to the obnoxious paper. In this, however, Charles only disgusted his friends without propitiating his enemies he acquired, and deserv-

ed, the reputation of a hypocrite and a deceiver, without securing even the momentary benefit which is sometimes derived from hypocrisy and deceit.

This paper bore the title of "A Declaration by the King's Majesty to his subjects of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland." He was here made to "sound the very base string of humility." He humbly and repeatedly acknowledged his "guiltiness before God," attributing it to "education and age, evil counsel and company;" entreated the continued "prayer and supplication" of his people, to move Heaven in his favour; admitted the criminality of his father; branded his mother as an idolatress; promised to have "no friends but the friends of the covenant;" declared that he "doth now detest and abhor all popery, superstition, and idolatry, together with prelacy, and all errors, heresy, schism, and profaneness, and resolves not to tolerate, much less allow, any of these in any part of his dominions." He protested, also, that he had "a full persuasion of the justice and equity of all the heads and articles of the covenant;" and that "he had not sworn and subscribed to it, and entered into the oath of God with his people, upon any sinister intention and crooked design for attaining his own ends; but, so far as human weakness will permit, in the truth and sincerity of his heart; and that he was firmly resolved, in the Lord's strength, to adhere thereunto, and to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, in his station and calling, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life!"

While this war of the pen was going on, that of the sword was not slackened. Having received a

sum of money for the pay of his soldiers, and secured provisions enough for a few days, Cromwell, on the seventeenth, once more moved from Musselburgh to the west, and took up a position on the Pentland Hills. But the wary policy of Lesley afforded no opening of which his opponent could take advantage. He had, besides, adopted such precautions as greatly embarrassed the republicans. Dalkeith, which was now in their rear, was held by a Scottish garrison, and he had stationed detachments in several castellated mansions, among which were Dalhousie, on the South Esk; Craigmillar, between Edinburgh and Musselburgh; and Red Hall and Collington, on the Water of Leith. These posts cramped the movements of the invaders, and endangered the safety of their convoys and stores. More than a week having passed without anything being accomplished, Cromwell, as a last resource, resolved, on the twenty-seventh, to move in the direction of Falkirk and Stirling, with the hope of drawing out Lesley, and finding a favourable opportunity to give him battle. In drawing him out he succeeded; in everything else he failed. Lesley made a rapid march behind the little river which is called the Water of Leith, and fronted his antagonist. But to reach the Scottish leader or to elude him was impossible. With few intervals, the whole course of the Water of Leith was at that period a morass, scarcely passable when no opposition was made, and wholly impassable in the face of an enemy. A cannonade was kept up for several hours between the two armies, the only result of which was a fruitless waste of human life. Cromwell himself was in

some danger on this day. In reconnoitring the position of the Scots, he advanced so near that a carbineer took aim at him. The republican general laughed at the failure of this attempt, and shouted out to the man, that "if he had been a soldier of his, he would have cashiered him for firing at such a distance."

Foiled in all his endeavours to bring Lesley to action or to cut him off from the west, his army weakened by sickness, which was rapidly spreading, and his provisions exhausted, Cromwell was obliged to break up from the Pentland Hills and again fall back upon Musselburgh. He halted for the night at no great distance from Edinburgh. The night was exceedingly tempestuous, and the morning wet, but Lesley did not let these obstacles stand in his way. Ceasing to press upon the republican rear, he hastily passed between Edinburgh and the Leith, with the intention of placing his army between the English and their supplies. Cromwell discovered this design only just in time to frustrate it by a forced march to the coast. "By that time it was light," says Cromwell; "we recovered into a ground where they could not hinder us from our victuals, which was a high act of the Lord's providence to us."

To remain at Musselburgh under the present circumstances was impossible for the English army. The coast between Berwick and the Frith of Forth is almost without a port, and the difficulty of landing provisions was sometimes rendered insuperable by a change of wind. The republican army was also thinned by a violent dysentery; fourteen hundred sick had already been sent to England, and

there were several hundred more in a helpless state. Cromwell therefore determined to retire to Dunbar and fortify that place, that he might establish in it a hospital and a magazine. But even to make his way to Dunbar was now become a difficult task. The Scots were elated beyond measure with having baffled the invaders, whose distressful condition they likewise well knew, and they had, besides, been re-enforced by three regiments. Lesley pressed close on the heels of the foe during the march to Haddington, and charged the rear brigade of horse with such vigour that it would have been lost, had not, says Cromwell, "the Lord in his providence put a cloud over the moon."\* At midnight he fell again upon the republicans in Haddington, but was repulsed. It is probable that he rather hoped to weaken and dishearten them by these repeated encounters, than to make at the moment any serious impression. In this he succeeded; for his antagonists reached Dunbar in a pitiable state, and were scarcely able to save their hindmost infantry from destruction. Captain Hodgson, who was present, emphatically describes the English force as "a poor, shattered, hungry, discouraged army."

At a short distance from Dunbar commences a chain of mountains, which occupies the south of Haddingtonshire and the north of Berwickshire,

\* Mr. Foster, in his valuable *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (*Lardner's Cyclopædia*), has fallen into a trifling error with respect to this skirmish. Lesley did not make his attack on the republican army before it reached Musselburgh, but between Musselburgh and Haddington, when the greatest part of it had entered the latter place. I mention this merely to avoid the imputation of having myself misstated the fact.

and, curving round through the counties of Selkirk and Peebles, joins the range of eminences which begins at Cheviot, and stretches, under various names, into the southwest of Scotland. That portion which is situated in the shires of Haddington and Berwick bears the name of the Lammermuir Hills : a name which can never be heard without recalling to mind the remembrance of departed genius. From Dunbar to Berwick, the only road for the retreat of the invading army was for some miles through defiles, egress from which might be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, by a vigilant and determined enemy. The pass of Cockburn's Path, seven miles from Dunbar, is one of the most formidable of these defiles, "where," says Cromwell, "ten men to hinder are better than forty to make way." It is intersected by three streams, one of which runs through a wooded ravine a hundred and sixty feet in depth.

Cromwell entered Dunbar on the first of September. His situation was such as might well inspire him with sinister forebodings. His force was dwindled down to about seven thousand five hundred foot and three thousand five hundred horse, who were exhausted and dispirited by sickness, privations, and ill success : Lesley, on the contrary, was at the head of sixteen thousand foot and six thousand horse, well provided, in good health, and animated by the foil which they had given to the English, and the prospect of having them completely at their mercy. So confident of success were the Scots, that they taunted the republicans, and are affirmed to have even deliberated as to what extent they should wreak their vengeance upon them.

“Here began the pride of the Scots army so to swell,” says the Act for appointing a Thanksgiving, “as they quite forgot an overruling Providence; their scouts upbraiding us, ‘they now had us safe enough, and that they had afforded us a summer’s quarters, they hoped to have it quickly repaid them, when they came to take up their winter-quarters; intending,’ as they said, ‘to convoy up our rear for us to London.’ Yea, so far had their passion blinded them, and their presumption prevailed upon them, that, as we were informed by some of their own, they sat in consultation what conditions it was fit they should offer us; whether or no quarter was to be allowed to any for their lives, and to whom only, and upon what terms.”

The Scots were not without seemingly valid reasons for expecting a complete triumph. It was not only that the English army was far inferior in strength, but the Scots had so much the vantage-ground that the chances were incalculably in their favour, with scarcely the necessity for exertion on their part. They had less occasion for the sword than for the mattock and the spade. Thoroughly acquainted with the country in which he was acting, Lesley turned all its local circumstances to account. He took up a strong position at Doonhill, at the eastern extremity of the Lammermuir range, and despatched a considerable detachment to occupy the defile of Cockburn’s Path. The republicans confessed that “the ground Lesley had gotten upon was inaccessible,” and that they could not possibly engage him on it without extreme danger. In this embarrassing situation, Cromwell held a council of war, in which a suggestion to embark the foot, and

endeavour to break through with the horse, was rejected only because the violence of the wind and the surf would not admit of its execution. All that could be done, therefore, was to keep the army in readiness for taking advantage of any erroneous movement which the enemy might make, and to send out a strong reconnoitring party to the right, to see whether a vulnerable point could be found in the position of Lesley.

To ensure entire success, the Scots had now only to hold their ground till famine and disease had completed their work upon the enemy; and this was Lesley's intention. But he was not master in his own camp. What his skill had gained was thrown away by blind and presumptuous fanaticism. The preachers who attended the army were loud in their censures upon the backwardness of the general, and in exhortations to the soldiery to pour down upon their unrighteous foes, over whom they promised them, in the Lord's name, a full and easy victory. Thus the Old Testament was ransacked for examples, to stimulate auditors who were but too well disposed to confide in their misleaders. They succeeded to their hearts' content; the clamour for battle became so incessant and imperative, that, in spite of his better judgment, Lesley was compelled to give way. He began by edging the right wing of his cavalry down towards the sea, and re-enforcing it by about two thirds of his left wing of the same; at the same time he inclined towards the right the foot and artillery. By this movement he interposed a larger portion of his force directly between the English army and Berwick, but he lost all the benefit of his original well-chosen position.



From Broxmouth, the seat of the Roxburgh family, Cromwell, who was there with Lambert and Monk, perceived the Scots descending into the plain. His joy at the sight was irrepressible, and, throwing up his arms towards heaven, he exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" Night was now approaching, and prevented an immediate combat; but he resolved that at daybreak he would fall upon them. It was not, however, till six in the morning of the third of September that he could commence the battle by which the fate of his army must be decided.

Six regiments of horse and three and a half of foot formed the first line of the commonwealth army. Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley, and Twisleton headed the horse; the foot was commanded by Monck. The second line was composed of the brigades of Colonels Pride and Overton, the artillery, and two regiments of horse. "The Lord of Hosts" was the battle-cry of the assailants, "The Covenant" that of the Scots. The first shock took place between the cavalry of the two armies, and it was terrible. Cromwell owns "that it was a very hot dispute at sword's point." No decisive effect was produced by it. The first line of English foot was brought into action against the Scots' right wing, but it was met with such spirit that it was compelled to give ground. Cromwell, however, was at hand, to remedy the check it had received. "My own regiment," says he, "under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Goffe and my Major White, did come seasonably in, and at push of pike did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage which the Lord was

pleased to give, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot." There was at least one Scottish brigade which was not thrown into "a great amazement" on this occasion. Though it was fiercely assailed "at push of pike and butt end of the musket," it stood firm till "a troop of horse charged from one end to the other of it, and left it to the mercy of the foot." But here ceased all display of courage on the part of Lesley's army. The English cavalry was now sweeping the field, and charging the enemy's horse and foot with all the vigour that a desire for glory and revenge could excite. At this moment the sun arose from the sea, and Cromwell exclaimed, "Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!" He was answered by a universal shout from his troops. And scattered the Scots were. It was only by their right wing that any resolution had been manifested; and when that was overthrown, all was lost. In less than an hour they were put to total rout. Cavalry and infantry were mingled in the wildest confusion, throwing away their arms, and flying in panic terror, like a flock of scared sheep, before the victorious republicans, who "had the chase and execution of them near eight miles." Three thousand of the Scots were slain in the battle and pursuit, and about ten thousand were made prisoners, among whom were two hundred and forty-three officers, of all ranks, from an ensign up to a lieutenant-general. The whole of the baggage and cannon of the vanquished, fifteen thousand stand of arms, and two hundred standards, were the trophies of this memorable day.

Such were the weakness and destitution of the

army by which this great victory was achieved, that the want of hands and supplies compelled Cromwell to dismiss five thousand "almost starved, sick, and wounded prisoners." For the escort of the remainder to Newcastle, a more than equal number, he could spare only four troops of horse. The fate of these unhappy men was truly lamentable: a few contrived to escape; but, famished and toil-worn, numbers dropped by the way; several were killed to intimidate their companions from flying or resisting; and in less than two months, more than two thousand were swept off by dysentery, and the constitutions of those who survived were fatally shaken.

Lambert was promptly sent forward with six regiments of horse and one of foot, and was speedily followed by Cromwell with the remainder of his forces. Edinburgh and Leith surrendered to the conqueror; but the Castle of Edinburgh, amply supplied and garrisoned, refused to open its gates.

Though the season was far advanced, the weather unfavourable, and the roads broken up by the rains, Cromwell made an effort to reap some farther advantage from his victory. He marched to within cannon-shot of Stirling, with the purpose of storming that town, but he found it so strongly guarded that he was obliged to relinquish his enterprise. This disappointment seems to have soured him; for, in his despatch to the council of state, after having announced that some of the inhabitants of the Scottish capital had returned home, he concludes with a bitter piece of satire. "I thought," says he, "I should have found in Scotland a conscientious people and a barren country: about Edinburgh it

is as fertile for corn as any part of England, but the people generally given to the most impudent lying and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed."

There being at this season little farther to be gained by military operations, Cromwell tried what could be done by pacific overtures. He accordingly addressed to the committee of estates, which was then sitting at Perth, a letter, written in a moderate and conciliatory strain, calling upon the Scottish government "to give the state of England that satisfaction and security for its peaceable, quiet living" with Scotland which circumstances justified the commonwealth in demanding; in which case the Scots "might have a lasting and durable peace, and the wish of a blessing upon them in all religious and civil things." To this communication no answer was returned by the committee; but it seems to have produced the main effect which Cromwell perhaps expected from it, that of exciting, among a part of the people, a dislike to the continuance of the war.

Early in December the Scots were foiled, and sustained considerable loss in an attempt which they made, with a body of cavalry, to fall by surprise upon the quarters of Lambert, who was posted at Hamilton, near Glasgow. But this repulse was far less injurious to them than was the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, which took place on the 24th of the same month. Cromwell had for some time been making approaches to the castle and forming mines, but apparently with little prospect of success; for he himself declares, in his despatch to Lenthall, the speaker, "I must needs say, not any

skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place." By this event the republicans obtained a firm footing to the south of the Forth.

Thus ended the campaign of 1650. To Charles, the defeat at Dunbar afforded no occasion for sorrow. It rather, on the contrary, seemed to open to him a prospect of being, in some measure, relieved from the slavery in which he was kept by those who surrounded him. The situation of Charles at this time is thus described by Sir Edward Walker, who was an eyewitness of it: "He is outwardly served and waited on with all fitting ceremonies due to a king, but in his liberty not much above a prisoner, sentinels being every night set about his lodging, few daring to speak freely or privately to him, and spies set on his words and actions. His bedchamber is not free to himself, the ministers almost daily thrusting in upon him to catechize and instruct him, and, I believe, to exact repetitions from him. In a word, he knows nothing of their counsels, either military or civil. but what they please to communicate to him."

Even Charles, little delicate as he was, was at last rendered desperate by this state of things, and resolved upon flight. There was still on foot, in the mountains, a body of royalists of the Hamilton party, under General Middleton. Through the medium of Frazer, a physician, a correspondence was opened between the prince and the general. The result was, that Charles made up his mind to join the royalists in the Highlands. He contrived to escape secretly from Perth; but, after having proceeded forty miles he was overtaken by Montgom-

aery with a troop of horse, and was induced to return. In Scottish history this elopement of the monarch bears the name of "the start."

It might have been supposed that such a flagrant proof of the king's hatred of them would have drawn upon him additional indignities from the covenanters. Such, however, was not the case. There were serious reasons why the king should not be driven to extremity. A majority of the nobles began to be disaffected; and in the army, many of the officers and soldiers attributing their recent defeat to the rash counsels of the ministers, recruits to fill up the gap caused by that defeat came in so tardily, that it was absolutely necessary to widen the circle from which they were to be drawn. A compromise was therefore effected. It was resolved by the Scottish Parliament that, on publicly manifesting their repentance, the Hamiltonians and others, who had been declared incapable of holding office, should be permitted to serve their country. While a majority of the covenanters were thus yielding to circumstances, Charles was acting a part which was equally distasteful to him. He affected an extraordinary regard for Argyle, and went so far as to throw out hints of an intention to marry one of the daughters of that nobleman. In supposing that by such conduct he could delude Argyle or gain respect from him, he must have had a much meaner opinion of the earl's understanding than he was warranted in entertaining. Nor was he more successful in producing unanimity among his subjects. The resolution of the Parliament was solemnly protested against by multitudes, several civil and military functionaries desisted from serving in conse-

quence of it, and five of the western counties manifested the most inveterate hostility to a measure which they regarded as an infamous and wicked falling off from the righteous cause. Scotland was thus divided between the factions of the resolutionists and the protesters.

While affairs were in this unsatisfactory state, the coronation of Charles took place. He was crowned at Scone with considerable pomp, on the 1st of January, 1651: the diadem was placed on his head by Argyle. A sermon was preached before him on this occasion by a Mr. Douglas, who assured the king, among other things of the same kind, that "if he did not continue steadfast to the ends of the covenant (which he had then again sworn in the most solemn manner to observe), the controversy was not ended between God and his family."

From listening to such rugged censors Charles passed to the more grateful occupation of levying forces, for the defence of his newly-received crown. It was principally from the north that the levies were drawn, and the recruiting was carried on there with success. This is admitted to have been the fact by Cromwell himself. "They have chosen," says he, "all their new colonels, being the most popular and beloved men, with whom we hear the people rise very willingly; so that I think we may certainly conclude they will have a numerous army before long." At this moment he was pondering, but in vain, on the means of crossing the Forth and checking the levies; nor was he wholly without fears of a Scots incursion into England, and a royalist outbreak in the northern counties.

In the course of the winter and spring, an army of respectable magnitude was once more set on foot. It consisted of about fifteen thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry. The king was its nominal leader, having under him Hamilton and Lesley; but the latter was in fact the commander. The campaign was not opened till a late period. The republican army was kept inactive by the want of forage and supplies, but still more by the want of its general. Cromwell had been attacked by a severe fit of illness, and for some time was in great danger. Two physicians, doctors Wright and Bates, were sent by the council of state to attend him, and he slowly recovered; but it was not till the latter end of June that he was in a condition to resume the direction of his forces. Lesley, in the mean while, had taken up a strong position at the Torwood, in front of Stirling, and on the road to Falkirk, and had improved it so much by art as to render any attempt upon it an almost hopeless enterprise. Here he meant to make his stand, confining himself strictly to the defensive, and wearying out his antagonist. This time he had not to fear that his well-conceived plans would be frustrated by the folly which had occasioned his late disaster; and he might hope that the remembrance of their forefathers' prowess on the field of Bannockburn—a field which was now before their eyes—would rouse up every latent spark of courage and patriotism in the breasts of his soldiers. Cromwell soon found that he had a difficult task to perform. He made various trials to bring his opponent to action, none of which succeeded; he could neither provoke nor manœuvre Lesley from



his post at the Torwood. Once he half resolved to venture upon an attack ; but, on second thought, he relinquished a scheme which at best was fraught with peril, and, if he failed, might be fatal.

The pertinacity with which the Scottish general adhered to his Fabian system, and his unassailable position, were extremely embarrassing to Cromwell. The summer was wearing away without his having attained a single object, and he looked forward with serious uneasiness to a winter campaign, which would be ruinous to his troops, and heavily expensive to the commonwealth. He candidly owns that he knew not what course to take. " We can truly say," declares he, " we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action, and we did say one to the other, We knew not what to do." Desperate diseases are said to require desperate remedies ; and so Cromwell seems to have thought. The plan which he at last adopted was venturous even to rashness, and scarcely offered a medium between complete success and signal discomfiture, perhaps destruction. What he purposed was nothing less than to transport the great body of his forces to the north of the Frith of Forth, in order to cut off the supplies which the royal army received from Fife and the neighbouring counties. Famine would then, he hoped, expel Lesley from a camp which set arms at defiance. To carry this scheme into execution, he must divide an army already too weak, and convey the major part of it over an arm of the sea, which for more than forty miles is nowhere less than nearly two miles in width, and in general far wider. This was throwing open the south of Scotland, and something more, to the Scots ;

committing his communications to the mercy of the winds and waves ; and bringing his army into jeopardy should a retreat become needful. Yet even these adverse circumstances he resolved to brave, rather than encounter the toil and expense which would result from continued inaction. Besides, if his assertion may be credited, he looked upon this measure as dictated by Heaven itself ; and consequently he could not, without impiety, be doubtful of its success. In using such presumptuous language, was he a deceiver or self-deceived ?

About nine miles to the west of Edinburgh, the Frith of Forth is suddenly contracted to a width of less than two miles by a peninsula which protrudes from the coast of Fife. Midway between Queensferry and North-ferry is the small rocky island of Inchgarvie, on which was a fort, with sixteen pieces of cannon and a Scottish garrison. The communication between Fife and the Lothians is kept up by the ferry at this part of the Frith, and it was here that Cromwell designed to pass over his troops. To call off the attention of Lesley, he moved in the direction of Stirling, as far as the Carron water, and made a semblance of intending to give battle. Colonel Overton, in the mean while, with fourteen hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, effected a landing on the North-ferry. On the following morning he was joined by Major-general Lambert, with two infantry and two cavalry regiments. Lambert arrived just in time to save Overton's detachment from being, in all probability, either captured or driven into the Forth. A Scots division of four thousand men, led by Generals Brown and Holborne, was about to fall upon Overton. The

combined republicans now became the assailants; and, after an obstinate conflict, the Scots were utterly defeated, with the loss of two thousand slain and five or six hundred prisoners. This victory was followed by the surrender of the Fort of Inchgarvie. While this was going on, Lesley made a movement towards Fife by the Alloa road; but, learning that Cromwell was preparing to take advantage of his absence, he returned, and resumed his position at the Torwood.

As soon as Lesley was re-seated in front of Stirling, Cromwell hastened to pursue his operations to the north. Leaving four regiments of horse and as many of foot to protect Edinburgh, he marched rapidly to Queens-ferry, where he passed the Forth with the remainder of his army. Without losing a moment he pushed on to Perth, there being nothing in the way that could impede his progress. Perth, which commands the passes into the northeastern counties and the Highlands, was in no condition to resist an enemy. Its old walls were in a dilapidated state, and it was otherwise unprovided with adequate means of defence. It had doubtless been considered as quite safe while Lesley held his ground on the Forth. In four-and-twenty hours after his arrival Cromwell became master of the town. To secure his conquest, Cromwell began the erection of a citadel, but the completion of this work he was soon under the necessity of delegating to other hands. When the tidings reached London of his having advanced to Perth, the Parliament resolved to strengthen its military force, and it accordingly authorized the Council of State to raise a body of infantry, to the number of four thousand

men, exclusive of officers. This was a prudent and well-timed measure, from which much benefit was ultimately derived.

A march through Strathallan upon Perth, either to give battle to Cromwell, or to watch and embarrass his movements; a march eastward from Stirling, to act upon the rear of the enemy's line of operations; and a rapid movement upon Edinburgh, to disperse the scanty republican corps which had been left in that quarter, were all within the choice of Lesley. Neither of them, however, was adopted. Charles had resolved to stake his fortune upon one desperate cast of the die, by penetrating into England and hurrying forward to the capital. He sanguinely hoped that, during his progress, his partisans in the northern and midland counties would throng to his standard, and that his enemies would be disheartened and kept down by the republican army being too distant to succour them. This daring project received the sanction of the Scots generals and statesmen, some of whom were eager for fame and revenge, while others wished to give the enemy "work in England rather than consume their countrymen with a lingering war, and make the seat of it in Scotland." Argyle alone dissented; he, foreboding disaster, laboured strenuously, but ineffectually, to dissuade Charles from his purpose. The opposition of this nobleman was, indeed, not likely to prevail with a monarch who hated him. On the last day of July the Scottish army broke up from the Torwood, and began its route to the border, in the direction of Carlisle.

Though for some time past the probability of a Scottish irruption into England had often entered

the thoughts of the Commonwealth rulers and generals, considerable alarm was excited by that probability being converted into a certainty. Till now such an event had been looked upon as fraught with no great danger, inasmuch as it was believed either that the Scots would merely make a diversion with a part of their force, which might be easily repelled, or that, if a regular invasion were attempted, Cromwell and his army would be at hand to confront the invaders, and perhaps inflict on them a heavier blow than they had received three years before at the battle of Preston. But in the present case circumstances were changed. By his venturesome movement to Perth, Cromwell had placed himself at such a distance from the scene of action that he was several marches in the rear of the royal army; and, as the Parliament had no adequate force collected in England, irreparable mischief might be done before he could bring his veterans to the rescue.

Cromwell himself was evidently staggered by this sudden manœuvre of Charles. In his despatch to the Parliament, his apprehensions and embarrassment repeatedly become visible, in spite of his efforts to conceal them; and he writes in an apologetical tone, which shows how strong an impression he supposed to have been made upon his employers by the danger which threatened them.

“I do apprehend,” says the general, “that if he goes for England, being some few days’ march before us, it will trouble some men’s thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences; of which I hope we are as duly sensible, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent as any. And in-

deed this is our comfort, that in simplicity of heart as to God we have done to the best of our judgments ; knowing that if some issue were not put to this business it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and been an endless expense of treasure to England in prosecuting this war.

“ It may be supposed we might have kept the enemy from this by interposing between him and England, which truly I believe we might ; but to remove him out of this place without doing what we have done, unless we had a commanding army on both sides of the river of Forth, is not clear to us , or how to answer the inconveniences afore mentioned, we understand not. We pray, therefore, that, seeing that there is a possibility for the enemy to put you to some trouble, you would (with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the same things God hath used you in hitherto), you would improve the best you can such forces as you have in readiness, or as may on the sudden be gathered together, to give the enemy some check until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And, indeed, we have this comfortable experiment from the Lord, that this enemy is heart-smitten by God ; and, whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also. When England was much more unsteady than now, and when a much more considerable army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you, and we had but a weak force

to make resistance at Preston, upon deliberate advice we chose rather to put ourselves between their army and Scotland, and how God succeeded that is not well to be forgotten.

“This is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and it is to be hoped will have the like issue, together with a hopeful end of your work; in which it is good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences and hope of his presence, which only is the life of our cause.”

But, though Cromwell was alarmed, as well he might be, he lost not a jot of his promptitude, energy, and presence of mind. Leaving Monk with a sufficient force to carry on the war in Scotland, he instantly bent his march to the south, and reached Edinburgh on the 4th of August. Major-general Harrison, one of the most active and intelligent of the Commonwealth officers, who, with three thousand horse and some foot, was then in the neighbourhood of Berwick, was directed to push on in an oblique direction, for the purpose of gaining, or getting in advance of, the left flank of the royal army, and impeding the king's movements towards the British capital. Major-general Lambert, with between three and four thousand cavalry, was ordered to follow in the first instance the footsteps of Charles, to retard his progress through the northern frontier counties, and then to form a junction with Harrison. Cromwell himself, with nine regiments of foot and the rest of the horse, proceeded by forced marches from Leith to Newcastle. At a somewhat later period, a division, under Fleetwood, bent its course from the south to unite with

Cromwell, Lambert, and Harrison. All the commanders rallied round them the militia and trained bands on their way, and took vigorous measures to prevent the resources of the country from falling into the hands of the enemy.

It was on the 6th of August, after a march of six days from the Torwood, that Charles set foot on the soil of England. He was immediately proclaimed king, at the head of the army, amid the roar of cannon; and the ceremony was repeated on the following day at Penrith. "This poor place," says Lord Lauderdale, in a letter to Lord Balcarras, "has given us a day's bread and cheese, which is our first supply in England." From his letter, and those of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Wentworth, it appears that at this moment the king's forces amounted to about fourteen or fifteen thousand foot and six thousand horse; that all the rigid covenanters having left them, the army was wholly devoted to the king; that the troops were under such excellent discipline that they had not taken the worth of a sixpence since their arrival; and that men enough might be procured if the king had but arms to give them. At Penrith, the son of Lord Howard of Eskrig came over with a part of his troop to the royal army, and was knighted by the king.

Charles halted for a day at Penrith to rest and refresh his men, and then pushed forward by Kendal to Lancaster. To accelerate his march as much as possible, he mounted as many of his infantry as he could find horses for. Again he halted at Ellel Moor, four miles to the south of Lancaster, and then continued his course through Preston and Wigan



to Warrington, on the Mersey, which latter place he reached on the 16th of August.

In his passage through Westmoreland and Lancashire, his army is said to have been much thinned by desertion, and to have been joined by a very small number of royalists. It must be remembered, however, that there was little time given for the friends of Charles to array themselves under his standard, his resolution to invade England having been suddenly taken, and his march pursued with considerable rapidity. At Preston he was met by the Earl of Derby, who had landed at Wyerwater from the Isle of Man with three hundred men, sixty of whom were cavalry. The earl took his leave of Charles at Warrington, and returned to the centre of Lancashire, to collect and organize the king's partisans in the northwestern counties. In a few days he got together about fifteen hundred men, and might have become formidable to the republicans, had not his career been cut short by Colonel Robert Lilburne, who, with much inferior numbers, routed and utterly dispersed the royalists at Preston before the close of the month.

While Charles was speeding through Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, his indefatigable opponents were pressing forward with still greater swiftness to frustrate his designs. On the 12th of August Cromwell crossed the Tyne at Newburn, near Newcastle, and encamped at Ryton. He was in motion again on the 14th; and on the 20th he arrived at Doncaster, a march of about a hundred and twelve miles. From the metropolis, towards which he was wending his course, he was still a hundred and sixty miles distant. It is therefore not

wonderful that at London the citizens and the Parliament felt extreme disquiet, which in some was heightened into absolute terror, and that many began to despair of the republican cause. Harrison and Lambert, meanwhile, moved with so much celerity that they got the start of Charles. They effected their junction on the 14th in the neighbourhood of Preston, whence they continued their route to Warrington, to defend the passes of the Mersey. Their united force was eight thousand horse, a thousand dragoons, and about three thousand foot. The two generals lost no time in endeavouring to spoil the fords between Warrington and Manchester, and taking whatever other measures might contribute to retard the march of the royal army.

Harrison and Lambert did not, however, make at Warrington that vigorous defence which their preparations seemed to promise. Though they had previously resolved to accept a battle, they now deemed it prudent to decline a serious engagement in their present position. The reason assigned for this change was, that the ground was unfavourable for cavalry. Nothing more than a slight skirmish took place at the bridge, which the republicans had barricaded. The post was defended no longer than was necessary to give the generals time to complete their arrangements for effecting a retrograde movement. They retired by the Knutsford road, avowedly with the intention of making a stand on Knutsford Moor, though it may be doubted whether they had any such purpose. The royal army crossed the Mersey impatient for action, Charles himself being at the head of the van, which consisted of his own life-guards. For some distance the royalists

pressed hard upon the republican rear ; but the pursuit was soon discontinued, and the republican leaders accomplished their retreat in good order, and with scarcely any loss.

At this moment Charles was but a hundred and eighty-four miles from London, while Cromwell, notwithstanding his eagerness to press forward, had not yet proceeded farther than the vicinity of the Tees, two hundred and forty miles from the metropolis. The king was at least four days ahead, and those four days, rightly employed, might have given him a chance for the crown. Everything, however, depended upon daring, which in some situations is prudence. But the counsels of Charles had begun to be "sicklied o'er with that pale cast of thought" which is destructive to "enterprise of great pith and moment." There can, I think, be little doubt, that at this period, if not earlier, he abandoned the plan of marching to London, and resolved to take up a position behind the Severn. In Wales, and in the counties between the Mersey and the Severn, especially in Worcestershire, he had many partisans, whom he probably hoped to rally round his standard, so as to enable him to maintain a defensive war, during the continuance of which his friends in England and Scotland, relieved from the pressure of the republican forces, would have an opportunity of rising in his favour. Under certain circumstances this new scheme might have been feasible : under those which actually existed it proved fatal.

From Newcastle to Warrington, Harrison and Fleetwood had moved obliquely in a southwestern direction, to be in advance of the royal forces ; but they now desisted from their close watch upon the

king, and directed their march from the west towards the southeast, through Congleton, Leek Cheadle, and Abbots Bromley, to the confines of Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire, in order to put themselves in communication with the main army under Cromwell. Notwithstanding this change in their line of march, they still preserved the power of timely interposing between the king and the metropolis.

While the Parliamentary leaders were retiring by the Knutsford road, Charles pursued his way to Northwich, and thence to Stoke, near Nantwich, where he halted on the eighteenth. "Their councils seemed very unsteady," says Harrison, who was active in procuring intelligence of all the royalist movements. From more than one cause the king was, in truth, labouring under serious embarrassment. He had discovered that the committee of ministers, or, as it was called, the presbytery of the army, were as hostile as ever to the cavaliers, and would accept of no aid except from subscribers to the covenant. Major-general Massey was then in Lancashire, soliciting the ministers of that county to exercise their influence with the people in the king's behalf; he was the bearer of a letter to them from the committee, in which the latter passed a sentence of proscription upon those whom they denominated malignants. Charles now wrote to Massey, desiring that he would burn this impolitic mis- sive, and hasten back to the royal army.

From Nantwich Charles moved forward to Blore Heath, and thence to Tong-Norton, not far from Shifnal, in Shropshire. From Tong-Norton he sent a summons to Colonel Mackworth to surren-

der the town of Shrewsbury. The possession of this place would have been highly advantageous, and he was led to believe that the governor was not ill disposed towards him. Mackworth, however, answered his summons and rejected his offers of reward in a decided and even contemptuous tone. Charles therefore continued his march to Worcester, at which city he resolved to make a stand. In his progress through Worcestershire the king received a considerable accession of partisans. "They have persuaded the people," says Fleetwood, "that there is no such man alive as my Lord-general Cromwell, and that we have no army left. Upon this account, they have had more additions of men in Worcester than in all England besides."

It was on the 22d of August that the king, at the head of his vanguard, consisting of about five hundred horse, appeared before Worcester. The city was occupied by a small force of militia and cavalry, who made a show of resistance, to give time for the removal of the magazine. Their retreat, however, was quickened by the conduct of the townspeople, who generally declared for the king; some of the citizens even fired out of the windows upon the republicans, while the latter were striving to make head against the royal army. Finding it impossible to prolong the defence of the place, the slender garrison gave up the contest, and effected its retreat to Gloucester. The gates were thrown open by order of the town-council, and Charles made his entrance amid the triumphant acclamations of his friends. He was proclaimed on the following day, and issued a manifesto, calling upon the people to rally round him. This was succeeded, two days

afterward, by a general rendezvous in the Pitchcroft of those who came forward in obedience to his call : they are said to have amounted to about two thousand, among whom were several persons of rank and fortune. Before the close of the month the king was also joined by the Earl of Derby, with a few royalists who had escaped from the rout at Preston. The strength of the king's army was variously estimated at from twelve to sixteen thousand men, the last of which is perhaps nearest to the truth.

Charles, it must be owned, was not without rational grounds for concluding that he might maintain himself in the position which he now occupied. Worcester, situated on the left bank of the Severn, over which it has a bridge, connecting it with the suburb of St. John's, was a walled city, and its capability of defence had already been manifested. In 1646 it had resisted the republican forces from March till July. From the outset of the war it had been strongly attached to the royal cause : it was one of the first to declare for the late monarch, and the last to submit to his enemies. In its rear flows the Severn, a navigable river nearly a hundred yards wide, on which, except that of Worcester, there was then no bridge between Bewdley and Upton, the former fourteen miles above the city, and the latter ten below it. On the right bank, little more than two miles from Worcester, the River Teme forms, at nearly a right angle, a junction with the Severn, and covers the southern approach to the suburb. The nature of the ground on both sides of the city is not unfavourable to defensive operations. Behind the line of the Severn

stretches the principality of Wales, where Charles had many zealous partisans. Independent of these circumstances to induce Charles to make his stand here, he was probably influenced by another consideration, the hope of also obtaining possession of Gloucester, where Massey, who had once so gallantly defended that fortress, was supposed to have considerable influence. From the confession of the republicans themselves, it appears that the safety of Gloucester was at one moment endangered.

But, whatever might be the natural advantages of the position which the king held, it is obvious that, unless they were promptly and skilfully turned to account, they must be of little avail. To repel the powerful army which was advancing, every military resource must be called into play. With an army not more than half as strong as that of his antagonist, it was clearly not the policy of Charles to risk everything on the issue of an immediate battle, all the chances of which were so fearfully against him: on the contrary, prudence dictated to guard with sleepless vigilance the line of the Severn, to strengthen and repair the old works of Worcester, and protect by fieldworks all the defensible points and approaches round the city; in short, to weaken and tire out the enemy by a lingering and harassing warfare, and thus to gain time, which in such cases is among the best of allies. Opportunity and hands were not wanting for the performance of the necessary labour, there being men in abundance, and no republican troops having come up till six days had elapsed. But, says a royalist officer in his narrative, when "they came before us at Worcester, the city was neither fortified nor provision-

ed." Fleetwood asserts, indeed, that, three days after their entrance into the city, the leaders of the royal army "were different and uncertain in their councils" as to what should be done, and that it was only in compliance with the earnest entreaties of the mayor, sheriff, and some of the aldermen, that they were prevailed on to think of fortifying the place when it was too late to do it effectually. Beyond putting into some sort of repair the work which was called Fort Royal, no considerable progress seems to have been made in defensive measures.

The formidable opponent of Charles was, meanwhile, rapidly approaching him. From Doncaster, which, as we have seen, he reached on the 20th Cromwell, proceeding through Nottingham, Coventry, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon, arrived on the 28th at Evesham. Here his junction was effected with the corps of Lambert and Harrison, and with that of Fleetwood, which had marched from the southern counties by the way of Banbury and Shepstone. On the following day the whole came in sight of Worcester, and Cromwell fixed his headquarters at Spetchley, in the house of Judge Berkeley, about two miles to the southeast of the city. On the 31st he was farther re-enforced by three thousand men from Suffolk and Essex, under Sir Thomas Honiwood and Col. Cooke. His strength now amounted to at least thirty thousand men.

Cromwell had not been many hours before Worcester when an event occurred which was the forerunner, and, in some measure, the cause of a fatal catastrophe. The highly important pass of Upton was confided to Major-general Massey, who occu



plied it with five hundred horse. Upton is seated on the right bank of the Severn, and is approached by a bridge, the only one between Worcester and Gloucester. On the Upton side, the bridge was commanded by a church, which stood at the termination of it. It might be supposed that nothing would have been omitted that could give security to a post of so much importance. This, however, was not the case; and it is astonishing that Massey, a soldier who had acquired reputation, should in a whole week have done nothing to provide against attack, and at last have allowed himself to be taken by surprise. Without "any design or expectation" of being able to do more than reconnoitre, Lambert, with a body of horse, marched towards Upton on the 28th, while Cromwell was taking up his quarters at Spetchley. With equal surprise and pleasure he found that the royalists had been as careless as an enemy could wish them to be. An arch of the bridge had indeed been broken, but there was a piece of timber left across it which afforded a passage. The post was also slenderly and negligently guarded. Lambert, who had approached with only a few men to reconnoitre, instantly saw his advantage, and seized upon it. Twenty dismounted troopers with carbines crept over the piece of timber, and took possession of the church. Massey was at length awakened to his danger, and made an attempt to dislodge the republicans; but he was too late. As fast as his troops came up, Lambert dismounted them and sent them over; and, after a short contest, Massey was wounded, and driven in disorder from the field. Not a man was lost by the assailants. The victor did not delay a moment

in sending to Fleetwood for a re-enforcement of foot, and before the day was spent a large part of Fleetwood's division was established at Upton. Expecting that an effort would of course be made to recover a post of such vital importance, Fleetwood prepared to make an obstinate resistance; but he was left unmolested by the royalist generals, though his position, ten miles from the main army, would have been hazardous, had it been promptly and vigorously attacked by a superior force.

While the royal army remained wholly inactive on the side of Upton, it operated with little more vigour, and no success, on the side of Worcester. An incessant fire was indeed kept up from the city, but with far more of noise than execution. "They shoot all day excessively at our horse and foot," says a republican despatch, "as if they feared never to want powder or bullets." A sally, which was attempted on the night of Cromwell's arrival, was beaten back in an almost bloodless encounter, there being only one of the besiegers wounded, and three of the assailants slain. On the following night it was determined by a council of war, at which Charles presided, that a second and more formidable sortie should be made. The object of this was to drive the republicans from a house about a mile south of the city, in which they had stationed two hundred men, and also to attack a part of their camp. For this purpose, a select body of horse and foot, to the number of fifteen hundred, marched out through Silbury gate. This second effort was as bootless as the first. The republicans were informed of the design of their opponents, and did not wait for the onset. When the royalists were

within two hundred yards of the post, they were met by the enemy, and compelled to retire into the city, with the loss of several men, among whom was Major Knox. He was slain in a skirmish with Colonel Fairfax's regiment. "Coming very boldly up," says an account of the action, "and leaping over a hedge, he rushed upon a stand of pikes, and so lost his life in a vapour." This sneering description is less creditable to its unchivalric writer than it is to the gallant officer whose fall it commemorates.

During the week that elapsed between his coming before Worcester and his leading the republicans into action, Cromwell was busily occupied in making arrangements to strike a decisive blow. A vigorous cannonade and bombardment were kept up against the beleaguered city. To carry into effect the plan of operations which he had formed, and which embraced both banks of the river, it was necessary for him to construct, in the vicinity of the place, a bridge over the Severn; and, as all the boats had been removed by the royalists, he was obliged to have a sufficient number conveyed on cars from Pershore, Evesham, and other towns upon the Avon. Confident of victory, he likewise took means to reap all its advantages; he sent Lilburne, with a thousand horse, to secure the pass at Bewdley, and despatched orders to the militia, the trained bands, and the troops in garrison, to occupy positions for intercepting the retreat of the routed enemy.

The third of September was the day chosen by Cromwell for giving battle: it was the anniversary of the victory at Dunbar. We may believe that,

like Napoleon, Cromwell thought the judicious choice of a day might inspirit his troops and deject his antagonists, and thus tend to the gaining of another triumph ; but the Parliament, at a subsequent period, seems to have feared that a belief in fortunate days might be generated, and therefore gravely informed the people that the conflict took place "in pursuance of former councils, the execution of which Providence had delayed till that day, without any such predetermination on their part." In such language there is at least as much vanity as piety.

It was on the right bank of the Severn, which the strange abandonment of Upton had thrown open to him, that Cromwell determined to assail the royalists. His success in that quarter would interdict all retreat, by closing against them the roads which lead to Salop, Herefordshire, and Wales. His great numerical superiority allowed him to venture upon that dividing of his forces which, had the scales been more equally balanced, would have been an impolitic and dangerous measure. A considerable portion of his army was already on the right bank, and Cromwell now ordered a bridge of boats to be thrown over the Severn, that he might render the whole of his force available in any direction. The spot selected for the bridge was about a mile south of the city, a little above the confluence of the Teme with the Severn.

Early in the morning, the troops in the neighbourhood of Upton, led by Fleetwood, Dean, Ingoldsby, Gott, and Gibbons, began their march towards the Teme, the bridges on which river had all been destroyed by the royalists. The repub-

licans did not reach the scene of action till between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The construction of the bridge over the Severn had, meanwhile, been going on. It was not till Fleetwood's van came in sight of the city that an alarm of the enemy's approach was given, when orders were issued to put in motion that part of the royal army which was posted in the suburbs of St. John's. While the troops of St. John's were getting under arms, Charles himself proceeded towards the Teme, to direct Major-general Montgomery and Colonel Keith to maintain to the last the pass at Powyck, and to send a detachment to interrupt the forming of the bridge over the Severn. He then returned to Worcester.

The second and most important of these orders was, however, of no effect; the republicans succeeded in the difficult operation of bridging the Severn, nor does it appear that they met with any serious opposition in doing so. That the royalists should have suffered such a measure to be carried into execution while they were yet masters of the right bank, and when it would seem that the frail structure might have been shattered by merely setting heavy bodies adrift down the stream, is almost incomprehensible. As soon as the bridge was finished, re-enforcements, led by Cromwell in person, poured in upon Fleetwood, and another bridge, within pistol-shot of the principal one, was speedily thrown over the Teme, between Powyck and the Severn. The communication between the various parts of the republican army was now complete.

The struggle on the Teme had commenced be-

fore the arrival of Cromwell. The royalists had lined all the hedges from Powyck to the Severn with musketeers, and they maintained their ground against Fleetwood with great gallantry. Every hedge and wall was obstinately disputed. The constantly increasing numbers of the republicans, however, and the enthusiasm inspired by the presence of Cromwell, enabled the assailants at length to drive back these outposts upon the main body, which was drawn up in Wyckfield, beyond Powyck bridge. There the royal army made a resolute stand. For two hours the battle raged without intermission, and with no decided advantage on either side. The vigorous exertions of Cromwell, and a determined charge of his cavalry and pikemen, finally turned the scale against the royalists, and compelled them to begin to fall back. Still they withdrew in tolerable order, fighting "from hedge to hedge" as they receded. But their retreat was quickened into a rout by the approach of another body of the enemy, which, crossing the Teme on the Hereford road, had turned their flank, and now came into action. They were closely pursued and driven over the bridge, at the foot of which the victors established themselves; and thus all egress from Worcester, on the western side, was completely closed. In this contest, Keith among others was taken prisoner, and Montgomery was severely wounded.

On the right bank of the Severn all was now irrecoverably lost. In this conjuncture Charles determined upon taking a step, which is the only one on the royal side throughout the whole conflict that wears a military aspect, or which afforded any

chance of turning the fortune of the day. Calculating that the republican array on the east of the river must be much weakened by the large detachments made from it, and that the enemy would not have time to repass the Severn, he resolved to make an abrupt and impetuous attack with the whole of his forces upon that part of Cromwell's army which was stationed before Worcester. At this critical moment, could the bridge have been destroyed or seriously injured, there is no saying what might have been the result. Perhaps, too, the movement decided upon by Charles would have had a better prospect of success, had it been attempted before the royalists were completely overthrown on the western bank, and while the troops led by Cromwell were still indispensable to achieve the victory in that quarter. The sudden calling away of Cromwell in the midst of the battle would at least have suspended the progress of Fleetwood, or his remaining would have tended to discourage that part of the republican army which was contending against the king.

The afternoon was far advanced when Charles "poured forth at the several gates of the city all his horse and foot" upon the enemy's position in front of Worcester.\* The main attack was made from Sidbury gate, and was led by the king, accompanied by the Dukes of Hamilton and Buckingham, Lord Grandison, Sir Alexander Forbes, and

\* The battle is generally represented as having raged on both sides of the river during the whole of the day. It seems clear, however, from the despatches of Cromwell, and the statement in the Act for a Thanksgiving, that this representation is erroneous, and that the two conflicts were not simultaneous, but successive.

many other of the English and Scottish nobility. It was soon found that the hope of having to contend with only a minor portion of the hostile army was fallacious. The watchful Cromwell had discovered or divined the manœuvre of his royal antagonist, had repassed the Severn with a re-enforcement, and was now prepared to meet the coming attack. The royalists, nevertheless, advanced with determined spirit. A sanguinary contest ensued, which was maintained by them for nearly three hours. So resolutely did they charge at the outset, that the republicans recoiled before them. To follow up or even retain their advantage was beyond their power. Their valour was baffled by the fatal facility which Cromwell possessed of bringing up fresh troops from the western bank of the river. Yet, even when their ammunition was expended, they continued the fight with the butt-ends of their muskets. Numbers, seconded by skill, at last prevailed, and the weary and overborne royalists began to give way. The horse were the first to fly, and their example was soon followed by the foot. Cromwell did not allow time for his antagonist to rally; his victorious soldiers pressed on so furiously at the heels of their flying foes, that they drove them through Sidbury gate, and entered the city along with them. In their hot pursuit they left Fort Royal behind them, which was held by fifteen hundred men. The commanding officer was now summoned by Cromwell, but he refused to surrender. His means of defence, however, appear not to have been equal to his courage. The fortress was directly carried by storm, the garrison put to the sword, and a violent cannonade opened



upon the city from the guns of the captured place.

In Worcester, meanwhile, all was confusion and dismay. It was in vain that the king rode up and down among the panic-stricken Scotch horse and foot, urging them by every consideration of honour, loyalty, and self-preservation to rally and make a stand. Finding them deaf to all his arguments and entreaties, he despairingly exclaimed, "Shoot me dead on the spot rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day!"

In various parts of the town, bands of royalists, principally English, still struggled to hold their ground; not with the hope of victory (for that hope was dead), but to gain time for retiring in better order. By the gallantry of one of these bands, at the head of which were the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonels Wogan and Carlos, and other brave men, the escape of Charles was greatly facilitated. A desperate charge which they made upon the republicans in the High-street checked his pursuers, and enabled him to mingle with the crowd of horsemen that were flying through St. Martin's Gate; yet so closely was he tracked, that he is said to have quitted a house by the back door while his enemies were entering by the front. The last feeble effort of the royalists was made at the town-hall, where several of them fell and many were taken prisoners. At nightfall three thousand of the vanquished were lying lifeless on the field of battle, and thrice that number were prisoners.

When Charles found that there was no chance of rallying a sufficient force to attempt a regular

retreat, he began to deliberate on the best mode of providing for his own safety. Deeming it impossible to make his way back to Scotland, and perhaps having no very strong desire to revisit that country, his first impulse was to proceed rapidly to London, which city he hoped to reach as early as, if not before, the news of his defeat. But this scheme he could not carry into effect, for he was entangled and hurried on in a northern direction by the throng of fugitives. "We had such a number of beaten men with us of the horse," says the king in his narrative, "that I strove as soon as ever it was dark to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it."

At length, with about sixty gentlemen and officers, among whom were the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Derby and Lauderdale, and Lord Wilmot, the king contrived to slip out of the main north road, "letting all the beaten men go along it," and directing his course to the right hand; "not knowing very well which way to go," says he, "for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding then directly for it; nor could we do it, because there were yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of."

Before they had gone many miles, they ran into a peril of which at the time they were unconscious. They took their way through a town "short of Wolverhampton," which probably was Stourbridge. It was at that moment occupied by a troop of the Parliamentary cavalry. Fortunately for them, the officer in command, strangely forgetting his duty, had neglected to post any guards, so that, favoured

by the night, they passed through undiscovered. It was not till afterward that they learned the danger to which they had been exposed. A march of twenty-five miles brought them at daybreak to White Ladies, near Tonge Castle, situated between Shiffnal, in Shropshire, and the western border of Staffordshire. White Ladies was a private abode, the inhabitants of which had been described to Charles by Mr. Gifford, one of his Salopian partisans, as being "honest people." The character was hardly deserved. There the king and his followers procured some bread and cheese, which seems to have been the first refreshment they had tasted since their overthrow at Worcester.

While they were making this humble repast, a countryman brought intelligence that about three thousand of the royalist horse, with General Lesley and some other officers, were hard by upon Tonge Heath, but all in utter disorder. On hearing these tidings, the officers, with the exception of Lord Wilmot, strongly pressed the king to join this body of troops, and endeavour to effect a retreat into Scotland. Charles, however, was by no means inclined to follow their advice. He was of opinion that the country on their line of march would everywhere rise to intercept and hunt them down; and he felt no confidence in the prowess or devoted loyalty of his routed bands: "Men who had deserted him when they were in good order, would not," he thought, "stand to him when they had been beaten." He therefore resolved to disguise himself, and proceed on foot to the metropolis. Lord Wilmot, who meant to take the same road on horseback ("in regard, I think," says

Charles, "of his being too big to go on foot"), was the only person whom he made acquainted with his resolution. In truth, all the rest of his train requested him to conceal from them his intentions, "because they knew not what they might be forced to confess." Though they had unanimously determined to join Lesley, they had evidently but little expectation of eluding their pursuers.

The misfortune which they anticipated was not slow in arriving. What Charles had foreseen actually took place. "We had no guides (says one of the royalist officers), so we often lost our way, yet reached Newport by the next morning, thirty miles on this side of Worcester, and there thought to have refreshed ourselves and marched for Scotland. But our enemies flew faster than we, and there wanted not considerable forces in every place to front us; and we were so closely pursued in the day by the army and garrison forces, and in the night by the country, that from the time we came out of Worcester till Friday in the evening that I was taken prisoner, seven miles from Preston, I nor my horse never rested. In the day we often faced the enemy, and beat their little parties back to their main body; but still those of us whose horses were tired or shot were lost, unless they could run as fast as we rode. In the night we kept close together; yet some fell asleep on their horses, or, if their horses stayed behind, we might hear by their cries what the bloody country people were doing with them."

Charles, meanwhile, was beginning to carry his purpose into effect. It was at White Ladies that he assumed his disguise, and it was one of the most

un-kinglike that can well be imagined. His hair was cut short to his ears, and his head was covered by a battered and greasy steeple-crowned hat with turned up brims, and no lining or band. His shirt was coarse, and patched in various parts. His jerkin, of green cloth, had been on hard service till it was quite napless, and even rubbed almost white in some places. It was kept in countenance by an old leathern doublet, and equally old gray cloth breeches. On his legs, next to his skin, he had a pair of white flannel stockings, that had formerly been his boot stockings, and from which the tops were now cut off, to prevent detection. Over them was another pair, of green yarn, without feet, and plentifully darned at the knees. His heavy shoes were slashed, that he might walk with less pain; an advantage which was perhaps counterbalanced by the readiness with which mud and gravel found an entrance into them. His hands were stained to conceal their natural whiteness, and in one of them he carried a long, crooked thornstick. As soon as he was thus equipped he "flung his clothes into a privy-house, that no one might see that anybody had been stripping themselves."

When Charles had completed his metamorphosis he sent for a countryman named Richard Pendrell, for whose fidelity Mr. Gifford had pledged himself. There were several of the Pendrells, brothers, all of them Roman Catholics, and all staunch adherents of the fugitive sovereign. Charles had changed his clothes at the house of a Protestant rather than at one of their houses, because he meant to make a prolonged use of their

services, and consequently wished to avoid bringing suspicion upon them. One reason for his seeking refuge among Catholics was, that he was aware of their having hiding-holes for their priests, which he thought might serve to conceal himself in case of need.

Unlike the Pendrells, the man at whose house he disguised himself was not proof against the strong temptation of gold. "He came to one of them about two days after, asking where I was," says the king; "told him he might get a thousand pounds if they would tell, because there was that sum laid upon my head; but this Pendrell was so honest, although he knew at the time where I was, he bid him have a care what he did, for that I being got out of all reach, if they should now discover I had ever been there, they would get nothing but hanging for their pains."

It was well for Charles, therefore, that he quitted White Ladies as soon as he was attired in his rustic garb. Richard Pendrell conducted him to a neighbouring wood, near the verge of which, not far from the highway, Charles took his station to watch whether any pursuit was made. He had not been long there before a republican troop of horse passed by. This was the only alarm which occurred. The rain, which fell all day, was a fortunate circumstance, as it deterred the hostile scouring parties from penetrating into the wood. Here Charles remained from early in the morning till dark, without meat or drink, having had nothing since his hasty meal of bread and cheese. In the course of his conversation with Pendrell about going to London, he found that he knew none of

the gentlemen on the road to the capital. This, however, was of no consequence, as, on second thought, the king had changed his plan, and resolved to go over the Severn into Wales, where he had numerous friends, and whence he could procure a passage into France.

In pursuance of this new scheme, they set out after dark to journey on foot towards the Severn, which river Charles designed to cross at a ferry in the neighbourhood of Madely, between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. It was about midnight when they came near a water-mill, where they heard some people talking. Upon this Pendrell cautioned him to keep silence if any question were asked, as his not speaking in the accent of the country would betray them. "As we came near to the mill," says the king, "we could see the miller, as I believe, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white clothes. It being a very dark night, he called out, 'Who goes there?' and Richard Pendrell answered, 'Neighbours going home,' or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours, stand, or else I'll knock you down.' On this, believing there was company in the house, the fellow bid me follow him close, and ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opened the gate. The miller cried out, 'Rogues! Rogues!' and thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, who I believe were soldiers. So we fell a running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bid him leap over a hedge and lie still, to hear if anybody followed us, which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour.

when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way over to the village upon the Severn."

Charles was now informed by Pendrell that there lived in the town a loyal gentleman, Woolfe by name, who could give him a safe lodging during the daytime, as his house contained hiding-holes for priests. Fearing that this person might decline to harbour so dangerous a guest as he was, the king despatched Pendrell to inquire whether he would afford shelter to a man of quality, who dared not travel except at night. When Pendrell stated that it was one of those who had escaped from Worcester, Woolfe replied that he would not risk his neck for any one unless it were the king himself. Pendrell had been ordered not to mention the name of the person who sought a refuge; but the speech he had just heard induced him, rather hazardously, to disclose the secret. Luckily, Woolfe was a stanch royalist; and he unhesitatingly declared, that he would gladly venture all he had in the world to secure his majesty. It was not, however, without much misgiving, and only because the dreaded daylight was at hand, that Charles resolved to accept the proffered service.

The information which Charles received from Woolfe was discouraging. There were at that moment two companies of militia in the town, the ferry was guarded, and every one who passed over was strictly examined. To conceal him in the house was impossible; for the hiding-holes had been discovered, and, consequently, in case of suspicion arising, they would instantly be searched. The only place where they would have a chance of being undetected was behind the hay and straw



in his barn. Thither, after having eaten some cold meat, they accordingly repaired, and there they remained during the whole of the day. In the dusk they were visited by Woolfe and his son, who brought them some victuals. The latter was just come back from Shrewsbury, where he had been a prisoner. By both father and son the king was strongly dissuaded from endeavouring to proceed towards Wales; the Severn being so jealously watched at every point where it could be crossed, that it would be impossible to elude the vigilance of the republicans. The result was, that Charles relinquished his intention of advancing in that quarter, and resumed his design of journeying to London. This change rendered it necessary for him and his guide to retrace their steps, as well for the purpose of making arrangements as to learn the motions of Lord Wilmot. "So we set out as soon as it was dark," says the king, "but as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there, and therefore, asking Richard Pendrell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him that, the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over; upon which we went across some closes to the river side, and entering the river first to see whether I myself could go over, I found it was but a little above my middle, and thereupon, taking Richard Pendrell by the hand, I helped him over."

Pendrell conducted the king to a lone house, called Boscobel, which was situated close to a wood of the same name, nor far from White Ladies. and

inhabited by one of his brothers. The owner informed Charles that he had taken Lord Wilmot to the house of Mr. Whitgrave, a Catholic loyalist, near Wolverhampton, where that nobleman would be safe. Charles learned, also, that there was at Boscobel a royalist major, named Carlos, one of the fugitives from Worcester. As he knew that this officer was trustworthy, he sent for him to consult with him as to what was best to be done on the following day. Carlos was of opinion that it would be equally dangerous to remain within doors or to go into the wood, the chances being that both places would be thoroughly searched. This was startling news to the king, but he was soon relieved. With that quickness of eye and readiness of resource which a soldier ought always to possess, Carlos had already discovered an excellent position. On an open spot, from whence all that approached could be seen at some distance, stood a large oak. The tree had been lopped about three years before, and had, in consequence, grown so thick and bushy, that the mass of foliage was impervious to the sight of a passer-by, though a person shrouded in it could see external objects. Carlos proposed that they should ensconce themselves in this tree, and the king assented to the scheme.

Having provided themselves with some bread and cheese and small beer, the king and Major Carlos took their station early in the tree, and there they remained till night. It was lucky they had not sought refuge in the wood; as from their lookout they could perceive soldiers searching the thickest parts of it, and now and then peeping out to see if any suspicious-looking individuals were visible

in the neighbourhood. While the king was in the tree, one of the Pendrells went to Mosely Hall, the mansion of Mr. Whitgrave, about four miles to the north of Wolverhampton, to inquire for Lord Wilmot. He brought back word that his lordship was still there, and wished his majesty to join him, as there was a very secure hiding-hole in the house. At nightfall, therefore, the king, accompanied by Richard Pendrell, took his way to Mosely Hall, where he met with a warm reception. From thence he despatched Lord Wilmot to Bentley Hall, the seat of Colonel Lane, between Walsall and Wolverhampton, to consult with the colonel as to the means of reaching London. A feasible scheme for the king's escape out of the country was proposed by Colonel Lane. He had a cousin, the wife of a Mr. Norton, who lived in Somersetshire, two or three miles beyond Bristol. His plan was, that his sister should pay a visit to their cousin, and take his majesty with her in the disguise of a servant. At Bristol he might readily, it was thought, find a vessel to convey him from England.

By this project, which was analogous to his own former design of obtaining a passage to France from Wales, Charles avoided the risk of visiting London. He adopted it, and the next night he went to Bentley Hall. His feet were by this time become so sore from heavy shoes and long walking, that he was obliged to ride to Colonel Lane's. There he made a change for the better in his dress, by putting on "a kind of gray cloth suit," fit for his new character of a serving-man. On the following morning, the king on horseback, with Miss Lane behind him, a married sister of hers and her

husband, and Mr. Lascelles, a cousin of the colonel, set forward on their journey. "But," says the king, "we had not gone two hours on our way before the mare I rode on cast a shoe, so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village; and, as I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith, 'What news?' He told me there was no news that he knew of, since that good news of beating those rogues the Scots. I asked him were there none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stuart was taken, but some of the others were taken, though not Charles Stuart. I told him that, if that rogue was taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."

At Stratford-on-Avon the party was to divide, Windsor being the destination of Miss Lane's sister and brother-in-law. About a mile before they came to the town, a circumstance occurred which might have placed the king in jeopardy. They perceived a troop of cavalry at a short distance in front of them; the men had dismounted, and the horses were grazing by the roadside. On seeing the troopers, the brother-in-law declared that he would not pass by them; he had, he said, been once or twice beaten by the Parliamentary soldiers, and he would not risk being treated so again. Aware of the construction that might be put upon their sudden retrograde movement, Charles whispered to Miss Lane that it would probably bring the troopers after them, and entreated her to prevent it. But no entreaty could prevail upon the

timid gentleman to run the chance of being cudgelled. They went round, therefore, to enter by another road, and in doing so came full upon the troopers, who had continued their march to the same place. Either their flight had not been noticed, or it had not raised the suspicion of the officer in command, or he was less vigilant than is usual in such cases, for they passed on unquestioned.

Leaving the brother-in-law and his wife at Stratford, the rest of the travellers pursued their journey to Marston, between Stratford and Evesham, where they passed the night at a kinsman's of Colonel Lane. On the following night they slept at Cirencester, and next day they arrived in safety at Mr. Norton's, beyond Bristol. The moment that Miss Lane entered the house of her relative she sent for the butler, and desired that he would take care of William Jackson, her attendant, who had lately been ill of an ague, and was yet weak and far from being recovered. The pale face of Charles, on whom fatigue, anxiety, and scanty food had produced their natural effect, gave the colour of truth to what she said. Pope, the butler, was a good-natured and loyal fellow, who, when Charles was a boy, had been servant to the prince's groom of the bed-chamber, and had afterward been a trooper in the late king's army. He treated the new guest kindly, and kept him, as being an invalid, apart from the domestics. He was not, however, intrusted with the secret of the royal fugitive.

“The next morning, as we rose pretty early,” says the king, “and I had a pretty good stomach, I went to the buttery hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in

the room, and we all fell to, eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack; and, as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave such a particular account of the battle of Worcester, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. I asked him how he came to give so good an account of that battle, and he told me he was in the king's regiment, by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment; but, questioning him farther, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was, to which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and horse; and, looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me; as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's."

Pope quitted the buttery along with the monarch. On their entering the hall, Mrs. Norton was passing by, and Charles, faithful to his assumed character, took off his hat, and stood with it in his hand. As he was taking it off, he observed Pope looking earnestly in his face. No suspicion, however, was excited in his mind by this circumstance. But, in about half an hour, Lascelles entered his bedroom, in evident perturbation, and told him that, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, Pope maintained that the pretended William Jackson was the king. "Is he an honest man?" said Charles, who instant-

ly made up his mind as to the most prudent course of action. Lascelles replied that Pope had always been on their side, and that he dared trust him with his life. This was enough for Charles, and he ordered him to be sent for immediately.

The recognition of the king by Pope proved to be a fortunate occurrence. It seems certain that, had it not taken place, Charles would have been exposed to great danger. After thanking his majesty for his favourable opinion, and pledging himself to his service, Pope requested to know what were his plans, and warned him that, though Mr. and Mrs. Norton were good people, there were one or two in the house who were thorough rogues. The king told him that he meant to get a ship at Bristol, and desired him to go there that very day to learn whether there was one about to sail for France or Spain. He also informed him that he expected Lord Wilmot to arrive at Mr. Norton's before the day was out. Pope said, in reply, that it was lucky he had happened to discover his majesty, for that much mischief might have been caused by Lord Wilmot coming there openly, as there were several people in the house by whom he was well known. His first care, therefore, was to go to meet his lordship, and lodge him at a neighbouring alehouse till the darkness allowed him to be secretly introduced into the royal chamber. He then went to Bristol, but could hear of no vessel bound for France or Spain that would put to sea in less than a month or five weeks.

To remain so long a time in this quarter would have been hazardous for the king. He therefore consulted with Lord Wilmot and Pope as to the

step which must be taken. Pope had the merit of suggesting a place of refuge for the monarch. He stated that Colonel Francis Wyndham, a tried royalist, resided at the little village of Trent, which lies between Yeovil and Sherborne, about two miles to the north of those towns. "Being my old acquaintance, and a very honest man," says the king, "I resolved to get to his house; but the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us some prejudice; for Mrs. Norton was suddenly taken very ill, so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Miss Lane to leave her cousin in that condition; and indeed it was not safe to stay any longer there, where there was so great a resort of idle and disaffected people. At length, consulting with Mr. Lascelles, I thought the best way would be to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear she should not find him alive; which letter Pope delivered so well while they were all at supper, and Miss Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed Mr. Lane to be in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the next morning early."

The travellers passed the night at Castle Carey, and arrived at Colonel Wyndham's on the following evening. Having lodged Charles in safety, Miss Lane and Mr. Lascelles returned to their homes in Staffordshire. The king was joined at Trent by Lord Wilmot, "whom," says he, "I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left him to come after me." It is probable



that Charles was induced to act thus by the fear of being discovered through the indiscretion of his lordship, whom he could never persuade to put on any disguise, Wilmot always objecting that he should look frightfully in it.

A conference was speedily held between Wilmot and Wyndham as to the means of procuring a vessel for the king, the result of which was, that Wyndham visited Giles Strangways, a brother royalist, to learn whether he had any naval acquaintance at the western ports. Strangways had no connexion of the kind, and dared not venture on the coast to make inquiries; but he exhorted Wyndham, who was less closely watched, to seek for a ship himself, and he generously sent by him three hundred broad pieces for his majesty's use. This was a welcome supply to Charles, who had only a few shillings in his pocket, he having deemed it imprudent to carry a large sum about him, which, if he chanced to be stopped and searched, would tally but badly with his mean attire.

At length a fair prospect seemed to open that the wanderings of Charles would be brought to a favourable close. At Lyme, Wyndham found a merchant whom he could trust with the secret, and who hired a vessel to convey the king to France. On the day appointed by the merchant, Charles, in his disguise, with Mrs. Judith Coningsby, a cousin of Wyndham's, behind him, Lord Wilmot, Wyndham himself, and one of his servants, named Peter, proceeded to Lyme. There they were directed by the merchant to go on to a village near a creek, at a short distance from Lyme, where the passenger was to be taken on board. The wind was fair,

and they sat up all night, anxiously awaiting the vessel, but she never came. In the morning, Lord Wilmot and Peter were despatched to discover the cause of the disappointment, and to ascertain whether the bark might be expected at night. In the mean while, Wyndham, Miss Coningsby, and Charles went on to Bridport, where Wilmot was to rejoin them.

At Bridport they were in imminent danger of falling into the lion's mouth. "Just as we came into the town," says the king, "I could see the streets full of red coats (Cromwell's soldiers), being a regiment of Colonel Haynes's, one thousand five hundred men, going to embark to take Jersey; at which Frank Wyndham was very much troubled, and asked me what I would do. I told him we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherwise miss my Lord Wilmot in case we went away anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

On entering the stable, Charles found that he had run out of one peril into a greater. Having called the ostler to assist in feeding the horses, he was greeted by him with, "Sure, sir, I know your face." Though the king was rather startled, he preserved his presence of mind. He adroitly ques-

tioned the man as to where he came from, and learned that he had been ostler at an inn at Exeter, near the house of a Mr. Potter, where Charles had resided in the time of the war. The king then said that he must have been seen at Mr. Potter's, whom he served for more than a year. "'O then,' says the fellow, 'I remember you a boy there;' and with that was put off from asking any more about it, but desired we might drink a pot of ale together, which I excused by saying that I must go wait upon my master, and get his dinner ready for him, but told him my master was going to London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lay there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him."

When dinner was over, they rode out of the town to join Lord Wilmot, whom they had seen pass by, and who had also seen them. He overtook the party, and informed the king that there had been some mistake between him and the master of the ship, but that he believed she might be ready on the next night. Not thinking it advisable to go to the village where he had set up, Charles went to another, about four miles inland. From this place he sent Peter to Lyme, to inquire whether the ship would be ready. The messenger returned with disagreeable tidings. The master of the vessel, though not in the secret, had become apprehensive of peril from the service for which he was hired, and had positively refused to perform it. Charles was therefore under the painful necessity of going back to the house of Colonel Wyndham.

The village of Trent was, however, no safe abode for the king. He had already had sufficient

evidence as to the state of the people's feelings with respect to him. Hearing the bells ring one day, and seeing a mob gathering together in the churchyard, he sent a maid-servant to learn the cause. She brought word back, says Charles, "that there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's army, that was telling the people he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he then had on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it."

Such being the disposition of the villagers, it is not wonderful that, after having been a fortnight among them, Charles should be desirous to change his quarters. He was, besides, "known to very many," by which, however well intentioned they might be, the chance of his being detected was materially increased. By the advice of Colonel Robert Phillips, who resided at Salisbury, the king removed to that neighbourhood. He was taken by the colonel to Heale House, midway between Salisbury and Amesbury, the dwelling of a widow lady named Hyde. The colonel introduced him as one of his friends, but the widow knew him at first sight, though she had seen him only once, and that at a distance of several years. At supper he observed that she eyed him earnestly; but this gave him no uneasiness, as he intended to confide in her. Accordingly, after supper he made himself known. Assuring him that she had an excellent hiding-place, she added that she did not think it safe to trust any one but herself and her sister with the knowledge of his being there. She advised him, therefore, to take horse in the morning

as though he were going for good, and not to return till night, when she would contrive that all the servants should be out of the house. In compliance with this advice, Charles and Colonel Phillips rode to Stonehenge, spent the day in examining that mysterious structure, and came back to Heale at the hour which had been agreed upon. Mrs. Hyde introduced the king into his retreat, which he found to be convenient and skilfully contrived. There Charles remained alone for four or five days, his food being brought to him by Mrs. Hyde or her sister.

Ever since his disappointment at Lyme, his friends had been diligently endeavouring to procure for him the means of crossing the Channel. Robin Phillips (as the king familiarly called him) had even succeeded in engaging a vessel at Southampton; but, at the moment when he thought that every obstacle was removed, she was pressed by the Parliament to carry troops to Jersey. Colonel Gunter, his friend, who lived in Sussex, was then commissioned to seek for a ship on that coast. He was fortunate enough to obtain one at Shoreham. At this time Charles also received from Lord Southampton an offer of his services in aiding an escape. This offer was declined, the king not wishing to endanger his lordship when there was no absolute necessity for his so doing.

At two in the morning, accompanied by Colonel Phillips, Charles quitted Heale House to begin his journey to Sussex. When he had travelled about fourteen miles he was met by Colonel Gunter and Lord Wilmot. The party slept that night at Hambledon, beyond Bishops Waltham, at the house

of Mr. Symonds, a brother-in-law of Colonel Gunter. Charles was still in his gray cloth suit as a domestic, and Symonds had not been intrusted with the secret. "The master of the house was a very honest poor man," says the king, "who, while we were at supper, came (he having all the day been playing the good fellow at an alehouse in the town), and, taking a stool, sat down with us. His brother-in-law, Colonel Gunter, talking very sullenly concerning Cromwell and all his party, he went and whispered his brother-in-law in the ear, and asked whether I was not some round-headed rogue's son, for I looked very suspiciously. Upon which, Coloner Gunter answering for me that he might trust his life in my hands, he came and took me by the hand, and, drinking a good glass of beer to me, called me brother roundhead."

They began their journey at daybreak, and met with nothing worthy of notice till they arrived at Arundel Hill, where they came "full butt" upon the governor, Captain Morley, who was hunting. They, however, passed unmolested. When the king was told with whom they had fallen in, he laughingly replied, "I did not like his starched mustaches." At Houghton they stopped at an alehouse to get some bread and drink; and, as Colonel Gunter had taken the wise precaution of pocketing a couple of neats' tongues at Hambledon, they broke their fast very comfortably. "The neats' tongues," says the colonel, "stood us in good stead, and were heartily eaten." At Bramber an incident occurred which seemed to threaten them with shipwreck in sight of port. "We found," says Gunter, "the streets full of soldiers, on both sides the

houses ; whoe unluckily and unknown .o mee were come thither the night before to guard ; but, luckily, (or, rather, by a very special Providence) were just then come from their guard at Bramber Bridge into the towne for refreshment. We came upon them unawares, and were seene before we suspected anything. My lord Wilmot was ready to turne back, when I stept in and said, ‘ If we doe, we are undone. Let us go on boldly, and we shall not be suspected.’ ‘ He saith well,’ said the king. I went before, hee followed, and soe passed through, without any hindrance. It was then between three and fower of the clock in the afternoone. We went on, but had not gone farre but a new terror pursued us ; the same soldiers riding after us as fast as they could. Whereupon the king gave me a hem ; I slacked my pase till they were come uppe to me, and by that tyme the soldiers were come, whoe rudely passed by us (being in a narrow lane), soe that we could hardly keepe our saddles for them, but passed by without any further hurt, being some thirty or forty in number.” Charles preserved his composure, but Lord Wilmot was thoroughly disconcerted by this meeting. The proximity of the soldiers so alarmed him that he refused to stop at the neighbouring village of Beeding, where Colonel Gunter wished them to remain at a friend’s house, while he himself went forward to Brighthelmstone to ascertain whether all was safe.

What followed till the king embarked we shall give in his own words. “ When we came to the inn (the George) at Brighthelmstone, we met with one Mr. —, the merchant who had hired the vessel, in company with her master (Nicholas Tat-

tersal), the merchant only knowing me, having hired her only to carry over a person of quality that was escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming anybody ; and as we were all together, viz., Robin Phillips, my Lord Wilmot, the merchant, and the master of the vessel, and I, I observed that the master of the vessel looked very hard on me. As soon as we had supped, the master called the merchant aside, and told him he had not dealt fair with him ; for, though he had given him a very good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ he is the king, as I very well know him to be so ;’ upon which, the merchant denying it, saying that he was mistaken, the master answered, ‘ I know him very well ; for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels, at Brighthelmstone in 1648,’ which was when I commanded the king my father’s fleet, and I very kindly let them go again. ‘ But,’ says he, ‘ be not troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king ; and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safe on shore, if I can, in France.’ Upon which the merchant came and told me what had passed between them, and I therefore found myself under the necessity of trusting him ; but I took no kind of notice of it presently to him ; but, thinking it not convenient to let him go home, lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or any one else, we kept him at the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer and taking tobacco with him.

“ And here I run another great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn,



whose name was Smith. For as I was standing, after supper, by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the family being gone into another room, the master of the house came in and fell a talking with me; and just as he was looking about and saw there was nobody in the room, he upon a sudden kissed my hand, that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, 'God bless you, wherever you go. I doubt not before I die but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.' So I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any farther discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have raised suspicion. On which consideration I thought it best to trust him on that matter, and he proved honest.

"About four in the morning, myself and the company before named, and also Colonel Gunter, went towards Shoreham, taking the master of the ship with us on horseback, behind one of our company, and came to the vessel's side, which was not above sixty tons. But it being low water, and the vessel lying dry, I and my Lord Wilmot got up a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabin till the tide came to fetch us off; but I was no sooner got into the ship and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees and kissed my hand, telling me that he knew me very well, and that he would venture life and all that he had in the world to set me down safe in France.

"So about seven in the morning (October 15), it being high water, we went out of the port; but the master being bound for Pool, laden with sea-

coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the Isle of Wight, only my Lord Wilmot and myself of my company on board. And as we were sailing the master came to me, and desired me to persuade his men to use their endeavour (with me) to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which I sent to the men which were forward a boy, and told them truly that we were two merchants that had had some misfortunes and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of the ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much; and with that I gave 'em twenty shillings to drink, upon which they undertook to second me if I would propose it to their master. So I went to the master and told him our condition, and that, if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him a consideration for it; upon which he counterfeited a difficulty, saying it would hinder his voyage; but his men, as they had promised, joined their persuasions to ours, and at last he yielded to set us over."

At five o'clock in the afternoon, being then off the Isle of Wight, the master put the helm about, and steered direct for the French coast. It was near break of day when the welcome land first came in sight. But they were destined to have one fright more. The tide failing and the wind going round to the south, they were obliged to cast anchor

within two miles of the shore. While they were in this situation, a vessel was seen to leeward, which, from "her nimble working," they suspected to be an Ostend privateer. France and Spain were then at war, and Charles feared that, finding them off a French port, the Spanish privateer might seize and carry them to England, or that Tattersal might sail back again to avoid being captured. To prevent such a disaster, Charles determined not to wait for the rising of the tide, but to quit the ship as soon as possible. They were accordingly conveyed to the shore in the cockboat, which landed them at Fecamp, in the province of Normandy. Their fears, however, were groundless, for the supposed privateer turned out to be a French sloop.\*

Having procured horses at Fecamp, the king and his companion hastened onward to Rouen. Their appearance was evidently not calculated to gain for them a favourable reception from a Norman inn-keeper. They went to an inn in the fish-market, one of the best in the city, "where," says Charles, "they made a difficulty to receive us, taking us by our clothes to be some thieves, or persons who had

\* After the Restoration, Tattersal is said to have hit upon an ingenious plan to bring himself to the king's recollection. He brought up the Thames, and moored opposite to Whitehall, the vessel in which he had conveyed Charles to France. His plan was successful. He received a pension of 100*l.* per annum, and was made a captain in the royal navy. He died in 1674, and was buried in St. Nicholas Churchyard, at Brighton. His epitaph, which, in execrable verse, gravely tells us that "he preserved the Church, the crown, the nation;" that "all the world was in debt to his memory" for saving "Charles the Great;" and that "earth could not reward the worth him given," can scarcely fail to excite a bitter smile when we call to mind the many circumstances that brand with indelible disgrace the reign of Charles the Second.

been doing some very ill thing, until Mr. Sanbourne, a merchant for whom I sent, came and answered for us." At Rouen they stayed for a day, to provide themselves with more seemly attire, and then proceeded to Paris, near which city they were met by the queen-dowager Henrietta Maria, with whom they made their entrance into the French capital

## ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHSDALE.

IN the rebellion of 1715, the object of which was to place on the throne the son of James the Second, several Scottish peers were involved. Among them was William Maxwell, earl of Nithsdale. He was taken prisoner at Preston, brought to trial early in 1716, and found guilty of high treason. Nithsdale was a descendant from the brave Sir Eustace Maxwell, who distinguished himself by his unalterable fidelity to the cause of Robert Bruce. The subsequent Maxwells seem to have been as firmly attached to the Stuart family as their ancestor had been to the Bruce. During the Civil War between Charles the First and the Parliament, two of the earls Nithsdale bore arms and took a very active part on the side of the monarch. It is chiefly to this circumstance, and to his being a Catholic, that the wife of Earl William attributes the severity which was experienced by her husband. "He being," says she, "a Roman Catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party—a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the royal house of Stuart, and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland—would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Caerlaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up

only by the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands."

The surrender of Preston took place in the middle of November. Winter had set in with great rigour before the Countess of Nithsdale received the melancholy tidings that her husband was in the Tower, and that his life was in imminent danger. She heard, too, that he had manifested the utmost anxiety to have the consolation of seeing her. In those days, when conveyances were of the most imperfect kind, a hasty journey to the British capital, at such a dreary season, was no light undertaking. But, consulting only her affection, this noble-spirited woman set off without delay. She rode to Newcastle, whence she proceeded to York by the stage. On her arrival at York, the country was covered to such a depth with snow, and the weather was so inclement, that it was impossible for the stage to continue its progress. Even the mail could not be forwarded. But, while her husband stood in need of comfort and succour, she was not to be stopped by the formidable obstacles which were opposed to her. She resolutely took horse; and, though the snow was frequently above the horse's girths, she reached London "safe and sound, and without any accident."

But, though she had happily accomplished her toilsome journey, there were still serious difficulties to be overcome. On her applying to the government to be allowed to see her husband, she met with a repulse; she was told that her wish could not be granted, unless she would consent to be shut

ap with him in the Tower. To this, however, she would not submit; and she assigned as her reason that she was in a state of health which would not suffer her to undergo confinement. Her real motive for refusing was, that her being thus secluded would prevent her from soliciting in her husband's behalf, and, what was of far more importance, would render abortive a scheme which she had already formed to effect his escape. The refusal she had received from the government did not prevent her from obtaining frequent interviews with her husband. "By bribing the guards," says she, "I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that we were allowed, for the last week, to see and take our leave of them."

As soon as she arrived in London, she began her exertions to ward off the danger which impended over the man she loved. Her first applications were made to persons in office, or possessing political influence. The result would have disheartened any one less determined to persevere. Not a single individual held out to her the slightest hopes. From every mouth she heard the dreadful assurance that, though some of the captives would be pardoned, it was absolutely certain that Lord Nithsdale would not be included in the number.

From a direct appeal to the sovereign there was little or no prospect of benefit. George the First is said to have expressly prohibited any petition being conveyed into his hands from the earl, and even to have taken precautions to avoid a personal supplication being made to him. Lord Nithsdale, however, was extremely anxious that the king

should receive one; not, it appears, merely for his own sake, but because he flattered himself it might excite an interest in favour of his wife. Though the countess felt convinced that the step would be unavailing, she consented to make the trial, for the purpose of satisfying her husband. "So, the first day that I heard the king was to go to the drawing-room," says Lady Nithsdale, "I dressed myself in black, as if I had been mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower); because, as I did not know his majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told me when he was coming. I had another lady with me (Lady Nairn), and we three remained in a room between the king's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it; and, as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me on my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last, one of the blue ribands, who attended his majesty, took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I al



most fainted away through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and, as I knew that it ought to have been given to the lord of the bedchamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to his majesty. Fortunately for me, it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room, and delivered him the letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the prince; but, as soon as ever the game was over, he read it, and behaved, as I afterward learned, with the warmest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the antechamber, and wanted to speak to me. But I made him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance might thwart my designs. They read over the petition several times, but without any success; but it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening; and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad, not much to the honour of the king."

This fruitless supplication seems to have even accelerated the fate of the condemned peers. It was made on Monday, the 13th of February, and on the Thursday or Friday following it was resolved in council that the sentence passed on the delinquents should be carried into effect. The needful preliminary warrants and orders to the lieutenant of the Tower, and to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, were accordingly issued on Saturday.

While these matters were in progress, the Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several other ladies of the highest rank, succeeded in obtaining a private audience of the king, and implored his clemency for her husband. She was suffered to speak, but her prayers were in vain.

There was yet one resource left. It was indeed a weak one, but we know that a drowning person will catch at a straw. This was to petition the two houses of Parliament to intercede for the criminals. On the 21st of February, the wives of the doomed lords, with about twenty more ladies of rank, went to the Parliament House to present petitions, and solicit the members as they entered. Nothing, however, was done by either assembly on that day. On the ensuing morning, the mournful band of wives, with an increased number of female friends, again stationed themselves in the lobbies, to win the votes of the members. This measure produced considerable effect. Many were moved by the tears and pleadings of the melancholy supplicants. He is little to be envied who could witness a woman's grief without feeling his heart relent.

In the Commons, the petitions were presented by Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Shippen, and others, all of whom strenuously exerted themselves to turn the scale on the side of mercy. The speech of Sir Richard Steele, in particular, was copious and forcible; and must have been powerful in its effect, as it drew down on him the virulent abuse and slander of the ministerial journals. The motion to address the king in favour of the delin-

quents was hotly opposed by the ministers and the staunchest of their adherents. Walpole spoke with a violence which did him no credit. He scarcely stopped short of stigmatizing as traitors all who wished the king to exercise in this instance his prerogative of pardoning. His anger was doubtless heightened by finding that many who usually voted with him were resolved not to do so in the present case. Fearing that, if the question of an address were put to the vote, he should be left in a minority, he moved an adjournment for a week. Even this point he could carry by a majority of only seven votes out of three hundred and seventeen, there being one hundred and sixty-two in the affirmative, and one hundred and fifty-five in the negative. But by his success he closed one avenue to the gates of mercy.

A still more vigorous struggle was made in the Upper House. Many of the lords had been gained over by female eloquence. "I went," says the countess, "in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the house. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to employ his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke in the house very strongly in our behalf."

A long and animated debate took place on the question of whether the petitions should be read. This was vehemently opposed by the ministers and their friends. The reading was nevertheless carried in the affirmative, though by a small majority.

This result seems to have been produced chiefly by the favourable speech of the Earl of Nottingham, the president of the council, which drew several of the peers to follow his example. Foiled in this point, the opponents of the petitions next contended that the sovereign had no power to pardon or reprove persons who had been sentenced under an impeachment. But here again they failed, it being decided that the disputed power was possessed by the king. Lord Pembroke had a principal share in producing this decision.

Having thus far succeeded, the advocates of the condemned peers moved that an address should be presented to his majesty, entreating him to grant a respite to the convicted lords. But, to render nugatory all that had been done, the opposite party moved as an amendment that his majesty should be requested to reprove such of the guilty peers as might deserve his mercy. This was, in fact, proposing to send to the block the only delinquents who were in danger, it being well known that their companions would be spared. This amendment was carried, as was also another, that the duration of the respite should be left to his majesty's wisdom and discretion. The address was presented on the same evening; and the king replied that on this and other occasions, he would do as he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people.

The meaning of the king's words did not long remain ambiguous. On the evening of the next day, the 23d of February, a council was held to decide upon, or, rather, to announce the fate of the prisoners. A respite was granted to the Earl of

Carnwath, and the Lords Widdrington and Nairn, but orders were given to execute the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale, and Viscount Kenmure, on the following morning. At the council, a disagreement on this subject is said to have arisen between the Earl of Nottingham and some of his fellow-councillors. His voting for lenient measures was so highly resented by the court, that, before the end of the month, his lordship himself, his brother the Earl of Aylesford, his son, Lord French, and his nephew, Lord Guernsey, were all dismissed from their offices.

From the very first, the Countess of Nithsdale had placed but little reliance on the royal clemency, and had busied herself in devising the means for her husband's escape. But, as soon as she heard the turn which the debate had taken in the House of Peers, she saw clearly that he could expect no favour from the government. "The salvo," says this high-spirited woman, "quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish him to preserve his life on such terms." There remained, therefore, no other resource than to carry into effect, without delay, the scheme which she had formed to save him. She had less than four-and-twenty hours in which to accomplish her purpose. If within that short time she could not rescue her husband, his death was inevitable. With what admirable skill and presence of mind she achieved her arduous task, shall be told in her own words.

“As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoner. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the house in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that, if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good-humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

“The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs.

Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was not only of the same height, but nearly the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival in the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight

liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been ; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber ; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable I said, ' My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid ; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is ; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out I returned back to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted ; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us ; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negli-



gence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and, if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety in case he succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that

everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night, and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance to the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry candles in to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach, as there were several on the stand. I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition in case my attempt failed. I

told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower and out of the hands of his enemies, but that I did not know where he was.

“I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan-chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events. I asked if she were at home; and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace’s maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any farther trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all; however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person.

“I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not

being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted ; so there was no remedy. She came to me ; and, as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be exceedingly shocked and frightened, and has since confessed to me that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security ; for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair ; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were secure, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another. The duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

“When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment ; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him ; and

That he had removed my lord from the first place where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guardhouse. She had but one small room up one flight of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case."

The courage and conduct of this devotedly affectionate wife had secured her husband's safety, but had endangered her own. George the First had none of those fine and chivalrous feelings which induce their possessor to admire a noble action, even though his own plans may have been frustrated by it. He was already much irritated by her pertinacious attempt to force the petition upon him, and this additional and still worse offence (for such he

would undoubtedly deem it) could not fail to rouse his utmost anger. She therefore deemed it prudent to keep out of harm's way till the storm was blown over, and she did not hesitate to dissimulate a little in order to further her purpose. "For my part," says she, "I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the Continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleugh (everybody thought till then that I was gone off with my lord), to tell her that I understood I was suspected of having contrived my lord's escape, as was very natural to suppose; that, if I could have been happy enough to have done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me; but that a bare suspicion, without proof, could never be a sufficient ground for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be motive enough to me to provide a place of security; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go with safety about my business. So far from granting my request, they were resolved to secure me if possible. After several debates, Mr. Solicitor-general (Mr. Fortescue Aland), who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say that, since I showed so much respect to government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me: upon which it was decided that, if I remained concealed, no farther search should be made; but that, if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured."

This scanty portion of kindness was of no benefit whatever to the countess. "It was not," says she, "sufficient for me, unless I would submit to ex-

pose my son to beggary." With her wonted spirit she determined that, "having already risked her life for the safety of the father, she would once more hazard it for the fortune of the child." She had been summoned in such haste from Scotland that she had no time to make arrangements before she set off for London. The family papers were then in her hands, and there was no one in whose custody she could venture to trust them. Her avowal that "God knows what might have transpired from them if they had been found," sufficiently proves that they did not consist merely of family parchments and deeds. She had no doubt that the house would be searched, and in fact it was so immediately after her departure. In this emergency she had no other alternative than to conceal the documents under ground, with other things of value; the gardener being the only person who was intrusted with the secret of their hiding-place.

Though the papers were deposited beyond the reach of Nithsdale's enemies, they were by no means in safety. It was doubtful whether they might not have been irreparably injured by the late severe winter, and it was certain that they could not long remain under ground without almost a certainty of being destroyed. The countess therefore determined to brave every danger to save them. In truth, the danger was not trifling; for her person was perfectly well known at all the considerable inns upon the north road. Having bought three saddle-horses for herself, her favourite attendant Mrs. Evans, and a trusty servant, she set out on her toilsome and perilous expedition. The fatigue of traversing between three and four

hundred miles of country, through the worst possible roads, must have been extreme to a delicate female who was unused to riding; for, except in her recent journey to London, she had never travelled on horseback. But her spirit rose above obstacles which some would have recoiled from as being insurmountable. To elude observation, she put up at the most obscure and retired inns she could find, where she had never been before; and this precaution was so effectual that she reached Traquair, in Peebles-shire, without having been recognised or molested.

At Traquair the countess ventured to rest herself for two days. The lord-lieutenant of the county was a friend of the earl, and she was certain that he would not allow any search to be made for her till he had given her warning to abscond. She then proceeded to her house, giving out, at the same time, that she was doing so by permission of the government. To keep up the deception of her conduct being authorized, she invited all her neighbours to visit her. At night she disinterred the papers, and sent them off to Traquair. Fortunately, they had sustained no injury. She was, however, not a moment too early, as her neighbours began to entertain suspicions with respect to her. Luckily, she was made aware of these suspicions before any steps had been taken to act upon them. "By a very favourable accident," says she, "one of them was overheard to say to the magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist upon seeing my leave from government. This was bruited about; and when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they had been so backward in coming



to pay their respects ; but, said I, better late than never : be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come. This was after dinner ; but I lost no time to put everything in readiness, but with all possible secrecy ; and the next morning before daybreak I set off again for London with the same attendants, and, as before, I put up at the smallest inns, and arrived safe once more."

The disapprobation which was widely expressed in regard to the king's want of feeling when he was personally supplicated by Lady Nithsdale, had excited in his mind an inveterate antipathy against her. This was manifested in various ways. When he was petitioned for dower by the widows of the peers who had been found guilty of treason, he granted the request with only one exception : that exception was the Countess of Nithsdale, whom he declared not to be entitled to the same privilege. He is even said to have forbidden her name to be uttered in his presence. Her visit to Scotland of course increased his wrath. His intellect, at least as far as relates to moral perceptions, must have been of more than common obtuseness not to comprehend that a woman in her situation deserved praise for acts which in any other of his subjects would doubtless have been criminal. Pardon he might not, perhaps, have been able to grant to the offending husband ; but to his sympathy the devoted and despairing wife had an undeniable claim. But, notwithstanding this, his rage appears to have been absolutely furious. "A lady informed me," says Lady Nithsdale, "that the king was extremely incensed at the news ; that he had issued orders to

have me arrested; adding, that I did whatever I pleased, in despite of all his designs; and that I had given him more trouble than any woman in all Europe; for which reasons I kept myself as closely concealed as possible till the heat of these rumours had abated. In the mean while, I took the opinion of a very famous lawyer, who was a man of the strictest probity; he advised me to go off as soon as they had ceased searching for me. I followed his advice; and, about a fortnight after, I escaped without any accident whatever."

The life which this admirable woman had braved so much peril to preserve was protracted for a long course of years. Lord Nithsdale died at Rome in 1744, fortunate in not living to lament that his native country was again deluged with the blood of its brave but misguided inhabitants. The countess died in 1749, in the same city; and if her feelings were not blunted by age, her having survived at once her husband and the hopes of the Stuart race was doubtless a sore trial to her.

## PERILS OF STANISLAUS LECZINSKI, KING OF POLAND.

FEW individuals have experienced more vicissitudes or encountered more perils, and few, if any, have borne them with more equanimity and fortitude, than Stanislaus the First, surnamed Leczinski, who forms the subject of this narrative. His family was originally Bohemian, and allied to the sovereigns of Bohemia; but the branch from which he descended had been established in Poland during the reign of Mieceslas, before the close of the tenth century. One of his ancestors was the founder of Leczno, and from that town the race derived the name of Leczinski.

Stanislaus was born on the 20th of October, 1677, at Lemberg, then the capital of the Polish district called Red Russia, as it now is of the Austrian province of Gallicia. Raphael, his father, who held several eminent offices, was an accomplished and high-minded man, who spared no pains in the mental and corporeal training of his son. As though the future hardships of the youthful Stanislaus had been foreseen, he was taught to be patient of hunger and thirst, heat and cold. His frame was invigorated by exercise, and a straw mattress was his only couch. Equal care was taken to cultivate his intellectual powers. By the time that he was seventeen, he was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin, French, and Italian lan-

guages; wrote elegantly, both in prose and verse, in his mother tongue; had studied eloquence in the pages of the Greek and Roman orators, and attained a considerable proficiency in mathematics and mechanics. The whole was perfected by extensive travel through foreign lands.

Stanislaus was early initiated into public affairs; he filled several important charges; and gained universal applause by his virtues, talents, and manners. The panegyrical language lavished on him by Bishop Zalucki sounds like rhetorical exaggeration; but the man whom a grave ecclesiastic could describe as "the ornament of Poland" and "the delight of the human race" must have possessed qualities of no ordinary kind.

In 1704, Stanislaus was suddenly raised to a station which his virtues and abilities qualified him to fill with honour to himself and advantage to millions, but which adverse circumstances rendered a fertile cause of calamity to himself and to his country. For his unenviable preferment he was indebted to the misconduct of Augustus II., the reigning king of Poland. That prince, by his unconstitutional proceedings, and by wantonly bringing upon his kingdom the formidable enmity of Charles XII., had rendered himself obnoxious to a large majority of his subjects, who were in open hostility against him. Charles had resolved to dethrone him, and he was not a man to change his purpose: his resolves were like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was originally his intention to transfer the sceptre to James Sobieski, eldest son of the great Sobieski; but Augustus having seized and imprisoned the prince and his brother

Constantine, and the other brother, Alexander, having refused to accept the diadem to their prejudice, the Swedish monarch was obliged to look elsewhere for a substitute. While he was hesitating as to his choice, Stanislaus, who was then palatine of Posnania, was deputed to confer with him on the part of the confederated Poles. In the interviews which ensued, the palatine displayed such maturity of talent, knowledge of state affairs, and captivation of manner, that Charles exclaimed to two of his generals, "that is the man to be king." The Polish diet accordingly elected Stanislaus, and his title was recognised by several of the principal European powers. Augustus, however, made vigorous efforts to recover the sovereignty; but repeated defeats compelled him, in 1706, to sign the treaty of Alt Ranstadt, by which he solemnly renounced all his claims, and acknowledged his rival as the legitimate possessor of the throne. For two years after the conclusion of this treaty, Stanislaus, incessantly harassed by domestic and foreign foes, continued to hold an imperfect and precarious authority, lamenting every moment that he was powerless to make his subjects prosperous and happy. No monarch could ever say with more reason, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The terrible defeat at Pultowa reduced Stanislaus, as well as Charles, to the condition of a fugitive. It was impossible for him to maintain himself on a throne which was now assailed in all directions. Still a diet which he had convoked refused to accept his proffered resignation of the crown, and loudly protested its readiness to stand by him

But protestations of affection were all that he obtained. In violation of his oath, the deposed Augustus entered Poland with his Saxon army, and was seconded by the victorious Muscovites, and a number of malcontent Polish nobles. Convinced that an attempt to keep his footing in Poland could only lead to fruitless bloodshed, Stanislaus retired into Swedish Pomerania. There he exerted himself with equal ability and valour, but not with the success which he deserved, to preserve the German dominions of his friend from being ravaged by the Saxons, Muscovites, and Danes. Hence he passed into Sweden, where he rendered many essential services to its absent monarch.

Weary of a vain title, which was disastrous to himself and to his fellow-creatures, Stanislaus was eager to abdicate his crown. To this measure he solicited the consent of the Swedish monarch; but the inflexible Charles refused to comply; and, when he was farther pressed on the subject, he angrily said, "If my friend does not choose to be king, I can easily make another." In the hope that personal entreaty might prevail with Charles, Stanislaus resolved to visit Turkey. Late at night he secretly quitted the Swedish army in Pomerania, accompanied by Baron Sparre and another colonel. He travelled under the name of Haran, a French officer in the Swedish service. The journey was a hazardous one, as he had to pass through a hostile territory, and to coast, as it were, along the enemy's line of posts. He was several times stopped, but was released on producing his passport. On reaching Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, he thought himself secure, and here took leave of his

companions. But circumstances were very different in Turkey from what he had expected to find them. Charles had irritated the Porte by his conduct at Bender, and at this moment the Turks were removing him as a prisoner to the neighbourhood of Adrianople. The hospodar of Moldavia had learned the sudden disappearance of the King of Poland from the Swedish army, and he suspected the traveller was that monarch. As soon as Stanislaus was brought before him, he knew him from the description which he had received. The dialogue between them was carried on in Latin. After having put several questions, the Moldavian asked him what rank he held. "Major sum," replied Stanislaus. "Imò maximus es," rejoined the hospodar, who immediately paid him all the honours due to a crowned head, but detained him as a prisoner. The king was then removed to Bender, from which Charles had just departed. Captive as Charles was, and with no apparent chance of recovering his ascendancy, he was still unshaken. He despatched Fabricius to his brother-captive to desire that he would never make peace with Augustus, and to assure him that, ere long, a beneficial change would take place in the situation of their affairs.

Treated with the utmost kindness and respect, but still held in durance, Stanislaus remained at Bender till Charles resolved to return to his own dominions. Permission to depart was then granted to the Polish monarch. Charles would fain have persuaded him to participate in his meditated enterprises; but Stanislaus firmly replied, "No; never will I draw my sword to gain for me the res-

toration of a crown." "Well, then," said the generous Swede, "I will draw it for you; and, till the time comes for our entering Warsaw in triumph, I give you my principality of Deux-Ponts and its revenues!"

It was late in May, 1714, that Stanislaus quitted Bender. In disguise, and accompanied by Count Poniatowski, he passed through Moldavia, Transylvania, Hungary, and a considerable portion of Southern Germany. He reached Deux-Ponts in safety, and was put in possession of his royal friend's gift, which secured to him a yearly revenue of about seventy thousand crowns.

In this retreat Stanislaus enjoyed, for a while, a degree of tranquillity to which he had during many years been a stranger. He was now reunited to his family, consisting of his mother, wife, and two daughters, from which he had long been separated. But even to this asylum danger and misfortune pursued him. The Polish crown, which had caused him all his past troubles, was again, without any fault of his own, a source of annoyance to him. While he was living quietly at Deux-Ponts, a project was formed in which he was intended to act a conspicuous part. A treaty was set on foot between Charles XII. and the Czar Peter, the execution of which would have spread the flames of war over the Continent, and even into the British islands. The Czar, for the purpose of extending the Muscovite influence in Europe, was willing perfidiously to join in deposing the monarch whom he had himself forced upon the Poles, and replacing Stanislaus upon the throne. To frustrate this plan, Count Flemming, the minister of Frederic Augus-



tus, thought no means so sure as to seize and carry off the rival of his master. A band of French desperadoes, to the number of thirty, headed by an officer named Seissan, was employed to effect this dastardly achievement. The ruffians proceeded to Deux-Ponts, where their leader made the necessary preparations; relays of horses were provided, and the men were stationed at their respective posts. But, on the very eve of its being carried into execution, the plot was discovered. Many of the conspirators escaped; but Captain Lecroix, a lieutenant, and some others, were seized and brought before Stanislaus. Instead of ordering them to execution, as they probably expected and certainly deserved, the clement monarch mildly said, "What wrong did I ever do to you, my friends, that you should seek my life? I might retaliate and take away yours, but I pardon you; live, and become better men." Nor did his goodness stop here. Learning that the individual who was their purse-bearer had escaped and left them penniless, he gave them a sum sufficient to support them on their homeward journey.

The same year the persecuted monarch received a much severer blow in the death of his eldest daughter; and in the year following, his friend Charles XII. was killed at the siege of Fredericshall. By the decease of the Swedish monarch the duchy of Deux-Ponts devolved upon the Count Palatine Gustavus. The count accordingly took possession of his inheritance, and Stanislaus had to seek a place of refuge elsewhere. Scarcely knowing whither to turn his steps, he applied to the regent Duke of Orleans, who gave him a pen-

sion, and allowed him to choose one of the Alsatian towns for a residence. In consequence of this permission, Stanislaus settled at Weissembourg in 1720. Frederic Augustus had the meanness to instruct his envoy to remonstrate against this indulgence; but the regent nobly replied, "Let your master know, sir, that France has always been the asylum of unfortunate kings; that she has taken the King of Poland under her protection, and that she never withdraws her benefits." Diplomacy having failed, recourse was had to a viler plan. A scheme was formed to get rid of him by means of poisoned snuff; but, happily, it was frustrated. These relentless persecutions had, however, for a time, the effect of imbittering his existence and injuring his health.

At the expiration of five years another change in his fortunes took place. In 1725, his daughter Maria Leczinska was selected to be the bride of Louis XV. This amiable, virtuous, and accomplished female deserved the throne to which she was called, and a more worthy consort than the man to whom she was united. She, like her father, experienced singular vicissitudes. In her infancy, when her family was flying before the myrmidons of Frederic Augustus and Peter, she was lost in a village by her nurse, and was found again in the trough of a stable; she had been a wanderer, suffering almost penury; and at the age of twenty-two her brow was encircled by the regal diadem. On the marriage of his daughter Stanislaus quitted Alsace, to inhabit the princely domain of Chambord, and subsequently of Meudon.

Stanislaus seemed at last to be securely anchor-

ed, as far as mortal could be, against the storms of adversity ; but he was nevertheless destined again to endure them. He had spent eight years in calm and dignified retirement, happy in his family, and amusing himself with literature, when he was thrown once more on the tumultuous ocean of politics. By the death of his successful rival, Frederick Augustus II., the throne of Poland became vacant. The voice of the Poles called loudly for their exiled king. He, however, was unfeignedly reluctant to comply with their wishes ; he had no ambition to reign, and especially in a country where he knew that he would expose his subjects to numberless calamities. Nor, situated as Poland was, could he hope for that degree of co-operation which would give him a chance of retaining his crown. "I know the Poles," said he ; "I am sure that they will elect me, but I am equally sure that they will not support me." In an evil hour, the pressing solicitations of the French cabinet, and the promise of efficient aid from France, induced him to come forward on the scene. Yet to the last he foreboded evil. When he was on the point of departing, he said, "I feel that I shall soon be near my enemies and far from my friends."

It was a matter of difficulty for Stanislaus even to reach Warsaw, where the election was to take place. A Russian squadron precluded access on the side of the Baltic, and the Emperor of Germany had given strict orders to arrest him if he were found within the Austrian dominions. Instead of furnishing Stanislaus with a formidable fleet to annihilate the Muscovite squadron, the French cabinet descended to play off a despicable trick. It spread

a report that Stanislaus was to command an armament destined for Dantzic, and it provided a counterfeit of him to keep up the deception. The Chevalier de Thiange, who bore some resemblance to Stanislaus, was dressed up royally, and, screened from detection by darkness, was embarked at Brest with regal honours. While this pitiful farce was being acted, the king, accompanied by the Chevalier d'Andelot, both disguised as merchants, and travelling in an old carriage, began his journey to Poland. Once only, at the gates of Berlin, did he run any risk of being discovered. He reached Warsaw on the 8th of September, 1733, three days before the election was to take place. There certainly was more of ingenuity than dignity in this French contrivance for smuggling in a sovereign.

When the diet of election met, sixty thousand voices hailed Stanislaus as king. But he had their "most sweet voices," and little more. The Polish army, during the reign of the late sovereign, had been studiously reduced almost to a nullity; and when the nobles had given their votes to their illustrious fellow-countryman, they hastened to their several districts, where the confederations which they formed were rendered abortive by the want of discipline, union, and systematic operations, no less than by the host of enemies that were opposed to them. Sixty thousand Muscovites, resolved on the downfall of the new king, were already in the heart of Poland before the diet was closed. A Saxon army brought in Frederic Augustus, the son of the late monarch, the candidate whom Russia favoured, and who was illegally elected by a faction, despicable in itself, but strong in its barbarous

allies. Austria, too, held her armies in readiness to take part in this unholy crusade against Polish independence. It was thus she paid the debt of gratitude which she owed for the deliverance of Vienna.

Unable to cope in the field with such overwhelming forces, Stanislaus withdrew to Dantzic, where he hoped to hold out till succours could arrive from France, or his own party, perhaps, concentrate its scattered elements, and acquire some consistence. The city was strong, and the citizens, enthusiastically attached to the monarch, vowed to stand by him to the last extremity. They nobly redeemed their pledge.

The siege was not commenced by the Russians till the latter end of February, 1734. Lasey, by whom it was begun, was soon superseded by Marshal Munich, who resolved to act more vigorously than his predecessor. His success, however, was not equal to his daring. In an assault on the village of Ohra, which forms a kind of suburb on the south side of Dantzic, he was repulsed, with the loss of fifteen hundred slain, and a still larger number of wounded. Nor was he more fortunate in various other attacks.

In the beginning of May, the Saxon army, under the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, was despatched to join him. Jealous of sharing with another the glory of reducing Dantzic, Munich resolved to carry immediately, at whatever cost, the highly-important work called the Hagelsberg, the fall of which, he had no doubt, would ensure that of the city. At ten in the evening of the 9th of May, six thousand Muscovites advanced to the ramparts ;

re-enforcements were constantly sent to them, and the contest was furiously kept up till the break of day. But not an inch of ground could they gain; and the dawn saw the shattered and baffled remnant of the assailants retiring to their camp. Between four and five thousand Muscovites were stretched lifeless on the field of slaughter, and the wounded were so numerous that it was necessary to distribute them among all the neighbouring towns. This carnage gained for the spot where it occurred the name of the Russian burying-ground. It is an almost miraculous circumstance that the loss sustained by the Dantzickers did not exceed forty killed and twice as many wounded.

France had strenuously encouraged the citizens to rally around Stanislaus, and had promised ready and powerful aid; but the meanness of her performance contrasted curiously with the magnificence of her promises. At the moment when Dantzic was beleaguered by fifty thousand Saxons and Muscovites, she sent a paltry detachment of fifteen hundred men to its succour. On the 11th of May, the French troops, led by Count de la Motte, were disembarked under Fort Weichselmunde, at the mouth of the Vistula. The governor of the fort, however, refused to admit them, on the plea that he was short of provisions, upon which De la Motte re-embarked his men, and sailed back to Copenhagen. The Count de Plelo, a man equally distinguished for valour and intellectual powers, was then ambassador from France to Denmark. Stung to the quick by the disgrace which he conceived the retreat of De la Motte to have brought upon his country, he determined at all hazards to

wipe off the stain. Convinced that he should perish in the attempt, he wrote to the minister for foreign affairs, expressing a hope that the royal kindness would be extended to his wife and children. With the addition of a hundred volunteers to the original force, he effected a landing on the 27th of May, and attacked the Russian intrenchments with such impetuosity that he drove the enemy before him in disorder. He had nearly reached the city when he fell, pierced with many wounds. Borne down by multitudes, his gallant band was compelled to retire, but it succeeded in securing its retreat under the cannon of Fort Weichselmunde.

The affairs of the Dantzickers now wore a gloomy aspect. The city was suffering greatly from the bombardment, provisions were becoming scarce, a Russian fleet of seven-and-twenty sail had anchored off the mouth of the Vistula, and the besieging general, by dint of sacrificing men, had carried several posts which were important in maintaining the communication between the town and the sea. Yet the citizens persisted in adhering to Stanislaus; there was no talk of yielding. While Fort Weichselmunde remained in their power, they could still expect to receive succours. Of that resource, however, they were soon deprived. The siege of Fort Weichselmunde was regularly commenced on the 17th of June by the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels; and, before any impression had been made upon the works, the governor, either a coward or a traitor, surrendered his important charge.

As long as there existed the slightest prospect that their resistance would be triumphant, Stanis-

laus had deemed it a duty to stand by those who had so nobly supported his cause, and to stimulate their exertions to the utmost. But the shameful surrender of the Fort of Weichselmunde had annihilated all hope. He therefore felt that it would be only cruelty to expose them to the blind rage of the base and brutal hordes by which they were besieged. He knew that his remaining in the city would have no other effect than to expose his own life without a chance of benefit, and to bring tenfold peril upon the high-spirited Dantzickers, who were willing to make every sacrifice for his sake. Such being the case, he advised them to enter into a capitulation while there was yet time for claiming tolerable conditions. The citizens heard with profound grief the communication from him to this effect, which was made to the town-council by Prince Czartoriski and Count Poniatowski. An affecting incident occurred on this occasion, which proves how much he was beloved. When the prince had delivered the royal message, one of the deputies, named Hinniber, approached him and said, "Are you speaking seriously, sir? Are these really the sentiments of our sovereign?" "They are," replied Poniatowski; "I have heard from his own lips all that I have told you." "What! is it the king himself who exhorts us to submit to the yoke of the victor?" "It is indeed so," answered the prince. "Gracious God!" exclaimed Hinniber, "our king will quit us! and what is to become of him!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he staggered, uttered a few indistinct sounds, and fell dead at Poniatowski's feet.

The situation of Stanislaus was indeed fraught



with peril. The Russians were eager to get him into their hands; in their imperious summonses to the Dantzickers, his being delivered up had been insisted upon as a first and indispensable condition. If he fell into their power, there was little reason to believe that his fate would be a mild one; and yet to effect his escape seemed almost impossible. There was no egress by sea; every avenue by land, too, was closely watched; and on that side the fugitive must make his way through a labyrinth of circumvallating lines, inundations, marshes, and narrow and intricate passes. The latter, however, beset as it was with difficulties, was the only resource.

Various plans for eluding his enemies were suggested. Unappalled by the risk of being consigned to Siberia, the Countess of Czapska, a Polish lady, in this emergency courageously offered her services. She proposed to disguise herself and the king in the garb of peasants, and to pass him off as her husband; and she had secured the assistance of a trusty person who was thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding country. The danger to which she would be exposed probably prevented this scheme from being adopted by the monarch.

Another project, more consonant to the chivalrous spirit of Stanislaus, we may suppose to have been conceived by some gallant soldier. It was, that the king should put himself at the head of a hundred men, and break through the besieging army. There was no lack of men willing to peril their lives in this adventure; but the scheme was more daring than feasible. In one quarter the in

undation extended to a distance of three leagues, and in the other every outlet was closed by the lines of circumvallation, which it was not practicable to traverse on horseback. Such a sally would have been of sufficient magnitude to rouse against it a considerable Russian force, and too weak to obtain even the momentary success which might have made an opening for the royal leader's escape. The idea of it was consequently abandoned.

A plan for leaving Dantzic in the disguise of a peasant, which was formed by the Marquis de Monti, the French ambassador, was at length acceded to by Stanislaus. To carry it into execution, he removed to the house of the ambassador, under pretext of wishing to pass a quiet night, the bombardment having recommenced on that part of the town where he resided. The greatest part of his rustic dress had already been provided. A worn-out suit of clothes, a hat no better, a coarse shirt, and a rough black-thorn cudgel, with a leather thong through it, were easily procured. But there was one thing, absolutely necessary, which the marquis was puzzled how to obtain. This was a pair of boots; an article always worn by the peasants in that neighbourhood. New boots were to be had in plenty; but it would have been imprudent to use such, as the doing so might in more ways than one lead to a discovery. After having for two days keenly scrutinized the leg-coverings of the officers who visited him, the marquis thought he saw a pair of boots large enough for the king, and old enough to match with the rest of the equipment. As his asking for them might awaken sus-

pcion in the owner, and thus endanger the secret, he contrived to have them stolen. It was not till within half an hour of the time fixed on for the departure of the royal fugitive that the boots were brought; and, when they came to be tried on, it was found that the robbery had been committed in vain, as they were far too small. The ambassador was exceedingly embarrassed, till, by great good luck, a pair of boots which seemed made for the purpose was furnished by one of his servants. "This fortunate circumstance," says Stanislaus, "revived his spirits; and I jokingly reproached him with having so long meditated a sort of crime, to get from a distance what he might without difficulty have obtained at home."

It was at ten o'clock on the night of the 27th of June that the king took leave of the French ambassador. The marquis had been so deeply affected on their separating, that the kind-hearted monarch could not refrain from turning back before he left the house in order to cheer him by a sally of pleasantry, which was meant to show that his own spirits were unbroken. He ended seriously by saying, "I returned to embrace you once more, and to beg that you will resign yourself, as I do, to Providence, to which I entirely commit my fate." He then departed.

At a short distance from the ambassador's mansion, Stanislaus was joined by General Steinflicht, also disguised as a peasant, who was to be one of the companions of his flight. A major was in waiting to conduct them to a part of the rampart, at the foot of which were two small skiffs, containing three men who were to serve as guides. Af-

ter they had crossed the moat, the major went forward to clear the way for them through an out post, in which were a few soldiers commanded by a sergeant. The sergeant, however, ignorant of the king's intention, refused to permit them to go on, and even levelled his musket at the major, who was so irritated that he more than once grasped his pistol, and was on the point of shooting him. But, reflecting that the soldiers would certainly revenge the death of their officer, and that a struggle would frustrate the scheme and endanger the monarch, he reluctantly resolved to confide his secret to the sergeant. On the king making himself known, he was treated with great respect, and allowed to proceed. This untoward circumstance he could scarcely help looking upon as an unfavourable omen, for it was not unreasonable to entertain doubts as to the safe keeping of the secret with which the sergeant had been intrusted.

On parting from the major, the king again embarked in a little boat with his guides, hoping that before break of day he should be able to cross the Vistula and get beyond the Russian line of posts. To his extreme surprise and vexation, however, they had not gone more than half a mile before they stopped at a wretched hut, in the midst of swamp, where he was told he must remain for that night and the whole of the next day. He represented to them the danger of halting almost under the eyes of his enemies, who must soon be aware of his flight, and would make strict search for him. They were, however, obstinately deaf to his arguments, and, as it would have been impolitic to exasperate them, he was under the necessity of yield.

ing. The hut consisted of only a single room, in which there was not a spot where he could repose ; but this was of little consequence, for, in his situation, he had not the will, nor, indeed, the power to sleep.

To while away the time, Stanislaus studied the character of his companions, and the result was by no means calculated to inspire him with confidence. The leader was a self-sufficient, petulant blunderer and braggadocio, profoundly ignorant, yet resenting as a sort of rebellion any dissent from his opinions or orders. Lured by the offer of a large reward, he had described himself to the Marquis de Monti as being thoroughly acquainted with the environs of Dantzic, though, in fact, he knew nothing whatever of the Russian posts. The two men who were subordinate to this delectable guide were a sort of freebooters, known in Germany by the name of Schnapans ; and their coarse and ferocious manners, in unison with their calling, could excite only disgust and apprehension. They had, however, a much better knowledge of the country than was possessed by their superior. There was a fourth in company, a man whom they had taken in near the rampart, and whom the monarch had not expected, he having been told that he was to have but three guides. When this personage was questioned by Stanislaus, he did not conceal that he knew him, and candidly confessed, also, that he was a bankrupt shopkeeper of Dantzic who was flying from his creditors. This was alarming intelligence to the monarch, his secret being at the mercy of a ruined and, perhaps, dishonest man, who might at once acquire a splendid

fortune by betraying it. But, though his fears were justifiable, they were groundless; the unfortunate debtor himself ultimately proved to be incapable of such an act of baseness.

In the morning the king went to the door of the hut to breathe the fresh air. The sight which met his eyes filled his heart with grief. Before him was the faithful Dantzic, its ramparts tottering, and its houses blazing, from the constant cannonade and bombardment kept up by the Russian batteries. "This, then," said he to himself, "is the recompense of its fidelity! Perhaps even this very day it may be given into the hands of my enemies, and be doomed to ransom itself from misfortunes which it can no longer endure, by new misfortunes which will complete its ruin." He had scarcely re-entered the hut when a fresh wound was inflicted on his feelings. A salvo was fired from all the batteries of the camp, and from the blockading squadron, and this convinced him that the city had been entered by the Russians. This, however, was not yet the case. In Dantzic great consternation was excited by the firing: the Marquis de Monti supposed it to indicate that the king had been captured, while the citizens declared that it was the signal for a general assault. It was at length found to be only a mark of rejoicing, ordered by Marshal Munich, the Russian leader, on his receiving envoys from the citizens, with an offer to recognise the Elector of Saxony as sovereign of Poland.

The danger of Stanislaus was now much increased. He had at the outset calculated that, if not stopped, he should by this time be in safety on the Russian territory. Instead of this, he was still

close to the city, and had every reason to believe that his adversaries must be aware of his flight, and that, of course, they would redouble their efforts to arrest him. At this painful moment there occurred a fresh cause for alarm. A Schnapan came to the hut in his boat, bringing to General Steinflicht a present of two dried tongues, and a polite note wishing the travellers a prosperous journey. The note was anonymous, and no persuasion could induce the Schnapan to reveal who had sent it, or how he had contrived to discover their retreat. That they should dread lest he might disclose his interview with them was not unnatural.

After having spent in the hut a day which suspense and anxiety seemed to make endless, the monarch rejoiced when darkness allowed him to resume his journey. Their progress now became much more difficult and hazardous. The boat had to be forced through a forest of stiff rushes, which made such a rustling that the sound could be heard to a considerable distance. It was to be feared, also, that the reeds, which were broken or bent down, would next morning betray the course which the fugitives had taken. Nor were the reeds their only annoyance. In many places the shallowness of the water would not allow them to move on, and they had to get out into the mud, and by main strength remove the skiff to a spot where there was sufficient depth for it to float.

About midnight they reached the bank of a river which the king supposed to be the Vistula, but which proved to be one of its tributaries. His guides here held a conference, in which they resolved that their leader, the shopkeeper, and Gen-

eral Steinflicht, should travel along the causeway on the bank, to seek a road by land, while the king and the two Schnapans should proceed in a parallel line in the boat, through the marsh. It was with great reluctance that the king separated from the general, and he saw him no more during the journey, for in the darkness the two parties lost sight of each other, and took different directions.

It must be kept in mind that it was now the middle of summer, and that, consequently, there was little more than four hours of night in which Stanislaus could venture to continue his course. Again, therefore, his conductors were obliged to look out for a hiding-place, and one was found in the neighbouring cabin of a man with whom they were acquainted. They were told, indeed, that the Russians often came there in the daytime; but, as there was no other refuge at hand, the danger must of necessity be encountered. The king was hurried up into a kind of loft by his guides, who left him to rest himself on a bundle of straw, while they went to keep watch, and likewise to try if they could discover the general and their companions.

For two nights Stanislaus had had no rest, yet he now tried in vain to sleep. His boots were full of mud and water, and his mind was disturbed by the loss of his friend, the suspicions he felt with respect to his conductors, and the probability that the Russians would arrive. "I got up," says he, "and, on looking out at the loophole in the loft, I saw a Russian officer gravely pacing about the meadow, and two soldiers who were pasturing their horses there. The sight took away my breath. The thoughtful air of the man, who



seemed to be scheming something; the horses, which he repeatedly approached, as though he were impatient to make use of them; those armed soldiers, and their appearance in a spot which was remote from their camp, all made me fear that I had fallen into the snare which I had taken so much pains to avoid. There is something more valuable than courage, and I was then near losing it; I mean the hope which supports courage, and which frequently inspires it. My alarm was greatly increased when, about one hundred paces farther on, I saw several Cossacks galloping at full speed along the fields. They were approaching the wretched shelter in which I had hoped to find more security than anywhere else. This unexpected sight made me draw back from the window. I threw myself on my bundle of straw, and could think of nothing but how to escape, if that were possible, from the troop which surrounded me. I fully expected to see the house instantly invested. They did more; for, without wasting time in a blockade, they at once made themselves masters of it, and I almost directly heard footsteps ascending to my retreat."

The fears of Stanislaus, however, were not realized. When the door was opened, it was not the Russians who entered, but his hostess. The Schnapans were just returned from their search, and had sent her to desire that he would make no noise. The Russians had only halted to breakfast, and at the expiration of two hours they took their departure. While they remained the king could hear all their conversation, which was of the most brutal and disgusting kind; they were wretches

dead to virtue and shame, who vied with each other in boasting of deeds which disgraced human nature.

No sooner were they out of sight than his hostess revisited him: she was burning with curiosity to learn the mystery of her concealed guest. "Well! they are gone at last," she exclaimed; "but tell me why you are thus obliged to keep out of their way. Why did you not come to drink and amuse yourself with your comrades? Who are you, in short, and where do you come from? You certainly do not belong to this country; I know that by your language; and, besides, your countenance bespeaks in you something which contradicts your dress. Speak: explain yourself: I will not betray you, and, really, from your manner, which affects me extremely, I feel inclined to do you service." This was fair speaking, and might be sincere; but her imprudence might be as fatal to him as perfidy, and Stanislaus could not venture to trust to her. Failing to obtain the desired information, she began to form guesses, none of which came nigh the truth. He, however, allowed her to suppose that she had partly fathomed his secret. Here her thoughts took another turn: curiosity was succeeded by fear. "But," said she, "if you are on such bad terms with the Muscovites, I must beg you to go away. If they were to discover you here, I should be ruined; perhaps they would even burn my house." She was so possessed with this idea, that it was with no small difficulty he quieted her, and avoided being turned out of doors.

During the day Stanislaus continued stretched

on his bundle of straw, a prey to his own tormenting reflections. The very inaction to which he was reduced was itself an additional and heavy evil. "Towards night," he says, "quite weary of my situation, I went down to make inquiries of my conductors. They said they knew that General Steinlicht was not more than a quarter of a league off, and that he intended to join us at night on the bank of the Vistula, where a boat was waiting to take us over; but they were doubtful whether, with so violent a wind as was then blowing, the passage could be effected, and particularly in a boat so small, and in such bad condition, as that which they had procured. 'Let us make the attempt, nevertheless,' said I, 'for I can imagine no greater danger than staying longer where we are.' It would not have become me to persist in distrusting these men, who, having eaten and drunk with my enemies, had preferred my safety to their own interests, and who, amid the fumes of tobacco, and drinking a kind of beer well calculated to confuse their senses, had still had courage and honour enough to preserve the fidelity which they had promised me. They also adopted with a good will the proposition I made to them. Accordingly, at nightfall we re-entered the boat, which, however, we quitted at the distance of a quarter of a league, where the inundation terminated. For some hours we travelled on foot, almost continually over soft and muddy ground, into which we sank up to our knees, and were every moment obliged to give help to each other. Very often our efforts only served to plunge us still deeper into this miry soil, and to increase the danger of never getting out of it.

“At last we reached the bank of the Vistula, and one of the Schnapans begged me to wait a moment with his comrade, while he went to see whether the boat was at the place appointed: After having kept us in suspense for a full hour, he came back with news that the boat was no longer there, and that probably it had been carried off by the Russians. There was nothing left for us but to re-enter the marsh which we had so recently quitted. We took another route, and after a walk of a league by a road as bad as that which we before had traversed, we selected as our asylum a house in which I was instantly recognised. ‘Who do I see!’ exclaimed the host, as soon as he looked upon me. ‘Why, you see one of my comrades,’ replied my conductors; ‘what is there so wonderful in his appearance?’ ‘Oh no!’ rejoined the man, ‘I am not mistaken; it is King Stanislaus.’ ‘Yes, my friend,’ said I to him, in a firm and confident tone, ‘I am he; but your countenance tells me that you are too worthy a man to refuse me the succour which I want in my present situation.’”

The king was not mistaken in the judgment which he had formed of the person whom he thus addressed. The man was a frank, honourable, warm-hearted being, who probably would have been angered by an attempt to deceive him, but who was won by the generous reliance which was reposed on his integrity. He promised to procure a boat to carry the monarch across the Vistula, and he kept his word. He immediately set out to search for one, and also to examine on what part of the bank their embarcation would be least exposed to danger.

While by looking out of the window the king was ineffectually trying to divert his mind from melancholy thoughts, he perceived the chief of the conductors approaching the house. The first question put by him was with respect to General Steinflicht. "We were at the place of rendezvous on the bank of the Vistula last night," replied the peasant, "and were impatiently expecting you, when we saw a troop of Cossacks coming towards us. As we were not strong enough to make head against them, and there was no spot where we could hide ourselves, I took to my heels, and no doubt the same step was taken by the shopkeeper and the general." These tidings, which rendered it probable that Steinflicht was a prisoner, gave much vexation to Stanislaus.

In a few hours the host returned. His intelligence was discouraging. He had indeed found a boat, but it belonged to a fisherman in whose house two Russians were at present lodging. He therefore recommended that the attempt to pass should not be hazarded immediately. Besides, there was another reason which was still stronger for delay. Swarms of Cossacks were spread about the environs; some watching the horses which were pastured in the fields, and others scouring the country, with orders to track the monarch, and to seize him wherever he might be found. The latter were so eager in the pursuit that they stopped all passengers indiscriminately, searched and questioned them, and insisted on passports being produced, or some person in the neighbourhood coming forward to vouch for the individual thus detained. Every man who in size, stature, or age bore the slightest

resemblance to Stanislaus, whatever might be his dress or condition, was still more strictly examined. This being the case, it was decided that the fugitive should remain closely concealed in his host's house for that night and the following day.

“On the next day, Thursday, July the 1st,” says the king, “I assembled my people to take their opinion on the important affair of the passage, which lay so near my heart. We examined all the spots where it might be attempted with a chance of safety. The advice of my conductors was more or less bold, their views were more or less rational, according as a brandy-bottle, which stood in the midst of them, was more or less full: it was the bottle which presided, and regulated their deliberations. At first nothing but timid opinions were to be heard. No possible means were to be found of crossing the river; the hope of the great reward which had been promised them vanished from their sight, and, instead of it, they could see nothing but prisons, tortures, and gibbets. A fresh supply of liquor insensibly raised their sunken courage, and I could see the moment at hand when they would brave the whole Russian camp, and fearlessly lead me through the fire of a thousand batteries. I kept things in a proper medium by the care which I took to hold possession of the bottle, and to proportion to each the dose of courage which he required.”

While this burlesque sort of council was sitting, the host was more usefully employed in reconnoitring. He returned about six o'clock, and brought the joyful news that the Cossacks had withdrawn from the neighbourhood, that the passage was

free, and that a boat was ready on the bank of the river, at about the distance of a league. As soon as it was dark the whole party set forward. Stanislaus and his host were on horseback; the three peasants brought up the rear on foot. They had to traverse several swampy places, in which the king's horse, a broken-down animal, stumbled at every step. On all sides they could see the fires of the enemy's flying camps; these lighted them on their way, and served as beacons to warn them of danger. They had advanced half a league, when the host, who led the van, rode back to desire that they would halt while he examined a suspicious spot. He returned in haste, with the disagreeable tidings that it was occupied by a new troop of Cossacks, from whom he had escaped only by telling them that he had been with provisions to their army, and was now seeking some of his cattle which had strayed from the field where he had pastured them.

The spurious courage which the three guides had imbibed from the brandy-bottle had by this time evaporated. On hearing what was said, they consulted together, and declared that they would instantly go back. Stanislaus, however, resolutely opposed them. But it was to no purpose that he advised them either to force their way if the Cossacks were few in number, or to resort to the stratagem which had availed the host. Fear had completely unmanned them. The indefatigable host now went again to see whether some by-path could not be discovered, and they, meanwhile, lay groveling on the ground. "But their chief, the man," says Stanislaus, "who had recently appeared so bold, started up a moment after and incited his

comrades to fly with him. 'What, you cowards!' exclaimed I, 'do you mean to desert me?' 'Good God!' said they all at once, and as if they spoke in concert, 'do you wish us to get hanged, to secure for yourself an escape which does not depend upon us?' 'Hanged or not,' replied I, in a pretended passion, 'it is too late for you to deliberate; you have engaged to attend me, and you shall not leave me till I think I can do without your rascally company. Now hearken to me, and tremble at the resolution which you force me to take. If neither your promises, nor your oaths, nor the reward which you expect, nor the respect which you owe me, nor anything else can stop you, I will this very moment call the Cossacks here; for, if I must perish by your flight, I would as lief perish by my own indiscretion, and, at the same time, revenge myself for your treachery.' This threat had the desired effect; the poltroons remained where they were."

The host was soon back again, and he was the bearer of welcome news; the Cossacks were gone. The three prostrate cowards instantly jumped up; and, with an effrontery that was laughable, their leader began to protest that they had never meant to abscond, and he talked largely about their tried fidelity. A contemptuous glance from the monarch, and a few emphatic words, reduced him to silence. The march was now recommenced; and the three peasants gave proof of their zeal by following at such a distance that it was manifest they intended to run away at the earliest appearance of danger. Stanislaus and his host now quitted their horses, and proceeded some distance on foot, till



they came to the river's bank. The latter went to fetch a boat, and the king, meanwhile, was obliged to keep himself out of sight by crouching among the bushes. The three loiterers were the first to hear the dash of oars, and they quickened their pace that they might not be left behind. The whole party embarked, and the long-desired passage of the Vistula was at length accomplished in safety.

“We were about to land, when, taking my host aside, and with the warmest affection thanking him for all that he had done for me, I put into his hand, from my pocket, as many ducats as I could grasp. This was an excellent opportunity to relieve myself from a weight of money which was perpetually troublesome to me. Besides, I thought myself less conferring a favour than discharging a debt. The honest peasant, surprised and almost ashamed, drew back, and tried to get away from me. ‘No! no!’ said I, ‘it is of no use; you shall receive this present. Your doing so will confer a new obligation on me, and I shall even consider it as one of the greatest proofs of your regard for me.’ As I continued to press him still more closely, and he redoubled his efforts to escape from my gratitude, the others imagined that I was quarrelling with him, and they came forward to appease me. Seeing this, he hastily said that, if he must accept something from me, he would take two ducats as a keepsake, in remembrance of the happiness he had enjoyed in knowing me. I was so much the more charmed by this noble disinterestedness, as I had no reason to expect it from a man in his class of life. He took two ducats from my hand in a man-

ner and with feelings that I cannot describe ; and thanked me as heartily as I could have thanked him had he accepted not merely the scanty present which I originally offered, but the far larger reward which I would gladly have paid for his services."

Though the king had succeeded in crossing the Vistula, he was not yet in safety. His situation was like that of a shipwrecked mariner, who, having reached the strand, fears that the receding wave may carry him back into the deep. At a large village a few hundred paces from the river, he learned that there were Russian outposts not far off, and that the Cossacks were in the habit of plundering in the vicinity. Wishing to get speedily at a distance from such unpleasant neighbours, he tried to procure horses, but failed in the attempt. When he came to look for the guides, he found that they had thrown themselves upon a bed at the public house, and were fast asleep. For a while he kept watch round the house ; but, dreading the consequences of farther delay, he at length awoke one of them, and prevailed on him to go in search of a conveyance. The messenger was ordered to bring one, whatever might be the kind or the price. It was fortunate that the monarch had the means of payment. In the course of the journey he had been very near depriving himself of them. The money, two hundred ducats, was given to him by the Marquis de Monti. Being unused to carry such a sum, he in a few hours found it so troublesome an encumbrance that he solicited General Steinflicht to take charge of it. Steinflicht, however, prevailed on him to keep one half, in order to be prepared against any accident ; and, had this not been the

case, Stanislaus, bereft of resources, would probably have been unable to escape.

After a lapse of two hours the trusty messenger returned, so intoxicated that he had scarcely power to stand. His mission, however, had not been a fruitless one; for he brought with him a man who was willing to let them have the use of a vehicle, laden with various articles, on condition that their value should be deposited with some one in the village, as they might perhaps be lost by falling into the clutches of the Cossacks. To shorten the business, Stanislaus at once, without haggling as to the terms, purchased the whole for five-and-twenty ducats.

The sight of so much money seems to have roused into violent action the inebriate's love of gold. In an insolent tone and a hiccougning voice, he began to descant on his valuable exertions, his courage, his fidelity, and the risks he had run; and he declared that he would not submit to be duped, but would have on the spot what payment he was to receive for all the sacrifices that he had made. The possession of so large a sum of money by one apparently so poor as Stanislaus, his careless expenditure of it, and his having three men at his command, had already excited the surmises and suspicions of the villagers, and the language used by the drunken man increased them. Some of the by-standers seemed disposed to take the part of the latter, and the monarch began to fear that the whole of his secret would be divulged. He also expected every moment to see the chief of the guides turn against him. Never did he consider himself in greater danger than now. In this

emergency, however, the conductor rendered him an essential service. That important individual, who had a strong propensity to domineer, did not, perhaps, like to see his privilege infringed upon by a follower. He addressed the offender in very uncourteous terms. "Hold your tongue, you black-guard," he exclaimed; "what reason have you to complain? Have not we shared in all your troubles and dangers, and do you see us setting up such pretensions as yours?" Then turning to the crowd, he said, "You must not mind what this fellow says. When he has had a glass too much he always thinks himself in the company of kings and princes. If you listen to him, he will soon convert me into some great personage; though he will not pay me a grain more respect than if he thought me, what I really am, a poor unfortunate fellow like himself." This adroit speech was decisive. The majority of the crowd began to hoot the staggering Schnapan; and, though some of the persons present were evidently of opinion that Stanislaus was other than he seemed, no one attempted to molest him.

As it was impossible to say, however, what change might take place in the feelings of the villagers, the king lost no time in pursuing his journey. The drunken Schnapan was packed into the vehicle, the other was dismissed to inform the Marquis de Monti that the passage of the Vistula had been effected, and the pragmatist conductor took charge of the horses. On quitting the village they did not dare to make any inquiry respecting the roads, as their doing so might afford a clew to trace them. Nor could they ask for information in sev-

eral other villages through which they passed, since those places were occupied by Russian and Saxon troops, and the travellers thought themselves extremely fortunate in being allowed to proceed unquestioned. The heat grew so excessive that at last the horses were ready to sink under their burden, and the party were much embarrassed what to do, when, luckily, they came to a deserted house which stood at some distance from the road. There they took shelter for a couple of hours, while the horses were recruited by grazing.

Midway between Marienwerder and Marienburg the Vistula divides into two rivers. The left of these retains the original name, and falls into the Baltic Sea below Dantzic, after throwing out a branch before it reaches that city. The stream which flows to the right, and on which Marienburg is situated, falls into the Frisch Haff, and is called the Nogat. Stanislaus was now in the triangular island formed by the Baltic, the Vistula, and the Nogat; and it was his object to cross the latter river above Marienburg, in order to reach the friendly territory of Prussia, which was nigh at hand.

About eight o'clock in the evening the travellers arrived at the bank of a river, on the shore of which was lying an old leaky boat. "How lucky we are!" exclaimed the guides; "here is the Nogat, and here is a boat, which Providence seems to have sent expressly for our use!" They were beginning to push the skiff into the water, when a peasant came up, from whom Stanislaus, who had many doubts on the subject, inquired whether this stream was the Nogat. "No, indeed," said the peasant,

“it is the Vistula ; you are a league and a half from the Nogat.” They had lost their way ; and had not this man opportunely appeared, they would have recrossed the Vistula, and their ruin would have been almost inevitable.

There was a public house close by, into which the king and his guides entered, representing themselves as butchers of Marienburg, who wanted to go over the Nogat to purchase cattle. The host replied that they must give up that idea, for that not a boat, however small, was to be had on that river, the Russians having carried them all away to Marienburg, lest they should be seized by the Polish flying parties, which were scouring the country on the other side. This was bad news ; and it seems to have absolutely turned the heads of the two guides. After Stanislaus had spent a sleepless night in a barn, they came to him at day-break to propose the most absurd and hazardous of all schemes. They had, they said, made up their minds that there was no other way of crossing the Nogat than by the bridge at Marienburg. The king endeavoured to rally them out of this insane project. “Really,” said he, “I do not know you again ! Is it indeed you who manifest such uncommon courage ? What ! can you venture to brave a numerous garrison of regular troops ? you, who grew pale at the approach of a few undisciplined fellows that did not deserve the name of soldiers ? Are you ignorant that the danger from which I am flying awaits me in that very town, and that you will certainly find there the shackles and the gibbet, of which you stand so much in fear ?”

Instead of giving up their plan, however, as he had hoped they would, they only insisted on it the more tenaciously, and at last declared that they would leave him if he refused to adopt it. It was only by dint of earnest and persevering entreaty that he at length succeeded so far as to prevail on them to continue their journey to the Nogat, to ascertain whether a boat could be procured. Nor could he obtain even this concession without agreeing to go to Marienburg in case of their being disappointed when they reached the river. They now crossed through woods, and by almost impassable roads, till they came to a village. Here the king wished to make some inquiries, but his companions opposed it, on the ground of its imprudence. They were ready to thrust themselves into danger by facing a Russian garrison, but terrified at the idea of putting a simple question to unsuspecting peasants! Again they protested that it was useless to ask about roads and ferries, there being no egress but through Marienburg; and again Stanislaus was under the necessity of resorting to persuasion to shake their obstinacy. The Schnapan then volunteered to inquire at a neighbouring house; but he speedily came back to say that the owners spoke only Polish, and could not understand him. To this the king replied that he would himself go and speak to them. "At the same time I prepared," says he, "to alight from the vehicle. But this was a day of contradiction with my attendants. They opposed my design, because they feared that my language would betray me. I laughed, however, at their fears, and got out in spite of them. I was already proceed-

ing towards the house, when, to prevent my design, they placed themselves before me, and swore they would die sooner than allow me to go farther. This excessive impudence was past bearing, and I rushed on them as though I meant to knock them down and trample over them. A moment after, I could not help laughing in my sleeve at my sudden burst of passion; but how could I restrain myself in the first heat of my resentment? And, in fact, was it not rather a prudent outbreak, prompted by reason, than a blind transport of anger? My firmness daunted them, and made them have recourse to new menaces. 'Well,' said they, as they hastily drew back out of my way, 'since it is your intention to get us hanged, we will quit you this moment.' 'Oh! with all my heart,' was my reply: 'go along; set off when you please; a good journey to you.'

"I entered the house, and in as polite a manner as was consistent with my rustic garb, which I dared not belie, told the hostess that I wished to cross the Nogat to purchase cattle, and would thank her to tell me the best place for getting over. 'Really you come in good time,' said she, 'for I can save you the trouble of a passage, which, in fact, is very difficult to accomplish. I have cattle to sell, and I can see, from your manner, that we shall easily agree about the price.' I pretended to be delighted with what she said, but replied that I could not deal with her till I came back, as I was going for a sum of money which was due to me, a part of which I would gladly lay out with her on my return. 'But there is not a single boat to be had,' she rejoined; 'what will you do?' 'What



ever you think best,' answered I, in an open and confiding tone. 'I would rather accept a favour from you than from any one else, and I am sure you will not be offended with the preference which I give you in this respect. But, in short, I am familiar with this country,' added I, 'and, obliged as you are to keep up a continual intercourse with the other side of the river, I know it is impossible but that, in spite of all the precautions taken by the Russians, you must have some means of crossing.' 'I see you are a good fellow,' said the hostess. 'Stay: I will send my son with you; he will take you a quarter of a league farther on. Upon the opposite bank there is a fisherman, a friend of his, who keeps a little boat in his house. At a signal he will come and take you in, and you cannot have a more safe and easy mode of being relieved from the embarrassment under which I perceive you to be labouring.' I thanked this woman in the warmest terms, and left the house with her son."

The two refractory guides had waited at a little distance to learn the result of the king's adventure. When they saw him come out with a joyous countenance and a new conductor, they were beyond measure astonished and disconcerted. He, however, affected not to be aware of their presence. As soon as the son of the hostess had taken his place, Stanislaus set the vehicle in motion; upon which the guides, who probably at that moment were in dread of a halter, came running up, and requested admission. He allowed them to get in, but took no notice of them.

On reaching the Nogat, Stanislaus left one of the guides in charge of the vehicle and horses, with or-

ders to wait till he was joined by his comrade. The signal was then given, the fisherman rowed over with his boat, and the royal passenger and the remaining guide were conveyed to the opposite bank, where, after seven days' endurance of toil and peril, the king at last found himself in safety. This happy termination of his adventures filled the heart of the wanderer with gratitude to his Maker. In a neighbouring village he bought another vehicle, dismissed the last of his guides, giving him a short note, in cipher, to the Marquis de Monti, and then bent his way to the Prussian town of Marienwerder. "I passed through that town," says he, "seated on my wagon, and I more than once laughed at the scurvy appearance of my equipage. My entrance into the place was certainly anything but magnificent; but no vain splendour could have enhanced the joy which I felt at that moment. I had with me the justice of my cause, the love of my subjects, my peace of conscience, and, doubtless, the esteem of my enemies. What more cogent motives could I have had to forget my reverses? Those only who have deserved their misfortunes, or who have failed to bear them courageously, may be allowed to remember them with sorrow."

The day after his arrival at Marienwerder the king had the pleasure of meeting again with his faithful companion, General Steinflicht. From Marienwerder he set off to Königsberg. Orders had already been given by the Prussian monarch to afford him whatever assistance he might require, and to pay him all due honours. Having remained for some time at Königsberg, where he was lodged in the palace, he returned to France.

After all his vicissitudes, Stanislaus was destined to retain the regal title and to die a sovereign. By the treaty of peace between France and the emperor, which was concluded in 1735, it was stipulated that he should renounce the kingdom of Poland, retaining, however, the title, and should possess for life the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which on his decease were to be united to France. All his patrimonial property in Poland, which had been confiscated, was likewise restored.

The territory assigned to him was held by Stanislaus for a period of thirty years. On assuming the reins of government, he had to overcome the prejudices of the Lorrainers, who were strongly attached to the family of their ancient dukes. His virtues, however, finally rendered him a favourite of the people. One circumstance alone at times excited the murmurs of his subjects. France had secured to herself the revenue of the two duchies, on condition of paying to the new duke a yearly sum of two millions of livres; and the Lorrainers justly considered as oppressive some of the financial measures of the French government, which Stanislaus was compelled to sanction. It was, however, not to the duke, but to his peculiar situation, that the fault was attributed by those who were aggrieved. His efforts to improve and embellish his dominions, and to promote the prosperity of his people, were incessant, and earned for him the glorious appellation of "the beneficent." He founded churches, hospitals, schools, and charitable institutions of various kinds, established a public library, and a royal society of sciences and literature; extended relief not merely to individuals, but to ruined towns; and adorned the

city of Nancy, his capital, with splendid edifices. While he was thus honourably occupied, his Polish partisans formed a scheme for placing him once more on the throne ; but he refused to countenance it, and patriotically exhorted them to forbear from involving their country in the horrors of a civil war.

Stanislaus lived to a very advanced age. He paid the severe penalty which nature irrevocably attaches to "length of days," that of seeing those we love descending to the grave before us. His wife, Catharine Opolinska, with whom he had for half a century lived in harmonious union, died in 1747. The decease, in 1765, of his grandson the dauphin, of whom he had formed the brightest hopes, gave a terrible wound to his peace. "I have," said he, "twice lost a crown without being moved by it, but the death of my dear dauphin annihilates me."

Stanislaus did not long survive the lamented object of his affection. A mind imbued with superstition might be tempted to believe that he had an indistinct bodement of his approaching end, and even of the manner in which it was to be brought about. On the 1st of February, 1766, he visited the church of Bon Secours, which he had built, and meant as his burial-place. He stood for a considerable time over the vault ; and, on going away, he said to his attendants, "Do you know what kept me there so long ? I was thinking that in a short time I shall be three feet lower down." He was at the moment in perfect health, and of a hale constitution. Shortly after, the conversation turned upon the number of sovereigns who had lately died. He reckoned them all up, and remarked that he was the old-

est sovereign in Europe. Then he adverted to the numerous perils to which he had been exposed, and added, "For me to have encountered every kind of danger there only wants my being burned."

Four days after these words were uttered, his morning-gown caught fire as he was looking up at a clock over the mantelpiece. He called to his attendants, but there was no one at hand. In stooping to extinguish the flames, he lost his balance, and, in falling, was wounded, and probably stunned, by the point of an andiron. Unable to move or to speak, he lay for some time with one of his hands on the burning fuel; and it was not till their attention was excited by the strong odour which issued from the apartment that the domestics came to his rescue. On being raised up he recovered his senses. The fingers of his left hand were consumed, and all that side of his body, from the neck to the knee, was injured in a terrible degree.

When his disaster first became known, the townspeople thronged to the palace in the deepest affliction. Every day, as the tidings spread, crowds from all parts of Lorraine hurried to Luneville, to ascertain the state of the sovereign who had ruled them so long and so benevolently. Even in the midst of his sufferings, his kindly feelings for others remained undiminished. Learning that some of those who had come to inquire about him were poor persons who had not the means of subsistence, he ordered that their wants should be immediately supplied. To calm the fears of his daughter, the Queen of France, he dictated a letter, in which, evidently with a view to conceal the full extent of his misfortune, he bantered her on having recently advised

him to beware of cold. "You ought," said he, "rather to have warned me to beware of heat."

For a while there were hopes that the life of Stanislaus might be saved. His invincible fortitude and equanimity contributed to keep alive these delusive anticipations of his friends. He signed papers, and even held a sort of levée with his wonted cheerfulness. But the vital powers were too much exhausted to maintain the contest. He sank into a lethargy, from which he awoke only to find his tortures increased. After having endured extreme agony, he expired on the 23d of February, 1766, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

## EXPULSION OF CORTEZ FROM MEXICO, AND HIS RECONQUEST OF THAT CITY

By the decisive overthrow of his rival Narvaez at Zempoalla, and the junction of the defeated troops with his own, Cortez seemed to have acquired such an accession of strength as to place him above all fear of disaster, and almost of opposition. Besides a detachment of a hundred and twenty men, despatched under Velasquez de Leon to Panuco, he was at the head of thirteen hundred Europeans, of whom nearly a hundred were cavalry, and a hundred and sixty musketeers and crossbowmen. He was also seconded by a division of two thousand Tlascalan warriors.

But, while Cortez was triumphing over his enemy and increasing his own resources, an event was occurring in Mexico which threatened eventually to prove destructive to him. On his departing from that city to march against Narvaez, he had left Alvarado in command, with four cannon, and a feeble party of eighty-three soldiers, of which only twenty-four were musketeers and crossbowmen, and seven cavalry. Alvarado's quarters were strengthened with a stout palisade, and he was well supplied with provisions. Possessing such inadequate means to control the population of so large a city, it behooved him to supply by his prudence the want of physical strength. But Alvarado was actuated only by an insatiable hunger for gold, and by that brute insolence which springs from the exercise of abused

and unresisted power. Pretending to have obtained information that the Mexicans were meditating to fall upon the Spaniards, he treacherously attacked them while they were dancing at a solemn festival in honour of their deities. He had himself permitted them to hold the festival, and his real motive for assailing them unaware is believed to have been that he might plunder them of the golden ornaments which they wore on such occasions. In this instance, however, the Mexicans did not tamely submit to injustice. Enraged by his perfidy, and the wanton slaughter of great numbers of their fellow-countrymen, and emboldened by the scantiness of his force, they rose in insurrection against him. They were victorious: several of the Spaniards were slain outright, several wounded, and the survivors compelled to retreat to their fortified quarters. Thither they were followed by the Mexicans, who held them closely besieged, harassed them with frequent assaults, and destroyed by fire a part of the Spanish posts and magazines, and also the two brigantines on the lake. In this critical condition, menaced at once by the sword and by famine, Alvarado despatched messengers to Cortez soliciting instant succour. Almost at the heels of those messengers arrived four of the chief noblemen of Montezuma's court, to complain of the conduct of Alvarado: they were received coldly, and dismissed with an ambiguous answer.

In order to give the reader a clearer idea of the subsequent operations of Cortez, it will be necessary to make him correctly acquainted with the local situation of the ancient Mexican capital. That capital, which then bore the name of Tenochtitlan,



occupied not only the ground on which the modern Mexico stands, but also an additional space of still more ample extent. Nor did it resemble its successor in being built upon the mainland. Like Venice, it occupied a cluster of islands, which rose, at some distance from the western shore, out of a vast salt-water lake, called the Lake of Tezcucó. It was approachable on the north, south, and west only by three causeways, formed of earth faced with stone, each of which was about ten yards wide, and divided at intervals by cuts, admitting the water to flow through, and bridged with timber, the removal of which would prevent access to the city. The western causeway, a mile and a half long, led to Tacuba; that on the north, twice the length, led to Tepeaca; and that on the south, which extended six miles, was the road to Iztapalapa, and likewise threw off from the midway of it a branch to Cayahuacan. The great distance and the depth of water did not allow of a causeway to the eastern shore, on which stood the city of Tezcucó; but communication was kept up by means of canoes, myriads of which were perpetually in motion on the lake. To the south was a smaller lake, reaching from Chalco to Suchimilco, and connected with that of Tezcucó. The city of Tenochtitlan was intersected by innumerable canals, over which were bridges wide enough for ten horsemen to pass abreast. As the water of the lake was not drinkable, fresh water was conveyed from the mainland by the aqueduct of Chepultapeque. Bernal Diaz saw the Mexican capital from the lofty summit of the great temple, and he thus describes it: "We were struck with the numbers of canoes passing to

and from the mainland, loaded with provisions and merchandise; and we could now perceive that in this city, and in all others of that neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. We observed also the temples and adoratories of the adjacent cities, built in the form of towers and fortresses, and others on the causeway, all whitewashed, and wonderfully brilliant. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be heard almost a league off, and those who had been at Rome and at Constantinople said that, for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like." Since the time of Cortez a wonderful change has taken place in the aspect of the country around Mexico; the increased evaporation and the diminished supply of water in consequence of the destruction of the woods, the gradual accretion of alluvial soil, and the formation of a gigantic drainage canal, have all contributed to shrink the lake into narrower dimensions, so that the modern capital is now seated on a marshy plain, with its centre nearly three miles distant from the western shore.

The tidings which had been brought to Cortez did not admit of any delay, and he accordingly proceeded by forced marches to the Mexican capital. Notwithstanding the disastrous news from that city, Cortez, during his progress towards it, could not refrain from expatiating to the new-comers on the power which he possessed there, and the respect in which he was held, and he raised to the highest pitch their hopes of reaping an exube-

rant golden harvest. It was not long, however, before they had reason to doubt the truth of his assertions. At Tezcuco he was received with a studied coldness and neglect, which argued but ill for his reception in the capital. It was on St. John's day, in the month of June, that the Spanish troops, with their Tlascalan allies, entered Mexico. Their leader was speedily made aware that all respect for him had ceased, and that henceforth he could exercise no power that was not won by the sword. The whole of that portion of the city through which he passed to Alvarado's quarters seemed to be depopulated, and not one of the nobility or chiefs with whom he had been familiar came forward to greet him. When, indeed, he reached Alvarado's post, he was met by some of the officers of the captive Montezuma, who expressed the wish of their royal master to congratulate him in person on his victory. But the arrogant Spaniard was in too wrathful a mood to be propitiated by this homage, and he vented his rage against the monarch in the grossest language, and threatened him with his heaviest vengeance. "Away with him, the dog! What obligation am I under to a dog who treated with Narvaez!" were among the decorous terms which were used by this Iberian robber. In the hope of softening his anger, Montezuma himself now advanced; but the Spaniard would neither hear nor speak to him, and the repulsed sovereign retired, with melancholy forebodings, to his own apartment.

These bursts of vulgar passion would probably not have been indulged in by Cortez had he not imagined that impunity for them was secured by

his augmented force. The people were soon informed of them, and were maddened into tenfold fury. Not long after they had been uttered a wounded soldier entered, exclaiming that the whole population was in arms. He had narrowly escaped from the hands of the Mexicans, who had seized him, and were bearing him off to be sacrificed to their gods. Cortez now began to feel alarmed, and instantly despatched Colonel de Ordez, with four hundred men, to endeavour to pacify the populace. Ordez had, however, proceeded but a very little way when he was assailed by myriads of natives, as well from the tops of the houses as in the streets. Their first volley stretched eight of his soldiers lifeless on the ground. He turned to retrace his footsteps, but found himself hemmed in on every side. Other multitudes had fallen upon the Spanish quarters, and had poured into them such a storm of missiles, that forty-six Spaniards were wounded, many of them mortally, at the very outset. Pressed upon in front and rear, and galled by stones and darts from the terraces, De Ordez, with extreme difficulty, at last rejoined Cortez, having lost three-and-twenty of his men in this sharp encounter. All the efforts of the Mexicans were now concentrated against the fortified quarters of the Spaniards; they hurled in their missiles in such numbers as to cover all the courts and open spaces, and they brought the torch in aid of their weapons. They set fire to the edifices in various places, and the Spaniards were obliged to employ a part of their force in smothering the flames with earth, or in pulling down the buildings which were burning around them. The rest of the day and

the whole of the night were spent in arresting the conflagration, repelling frequent attacks, repairing breaches, dressing the wounded, and preparing for the combat of the morrow.

Hoping that the enemy might be intimidated by a display of his strength in a vigorous attack, Cortez sallied out with his whole force at the first dawn of morning. But the Mexican belief in Spanish invincibility had ceased to exist. On the instant, thousands rushed forward to meet him, and fought with a desperation which bordered on madness. In vain, time after time, thirty or forty of them were at once swept away by the discharge of musketry and cannon; the gap was instantly filled up by fresh combatants, careless of life, and thirsting for revenge. Now and then, indeed, the Mexicans would pretend to give way, but it was only to draw their unwary pursuers into positions where their destruction might be more surely accomplished. While the Spaniards were contending in front with these daring antagonists, they were sorely harassed by others, who were equally formidable, and upon whom they were unable to retaliate. The terraced roofs were thronged with Mexicans, who incessantly discharged volleys of stones and darts. The Spaniards were finally compelled to retreat; and it was not without a hard struggle that, baffled, weary, and suffering from wounds and bruises, they at length regained their quarters.

Discouraging as was the result of this day's conflict, Cortez had no alternative but to renew his attack upon the enemy. There was a chance that skill or good fortune might give him the victory

while acting upon the offensive : to stand upon the defensive could end only in ruin. Before, however, he recommenced his operations, he endeavoured to provide the means of keeping his antagonists at some distance, and sheltering his troops from the perpetual shower of missiles. For this purpose he ordered four towers to be constructed of strong timber, each of which was pierced with loopholes for cannon, musketry, and crossbows, and would contain twenty-five men under cover. These towers were to be moved forward upon wheels. While this work was going on, the Spaniards were also obliged to repair the breaches in their walls and to beat off the enemy, who attempted to scale them in twenty places at once. "They continued their reviling language," says Bernal Diaz, "exclaiming that the voracious animals of their temples had now been kept two days fasting, in order to devour us at the period which was speedily approaching, when they were to sacrifice us to their gods ; that our allies were to be put up in cages to fatten, and that they would soon repossess our ill-acquired treasure. At other times they plaintively called to us to give them their king ; and during the night we were constantly annoyed by showers of arrows, which they accompanied with shouts and whistlings."

A day was spent in the construction of the towers. At dawn on the next morning Cortez again marched forth at the head of all his followers. Again the battle raged, and with even greater violence than before. The Mexicans fought with increased obstinacy, and their movements were directed with more skill. They rushed to the combat with loud

shouts and imprecations, and amid the din of numberless drums, conchs, and a variety of discordant war instruments. Every inch of the ground was pertinaciously contested by them, and was bought by the Spaniards at a large expense of toil and blood. When the cavalry attempted to pursue them, they eluded the charge by throwing themselves into the canals, and the pursuers were themselves pierced with large lances by enemies who suddenly sallied from the houses. From the terraces the slingers incessantly plied their slings, and their companions rolled down masses of stone upon the heads of the Spaniards. To reach the houses was generally almost impossible, as they were all insulated in this part of the city; and even when one of them chanced to be set on fire, the flames extended no farther.

It was to the Teocalli, or great temple, from which the Mexicans overlooked and severely annoyed the Spanish quarters, that Cortez was desirous to penetrate. This temple, which was situated in the midst of vast paved courts, consisted of a truncated pyramid a hundred and thirteen feet in height, and little less than four hundred feet in diameter, and was ascended by steps. On its flat summit was a tower nearly sixty feet high, and other buildings, devoted to the worship of their gods. By dint of the most strenuous exertions Cortez at length reached the entrance to the spot; but this only brought him in contact with more numerous and desperate adversaries. The sides and summit of the pyramid were already occupied by great numbers of warriors: and no sooner did the Spaniards and Tlascalans appear in sight, than

above four thousand Mexicans rushed up to assist in the defence of the building. Now began a fierce and sanguinary struggle. The Spanish cavalry endeavoured to charge the enemy in the courts, but the pavement was so smooth that the horses were unable to keep their feet. Cortez, however, by the help of his artillery and infantry, at last reached the base of the pyramid. From the steps of it, from both sides of him, and from behind, he was perseveringly attacked; and though the cannon swept off from ten to fifteen at every discharge, and the swords of the foot-soldiers made almost equal havoc, fresh bands incessantly filled the places of the fallen. Cortez was forced to abandon his wooden turrets, and they were destroyed by the Mexicans. Nevertheless, after a long contest, his troops forced their way up to the platform, and set fire to some of the buildings. Their triumph, however, was a transient one. Maddened by this insult to the objects of their worship, the enemy redoubled their efforts. More than three thousand Mexican nobles and priests fell furiously on the sacrilegious invaders, upon whom were also showered darts and stones from every nook and corner of the edifice where a combatant could find a standing-place. Overborne by the raging multitude, the Spaniards, not one of whom was unwounded, were driven down from the pyramid and hotly pursued to their quarters, leaving forty-six of their slain companions on the scene of battle. Nor when they had entered their quarters were they yet in safety; for during the absence of Cortez a part of the walls had been beaten down by a body of the enemy, who were still continuing their assaults, and did



not cease from them till lassitude and darkness put an end to the conflict.

By this disastrous combat a heavy blow was given to the pride and confidence of the Spaniards. "The night," says Bernal Diaz, "was employed by us in repairing the breaches, in dressing our wounds, burying our dead, and consulting on our future measures. No gleam of hope could now be rationally formed by us, and we were utterly sunk in despair. Those who had come with Narvaez showered maledictions upon Cortez, nor did they forget Velasquez, by whom they had been induced to quit their comfortable and peaceful habitations in the island of Cuba. It was determined to try if we could not procure from the enemy a cessation of hostilities, on condition of our quitting the city; but at daybreak they assembled around our quarters, and attacked them with greater fury than ever; nor could our firearms repel them, although they did considerable execution."

As a last resource, Cortez resolved that the captive Montezuma should address the besiegers, desiring them to discontinue hostilities, and allow their enemies to withdraw from the city. But the unhappy monarch was reluctant to expose himself to the gaze of his indignant subjects; and, "bursting into violent expressions of grief," he refused to comply with the request of the Spanish leader. He is also said to have declared that he wished not to be troubled any more with the false words and promises of Cortez. At length, however, he was prevailed upon, or compelled, to harangue the people from a terraced roof. When he had finished his speech, four of the Mexican nobles came for-

ward from among the multitude. They lamented his misfortunes, and "told him that they had raised Coadlavaca, prince of Iztapalapa, to the throne, adding that the war was drawing to a conclusion; that they had vowed to their gods never to desist but with the total destruction of the Spaniards; that they every day offered up prayers for his personal safety; and that, as soon as they had rescued him out of our hands, they would venerate him as before, and trusted that he would pardon them."

But, while the nobles of Montezuma were thus doing homage to him, his final moment was at hand. Though numbers of the Mexicans had suspended hostilities, and loudly greeted him, there were others whose anger was not to be repressed by his presence, or, rather, was increased by it; for they considered his tame submission disgraceful to himself and his people. By this portion of the besiegers arrows and stones were still discharged into the quarters of their detested enemies. While the monarch was speaking, two Spanish soldiers stood by and covered him with their shields. They chanced to withdraw them for an instant, and in that instant three stones and an arrow struck him on the head, arm, and leg; one of the stones fractured his scull, and he was conveyed senseless to the palace. On coming to himself he refused all medical aid, and shortly afterward expired. His body was restored to the Mexicans; and his errors being cancelled by his untimely fate, the sight of it produced universal grief. "They now," says Bernal Diaz, "attacked us in our quarters with the greatest violence, and threatened us that within the space of two days we should pay with our lives the

death of their king and the dishonour of their gods, adding that they had chosen a sovereign whom we could not deceive as we had done the good Montezuma."

Little reason as there was to hope for success in such an attempt, Cortez determined to try whether he could not intimidate the Mexicans into obedience by an extension of ravage and slaughter. His plan was to make his way to that part of the city which contained many houses built upon the firm ground, where he might be able to ride down the natives and burn the buildings. He did, indeed, reach the selected spot, and had the satisfaction of destroying about twenty houses. This achievement, however, cost him twenty men killed, and was productive of no benefit whatever; he could not get possession of a single bridge on the causeway, and his cavalry was rendered wholly unavailing by the parapets and barricades which the natives had formed to check its progress. After several hours of fruitless toil, the Spaniards, harassed and discouraged, returned to their quarters.

The prospect now before them was of the gloomiest kind; their attacks had uniformly failed, their offers of peace were scornfully rejected, their numbers and strength were hourly wasting away, their powder was almost exhausted, their provisions and water were intercepted, and the bridges which lay in the line of their retreat had been broken down; while, on the other hand, the multitude of the Mexicans was continually increasing, and their assaults were growing more violent and well-directed. No chance of safety remained but in escaping silently by night. This being resolved upon, Cortez or-

dered the construction of a portable timber bridge, for the purpose of being thrown over the canals that intersected the causeway of Tacuba, along which he meant to lead his troops. The Spanish and Tlascalan force was then marshalled in compact order, a considerable portion of the best soldiers being selected to convey the bridge and form the vanguard. The rear was brought up by a body of infantry and a strong detachment of cavalry, under the command of Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon.

It was on the night of the tenth of July, which still bears the expressive appellation of "the mournful night," that Cortez commenced his perilous enterprise: its result Bernal Diaz shall himself describe. "A little before midnight, the detachment which took charge of the bridge set out upon its march, and, arriving at the first canal or aperture of water, it was thrown across. The night was dark and misty, and it began to rain. The bridge being fixed, the baggage, artillery, and some of the cavalry passed over it, as also the Tlascalans with the gold. Sandoval and those with him passed, also Cortez and his party after the first, and many other soldiers. At this moment the trumpets and shouts of the enemy were heard, and the alarm was given by them, crying out, 'Taltelulco, Taltelulco, out with your canoes: the Teules are going: attack them at the bridges.' In an instant the enemy were upon us by land, and the lake and canals were covered with their canoes. They immediately flew to the bridges, and fell on us there, so that they entirely intercepted our line of march. As misfortunes do not come single, it also rained so

heavily that some of the horses were terrified, and, growing restiff, fell into the water, while the bridge was broken in at the same time. The enemy now attacked us here with redoubled fury, and our soldiers making a stout resistance, the aperture of water was soon filled up with the dead and dying men and horses, and those who were struggling to escape, with artillery, packs and bales of baggage, and those who carried them. Many were drowned here, and many forced into the canoes and carried off for sacrifice. It was dreadful to hear the cries of the unfortunate sufferers calling for assistance, and invoking the Holy Virgin or Saint Jago, while others, who escaped by swimming or by clambering upon the chests, bales of baggage, and dead bodies, earnestly begged for help to get up to the causeway. Many, who on their reaching the ground thought themselves safe, were there seized or knocked on the head with clubs.

“ Whatever of regularity there had been in the march at first had now entirely disappeared ; for Cortez and the captains and soldiers who were mounted clapped spurs to their horses, and galloped off along the causeway ; nor can I blame them, for the cavalry could do nothing against the enemy of any effect ; since, when they attacked them, the latter threw themselves into the water on each side of the causeway, and others from the houses with arrows, or on the ground with large lances, killed the horses. It is evident we could make no battle with them in the water, and without powder, and in the night, what else could we do than we did ? which was, to join in bodies of thirty or forty soldiers, and when the Indians closed upon us, to

drive them off with a few cuts and thrusts of our swords, and then hurry on to get over the causeway as soon as we could. As to waiting for one another, that would have lost us all; and had it happened in the daytime, things would have been even worse with us than they were. The escape of such as were fortunate enough to effect it was owing to God's mercy, who gave us force to do so; for the very sight of the number of the enemy who surrounded us, and carried off our companions in their canoes to sacrifice, was terrible. About fifty of us, soldiers of Cortez, and some of those of Narvaez, went together in a body by the causeway: every now and then parties of Indians came up, calling us Luilones, a term of reproach, and attempting to seize us, while we, when we came within their reach, faced about, repelling them with a few thrusts of our swords, and then hurried on.

“Thus we proceeded until we reached the firm ground near Tacuba, where Cortez, Sandoval, De Oli, Salcedo, Dominguez, Lares, and others of the cavalry, with such of the infantry soldiers as had crossed the bridge before it was destroyed, were already arrived. When we came near them we heard the voices of Sandoval, De Oli, and De Morla calling to Cortez, who was riding at their head, that he should turn about and assist those who were coming along the causeway, and who complained that he had abandoned them. Cortez replied that those who had escaped owed it to a miracle, and if they should return to the bridges all would lose their lives. Notwithstanding, he, with ten or twelve of the cavalry, and some of the infantry who had escaped unhurt, marched back, and, proceeding

along the causeway, had gone but a very short distance, when they met P. de Alvarado with his lance in his hand, badly wounded and on foot, for his chestnut mare had been killed: he had with him three or four of our soldiers, and four of those of Narvaez, all severely wounded, and eight Tlascalans covered with blood." These seven Europeans were the sad remains of more than two hundred who had formed the rear guard. Eight hundred and seventy Spaniards and thirteen hundred Tlascalans perished on this dismal night and in the struggles of the preceding days.

Though the survivors were now out of the city, they were still in imminent danger. The victorious Mexicans had already despatched messages to the neighbouring towns, calling upon the people to take up arms and intercept their retreat. The call was willingly obeyed, and the worn-out and wounded Spaniards were soon assailed by multitudes with stones, arrows, and pikes, the heads of the latter being formed of the swords that had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans on the preceding night. As soon, therefore, as some arrows had been made for the few remaining crossbows, and a few rags had been hastily swathed round the hurts of the wounded men, Cortez resolved to commence his retreat to Tlascala, the only quarter where he could expect any succour. He was, indeed, not without distressing fears that his reverse of fortune might cause the Tlascalans to turn against him. There was, however, no other resource for him, and he accordingly set forward with his dejected troops. The wounded were placed in the centre - some were helped along between two men;

the cripples supported themselves on crutches and those who were utterly helpless were mounted on the lame horses. The few cavalry which were fit for service were distributed in front and on the flanks. In this miserable condition they silently quitted Tacuba at midnight, avoiding the high road, and being guided by a few faithful Tlascalans who were well acquainted with the country. Their march was not long unknown to the enemy; they were followed by crowds, who incessantly showered on them missiles of various kinds, reviled them in the most opprobrious terms, and exultingly exclaimed that they were "going to meet their destruction." Several of the Spaniards were wounded and some were slain in these desultory encounters, which were prolonged for three days with continually increasing violence. On the evening of the third day, after having momentarily repulsed the enemy, the Spaniards halted at some villages, and were glad to appease their hunger on the remains of a horse that had been killed.

The meaning of the mysterious threats which their pursuers had uttered was startlingly revealed to them on the following morning. They set out early, and, having marched a league without being attacked, were beginning to hope they might continue their retreat unmolested. They were soon undeceived, however, by the hasty return of their videttes, who brought the fearful tidings that the neighbouring plains of Otumba were entirely covered with a hostile army. As they moved onward, the whole multitudinous array of their adversaries became visible. It was a gorgeous but terrible sight. There, confident in their numbers, and re-



solved to exterminate the hated invaders, stood the entire military population of all the districts bordering on the Lake of Mexico, headed by their chiefs, who were magnificently armed, adorned with devices and waving plumes, and glittering with gold.

Full of anxiety, but undismayed, Cortez ordered a halt to prepare for battle. The cavalry were divided into parties of five, and were directed to charge at half speed, and to point their lances at the faces of their enemies. The foot were also divided into parties, and were told to thrust with their swords, and to pass them clear through the bodies of their opponents. The whole band then commended themselves to God, the Holy Virgin, and St. Jago, and vowed that they would at least sell their lives at as dear a rate as possible.

By this time the enemy had begun to surround them, and Cortez gave the signal for his troops to rush forward. The combatants speedily came in contact, and the shock was dreadful. "Oh what it was to see this tremendous battle!" exclaims Bernal Diaz. "How we closed foot to foot, and with what fury the dogs fought us! Such wounding as there was among us with their lances and clubs, and two-handed swords, while our cavalry, favoured by the plain ground, rode through them at will, galloping at half speed, and bearing down their opponents with couched lances, still fighting manfully, though they and their horses were all wounded; and we of the infantry, negligent of our former hurts, and of those which we now received, closed with the enemy, redoubling our efforts to bear them down with our swords. Cortez, De Oli,

Alvarado mounted on a horse of one of the soldiers of Narvaez, and Sandoval, though all wounded, continued to ride through them. Then to hear the valiant Sandoval, how he encouraged us, crying out, 'Now, gentlemen, is the day of victory; put your trust in God; we shall survive, for he preserves us for some good purpose.' All the soldiers were determined to conquer; and thus animated as we were by our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Lady the Virgin Mary, and also by St. Jago, who undoubtedly assisted us, as certified by a chief of Guatimotzin who was present in the battle, we continued, notwithstanding many had received wounds, and some of our companions were killed, to maintain our ground."

Cortez now called to the troops to strike especially at the chiefs. He himself, accompanied by Alvarado, Sandoval, and others of his principal followers, bore furiously down upon that part of the adverse army where its commanding general was stationed. The Mexican leader was rendered conspicuous by his splendid standard, his armour covered with gold, and his large plume, which glittered with the same precious material. Though there was not one of the Spanish officers who was not already wounded, they charged upon their enemies with a vigour that was irresistible. The Mexican chief and the standard were beaten to the ground by the horse of Cortez; the chief fled, but he was pursued and slain by Juan de Salamanca, who tore from his head the rich plume and presented it to Cortez, saying that, as he had given the first blow and overthrown the standard, this trophy was justly due to him.

The fall of their leader, and of many of the minor chiefs, spread discouragement among the Mexicans. Their efforts became faint, and at length they lost heart entirely, and began to retreat. "As soon as this was perceived by us," says Bernal Diaz, "we forgot our hunger, thirst, fatigue, and wounds, and thought of nothing but victory and pursuit. Our cavalry followed them up close, and our allies, now become lions, mowed down all before them with the arms which the enemy threw away in their flight. As soon as our cavalry returned from the pursuit, we all gave thanks to God; for never had there appeared so great a force together in that country, being the whole of the warriors of Mexico, Tezcuco, and Saltocan, all determined not to leave a trace of us upon the earth."

Rejoicing at their deliverance, the Spaniards continued their march towards Tlascala. Their hunger they satisfied by eating a kind of gourd called ayotes, which they found on their way; for, notwithstanding their victory, they could not venture to deviate from their route in search of provisions. The enemy still showed themselves at a distance, tracking their footsteps, and when they halted for the night disturbing their rest by occasional manifestations of hostility. The European soldiers of Cortez being now reduced to four hundred and forty men, he thought it necessary to caution them against giving offence to the people of Tlascala, as any misconduct might deprive them of an ally who was, perhaps, already wavering. This caution was more particularly intended for the soldiers of Narvaez, whose notions of discipline were anything but rigid.

On the Spaniards reaching the Tlascalan frontier, the Mexicans desisted from following and embarrassing their movements. Cortez had now the satisfaction to find that his allies had not been alienated by his disastrous retreat from Mexico. Their deadly hatred of the Mexicans, seconded, no doubt, by the success at Otumba, had kept them steady in their alliance. There were, indeed, some few, at the head of whom was the younger Xicotenga, a son of one of the leading chiefs, who had discernment enough to be aware that the new friends of the Tlascalans were far more unprincipled and more dangerous than their ancient enemies, and who would fain have seized this opportunity to rid themselves of such pernicious confederates. But a vast majority of the Tlascalan chiefs were blind to the future, and they received Cortez with enthusiasm, and lavished their hospitable attentions on his sick, weary, and wounded soldiers.

Some months elapsed before Cortez found himself in a condition to venture upon an attempt to recover the Mexican capital. For a while, indeed, after his retreat from Mexico, his force continued to diminish. Most of the officers and soldiers of Narvaez, who had come to the country with sanguine expectations of amassing wealth without encountering danger and difficulty, were thoroughly disgusted with the perils and sufferings which had beset them, and they clamoured incessantly to be allowed to return to Cuba. Cortez at length consented to their departure ; not, however, till he had managed to derive some benefit from their reluctant services. When some of his trusty followers

remonstrated with him on his permitting such numbers to quit them while their army was so weak, he replied, with equal spirit and wisdom, that "he did it partly to get rid of their importunities, and partly because they were not fit for war; and that it was better to be alone than badly accompanied." He even provided for their comfort during the voyage, and dismissed them with considerable largesses. The sagacious chief calculated that his generosity, and the sight of the Mexican gold, would be more powerful to attract volunteers to his standard, than would prove the gloomy pictures drawn by the deserters to dissuade them from it. The result was such as he anticipated. Arrivals of ships, with re-enforcements of men and stores, were already taking place, and those arrivals were soon increased in number and magnitude. Yet, even before his army was sufficiently strengthened to act against the capital, Cortez was not idle. Though he could not aim at the heart of his enemy, he could lop off the members, and rally round him those who were willing to assist in giving the final blow. Several of the outlying provinces were reduced to obedience by the Spanish leader, and some were drawn into league with him; and his accomplishment of this was facilitated by the disorderly conduct of the Mexican troops, who robbed and insulted the people whom they were sent to defend. To strike terror into the refractory, a measure was adopted of the most iniquitous kind, which was productive of direful consequences to the unfortunate natives. A decree was issued that all the Mexicans and allies of the Mexicans who, after having "given obedience" to his majesty, had

killed Spanish subjects, should be reduced to a state of slavery. The letter G (for guerra. war) was to be branded with a hot iron on these wretched victims, who had had the "contumacy" to resist a handful of European robbers. The restriction to those who had given obedience was manifestly inserted only for the purpose of deception, and was soon disregarded.

By December Cortez had received such considerable re-enforcements, both of Spaniards and natives, and had accumulated such a stock of the materials of warfare, that he began to prepare for commencing his operations against Mexico. There was, however, little chance of his succeeding, unless he could secure the command of the lake by which that city was surrounded. To effect this desirable object, he ordered the frames of thirteen brigantines to be constructed in the country of Tlascala, which were to be carried piecemeal overland, and re-put together and launched on the Lake of Mexico. By this means he might reasonably hope to hold the city closely invested, and ultimately reduce it by famine if force should fail. The work was carried on with such goodwill, that in the course of a few days the whole of the timbers were cut down, shaped, and numbered, in order that they might easily be fitted together when they reached their destination.

Coadlavaca, the successor of Montezuma, having died of smallpox shortly after the expulsion of the Spaniards, the crown of Mexico was now worn by Guatimotzin. "He was a young man of about the age of twenty-five," says Bernal Diaz, "of elegant appearance, very brave, and so terrible to

his own subjects that they all trembled at the sight of him." The new sovereign was aware that the strife would be a deadly one, and he was not slack in making ready to meet it. The capital was put into a state of defence, the lake was crowded with canoes, every nerve was strained to bring the people into the field, and troops were despatched to various quarters to encourage the loyal, repress the disaffected, and impede the progress of the foe. But the efforts of the monarch were partly neutralized by the inveterate enmity of the Tlascalans and other neighbouring tribes, the discontent which prevailed in many of the provinces, and the dreadful ravages of the smallpox, which contributed much to prevent his armies from assembling.

It was on the 28th of December, 1520, that the Spaniards under Cortez, accompanied by ten thousand Tlascalan allies, commenced their march towards Tezcuco. At that city, which was seated on the side of the lake opposite to Mexico, the Spanish general determined to fix, for the present, his headquarters. Though the bad roads through the mountain-passes had been rendered worse by cuts, dikes, and felled trees, so little active resistance was made by the Mexicans that the invaders reached Tezcuco without any loss. There Cortez was welcomed by a party adverse to the reigning prince, and he strengthened himself by raising to the sovereignty a youth on whose subservience he could rely.

The first operation undertaken by the Spaniards did not terminate in an encouraging manner. It was directed against Iztapalapa, a town on the southern shore of the lake, on the way to the Mex-

ican capital. "Coadlavaca, late upon the throne of Mexico," says Bernal Diaz, "was lord of Iztapalapa, the people whereof were bitter enemies to us, and to our declared allies of Chalco, Talmalanco, Mecameca, and Chimaloacan. As we had been twelve days in Tezcuco, so large a force caused some scarcity of provisions; idleness had also made our allies grow impatient, and for these reasons it became necessary to take the field. Cortez therefore proceeded towards Iztapalapa at the head of thirteen cavalry, two hundred and twenty infantry, and the whole body of our Indian confederates. The inhabitants had received a re-enforcement of eight thousand Mexicans, and as we approached they fell back into the town. But this was all a concerted plan: they then fled into their canoes, among the reeds by the side of the lake, and also to those houses which were in the water, where they remained quiet, leaving us in possession of that part of the town which was on the firm land. As it was now night, we posted our guard, and were reposing contentedly in our quarters, when all on a sudden there came on us such a body of water by the streets and into the houses, that if our friends from Tezcuco had not called to us at that moment, we should inevitably have been all drowned; for the enemy had cut the banks of the canals, and also a causeway, whereby the place was laid under water as it were instantaneously. As it happened, only two of our allies lost their lives; but all our powder was destroyed, and we were glad to escape with a good wetting. We passed the night badly enough, being supperless and very cold; but what provoked us most was the laughter and mockings



of the Indians upon the lake. Worse than this, however, happened to us, for large bodies from the garrison of Mexico, who knew of the plan, crossed the water and fell upon us at daybreak with such violence that it was with difficulty we could sustain their attacks. They killed two soldiers and one of our horses, and wounded a great many. Our allies also suffered a considerable loss on this occasion. The enemy being at length beaten off, we returned to Tezcuco in very bad humour, having acquired little fame or advantage by our expedition."

This check was, however, counterbalanced by the voluntary submission of several neighbouring districts, while the Mexicans were worsted in various skirmishes. The materials for the brigantines being now ready in the country of the Tlascalans, Sandoval, with a considerable detachment of Spaniards and natives, was despatched to that quarter, to disperse such of the enemy's forces as might be in wait to interrupt the passage of the convoy. On his way to the Tlascalan capital he fell in with the Indians who were transporting the timber to Tezcuco. Eight thousand men were employed in this service, as many more guarded them, and two thousand were destined to relieve the weary, and carry provisions for them all. The line of march sometimes extended for six miles, over a mountainous tract, and the whole distance extended to sixty. The party, nevertheless, arrived safely at Tezcuco, and the putting together of the vessels was immediately commenced. While their building was going on, it was necessary to keep a strict watch; for, clearly aware of the danger to be

apprehended from them, the Mexicans made three attempts to set them on fire.

As some time must yet elapse before the brigantines could be completed, and as his Tlascalan allies were eager for plunder, Cortez resolved upon an expedition against some of the towns in the vicinity of the lake. Saltocan was taken, though not without encountering much resistance. Culvatitlan and Tenayuco were abandoned by the natives; and the invaders marched to Tacuba, which stood at the extremity of one of the causeways leading to the city of Mexico. But here they met with a repulse: "In this town our troops halted for the night," says Bernal Diaz, "and on the next day they were assailed by bodies of the enemy, who had settled a plan to retreat by this causeway, in order to draw us into an ambuscade. This in part succeeded: Cortez and our troops pursued them across a bridge, and were immediately surrounded by vast numbers both on the land and water. The ensign was thrown over the bridge, and the Mexicans were dragging him to their canoes, yet he escaped from them with his colours in his hand. In this attack they killed five of our soldiers, and wounded many. Cortez perceived his imprudence, and ordered a retreat, which was effected with regularity, our people fronting the enemy, and only giving ground inch by inch." After having halted for five days at Tacuba, Cortez fell back to Tezcuco, and allowed his allies to return home for the purpose of securing their plunder.

At this moment Cortez had quite enough upon his hands. His troops were grown sickly, many of them were for a time disabled by wounds, and

re-enforcements arrived but slowly. The Mexicans, on the other hand, were actively exerting themselves, and he was daily importuned by the tribes in alliance with him, who "came with painted representations of the outrages committed on them by the Mexicans, and imploring succour." All he could immediately do for them was to promise future aid, advising them in the mean time to rely more on their own exertions, and to unite with their neighbours against the common enemy. As soon, however, as his army was somewhat refreshed and augmented, he began to act with greater vigour. The Mexicans had directed their exertions against the province of Chalco, with the view of interrupting his communication with Tlascala and the sea-coast. To frustrate this scheme, Sandoval was despatched from Tezcuco on the 12th of March with a considerable force. He found the enemy posted at a large town called Guaztepeque. Sandoval did indeed obtain transient possession of the place, and this was all; nor did he accomplish even this without a hard struggle and serious loss. The Mexicans fought bravely, returned often to the charge in the course of the day, retreated only a short distance, and were not pursued. Some slaves, and a tolerable portion of plunder, were all the trophies that Sandoval carried back to Tezcuco. He was no sooner gone than the province of Chalco was more in jeopardy than ever.

A seasonable supply of arms and ammunition having arrived from Spain, Cortez resolved to march in person to clear the district of Chalco, and reconnoitre the country in its neighbourhood. He took with him three hundred infantry, thirty cavalry, and

a large body of auxiliary Indians. On reaching Chimalacoan he was joined by above twenty thousand native warriors, of whom Bernal Diaz bluntly and no doubt truly says, "they certainly were attracted by the hope of spoil, and a voracious appetite for human flesh ; just as the scald crows and other birds of prey follow armies in Italy, in order to feed on the dead bodies after a battle."

It was the intention of Cortez to proceed from Chalco along the southern end of the lesser lake to Suchemileco, at the southwestern extremity of it, and thence, as far as he might find expedient, towards the principal lake. In pursuance of this design, he moved from Chalco to Guaztepeque, which he found deserted. The Mexicans had taken up an excellent position in the vicinity among the rocks, and in two fortresses on the summits, the route of the Spaniards lying between two ridges of these rocks. On approaching one of the rude forts, which was crowded with troops, they were greeted with showers of stones and arrows, and with shouts and insulting appellations. Stung by their gibes, Cortez, with less of prudence than beseemed a leader, gave orders for storming the post ; but he had soon reason to repent his being so hasty. While the Spaniards were vainly striving to scale the rugged precipices, their adversaries were rolling down upon them ponderous masses of rock with irresistible effect. Against these missiles no protection was afforded by helmet or shield ; wherever they struck, they inflicted death or desperate wounds. Such was their force, that even on the plain three of the cavalry were killed by them, and seven severely hurt. The troops were there-

fore withdrawn from this unadvised and hopeless attack.

Leaving behind them this formidable post, the Spaniards continued their march. But the Mexicans, who had been lying in ambush, now sallied forth upon them, and harassed them much before they were repelled. Cortez had not gone more than a league and a half when he found his passage barred by another fort, similar to that from which he had just been repulsed. The men and horses were by this time nearly sinking for want of water, having had none during the day, and Cortez therefore retraced his footsteps in the hope of finding some. The labour was, however, lost; for the wells had been drained by the enemy, and nothing but mud was left. The Spaniards were now obliged to return towards the second fort, near which, in a grove of mulberry trees, they at last found a spring, from which they procured a scanty but welcome supply. On the following morning Cortez gave orders for an assault of the mountain fastness. But in this instance he had taken the precaution of placing a body of crossbowmen and musketeers upon a rock which partly commanded it, so as to distract the attention of the garrison. The troops who were laboriously climbing up the rocks were, however, suffering much from the descending masses of stone, when, to their great joy, they heard the besieged offer to parley. It was no fear of their enemy, however, but the utter privation of water, which induced the Mexicans to make this offer. Cortez was glad to let them depart unharmed, on condition that they should prevail on the defenders of the other fort to

follow their example. Bernal Diaz describes this post as an extensive plain on the summit of a nearly perpendicular rock, the entrance to which was by an aperture not much larger than twice the size of an oven's mouth. It was completely filled with men, women, and children, with all their property packed up in bales, and a considerable tribute which was about to be sent to Guatimotzin.

Though he had removed these obstacles, Cortez was under the necessity of falling back to Guaztepeque, there being no water procurable at any nearer place. On the morrow they pursued their march towards Cuernabaca, and on their way defeated a body of Mexicans, and pillaged and partly burned the town of Teputzlan. They arrived next day in sight of Cuernabaca, but access to it was not of easy attainment. It was situated behind a ravine of great depth, at the bottom of which flowed a stream of water. The two bridges across the ravine had been destroyed by the inhabitants. "We all searched for passes," says Diaz, "and at length discovered a very dangerous one, over some trees which hung across from the two opposite sides of the ravine. About thirty of us, and many Tlascalans, made our way over by the help of those trees with great difficulty: three fell into the water, and one broke his leg. It was, indeed, a truly frightful attempt; I for a time entirely lost my sight from the depth and danger." An attack unexpectedly made on the enemy's flank by these desperate adventurers, seconded by a party of cavalry which had contrived to pass over a half-destroyed bridge, gave the Spaniards possession of the town.

All that the Spaniards had as yet undergone was,

nowever, but child's play in comparison with that which awaited them. The march to Suchimileco was an exceedingly painful one. The weather was intolerably sultry, not a drop of water was to be procured, and many of the soldiers fainted and some expired on the road from the want of it. Numbers were seized with inflammation of the mouth and throat, in consequence of their having chewed a noxious species of thistle to alleviate their thirst. A scanty supply of the precious fluid was at last obtained. News was now brought that the country was everywheré rising around them, and the army was therefore halted for the night: it spent the hours of darkness amid a storm of wind and rain, and in momentary expectation of being called into action.

Early the next morning Cortez reached Suchimileco. This large city stood partly on the land, and partly, like other Mexican towns, in the water. "I can give no idea," says Bernal Diaz, "of the number of the enemy's troops that were gathered here, they were in such vast bodies. They had broken down the bridge which was in front, and fortified themselves with parapets and palisades; their leaders were armed with swords which they had taken from us in the fatal night of Mexico, and which they had polished and made very bright." The combat was speedily commenced. After a fierce struggle of half an hour the bridge was carried by the Spaniards. Before, however, they could enter the place, they had another battle to fight with a Mexican re-enforcement of ten thousand men which had just arrived. Through this dense mass they made their way, though they did not disperse it, and

it continued to hang upon their flanks and rear. In the town the conflict again raged with increased fury. Every street was crowded with Indians, and was obstinately disputed by them. Here the career of Cortez was nigh being brought to a sudden close. His tired horse sank under him in the midst of the Mexicans, and he was instantly wounded and dragged down by them. They were hurrying him off, when Christoval de Olea came up to his rescue with a body of Tlascalans. De Olea, at the expense of three severe wounds, succeeded in extricating and remounting his general. Yet even now Cortez and his preserver would have been lost, so vigorously were they pressed upon by their antagonists, had not a Spanish division from another quarter been attracted thither by the clamour, and arrived just in time to save them. This sharp encounter was closed by the enemy retiring to that portion of the city which stood upon the lake.

But the victors, if so they may be called, soon found that the contest was only suspended. Previous to his entering the town, Cortez had left two divisions of his cavalry to secure his flanks from the Mexicans, through whom he had forced a passage. While his men were in "an enclosed court, dressing their wounds with burned oil, and tearing rags to bind them," the cavalry came back, every one of them wounded, and declared that they could do nothing against the multitudes that were opposed to them. At the moment when they were giving this disheartening account, there was showered into the court such a volley of Mexican arrows, that very few of those who were in the enclosure escaped unhurt. The Spaniards sallied forth, bleeding as they



were, and repelled the assailants, some loss being sustained on both sides. The enemy now desisted for a while from their attacks, and Cortez availed himself of this breathing-time to post his men more under cover, and to ascend to the summit of the temple for the purpose of reconnoitring. From that elevated spot he had a view of Mexico and the whole expanse of the lake ; but he saw nothing that could gratify him. Above two thousand canoes, crowded with soldiers, were swarming out of the Mexican capital. From some prisoners he also learned that ten thousand men were marching on the land side for a nocturnal attack, and that ten thousand more were in readiness to support them. The night attack, however, dwindled down into two or three trifling alarms being given to the Spanish outposts. The Mexican troops were unaccustomed to act in the dark, and the consequence was that the various divisions got into confusion, and the plan they had formed was frustrated.

While the number of his enemies was thus increasing, Cortez discovered that his own resources were failing in a most essential article. His stock of powder was exhausted, and the services of his musketeers were of course no longer available. To remedy this as much as possible, he directed a store of arrows to be prepared, and the whole of the night was spent in heading and feathering them. With the dawn the enemy returned to the combat. They were, indeed, repulsed ; but this afforded little consolation to Cortez, for he learned from some of the prisoners that it was the plan of the Mexicans to wear out his troops by constantly renewed attacks ; and such a plan, perseveringly followed up,

could only terminate in his destruction. He therefore began to think of retreating. An incident now occurred which tended to hasten such a movement. Some of his men penetrated into the lake portion of the city for the purpose of plundering. While they were thus occupied they were set upon by a body of Mexicans, who landed from canoes, wounded many of them, and seized four, whom they carried off to the capital. "From these men," says Bernal Diaz, "Guatimotzin, the king of Mexico, was informed of the smallness of our numbers, and our great loss in killed and wounded. After having questioned them as much as he thought proper, he commanded their hands and feet to be cut off, and in this lamentable condition sent them through many districts of the neighbourhood, as a sample of what he expected to do by us all; and after having thus exhibited them through the country, they were put to death."

After a halt of four days at Suchimileco, during which he was never allowed to rest by his active adversaries, Cortez began his march towards Tezcucó. Convinced of the manifold difficulties they would have to encounter, he harangued his troops in the market-place, and strongly urged on them the necessity of freeing themselves from the dangerous encumbrance of baggage. It was, he told them, a matter of imperious necessity that they should leave it all behind. But they had perilled their bodies and souls to obtain the booty, and they stubbornly replied that they were able to defend what they had won, and that nothing should induce them to forego it. The baggage was therefore placed in the centre, the cavalry formed the van and rear

guards, and the crossbowmen were stationed on the flanks.

From the route which Cortez adopted, it is manifest that the enemy had by this time so strongly occupied the country behind him as to make it impossible for him to move in that direction; for, instead of retiring by the direct road of Chalco, he determined to make the toilsome circuit of the largest portion of the Lake of Mexico.\* Though they were incessantly harassed by the enemy, the Spaniards reached Cuyoacan without having sustained any material loss. It would seem that the Mexicans had expected them to withdraw by the Chalco road, and in that expectation had weakened their forces in this quarter. At Cuyoacan, which they found deserted, they halted for two days, to prepare arrows and rest their wounded. They then resumed their march, and had not proceeded far before a misadventure befell them. Cortez, with a small party of horse and four attendants, having dropped behind to lay an ambuscade for the Mexicans, was unlucky enough to be caught in one himself. Falling in with a detachment of the natives, they fled, and he followed them so rashly that, ere he was aware, a large body of warriors started out upon

\* It has been supposed that Cortez returned the same way that he advanced. This, however, is a mistake. Even were there no direct evidence on the point, it is obvious that, under his circumstances, he would not have lengthened his march one half, and directed it through the heart of an enemy's territory, had the much shorter road through the friendly province of Chalco been practicable. But, though he does not state the cause of his circuitous march, Bernal Diaz is explicit as to the fact of such march having been made. From Suchimileco, through Cuyoacan, Tacuba, Ezcapanzalco, Tenayuco, Quatitlan, and Aculman to Tezcucoc, is the route by which he states Cortez to have retreated.

him. The horses were all wounded at the first onset, two of the attendants of Cortez were carried off to be sacrificed, and the rest of the party narrowly escaped a similar fate. Missing their commander, several of his officers set out from Tacuba in search of him, and in a short time he came up to them, "very sad, and weeping."

The retrograde march of the Spaniards was rendered more painful by the coming on of a deluge of rain. On their way to Tacuba, and for some time after their arrival there, they had to endure all its violence. As soon as the troops were distributed in their quarters, Cortez and some of his officers ascended to the top of the temple, to take a survey of the surrounding country. Here a curious proof occurred of the facility with which men, especially when they are stimulated by fanaticism and a love of gain, can cheat their own consciences. "All of us," says Bernal Diaz, "agreed in giving glory to God for making us the instruments of such services." The reverend father also consoled Cortez, who was very sad on account of his late loss! "When we contemplated the scenes of our disasters in Mexico, which we could well trace from where we stood, it made Cortez much more sad than before. It was on this that the romance was written which begins,

' In Tacuba was Cortez, with many a gallant chief;  
He thought upon his losses, and bow'd his head with grief.'

By some of the more adventurous of the band, it was now proposed to push forward a reconnoitring party along the causeway which led to Mexico. This movement, which could at best have been productive but of a fruitless waste of life, and

which might have led to fatal consequences, was negatived by the most prudent of the leaders. The retreat was therefore resumed through the abandoned cities of Ezcapuzalco and Tenayuco to Quatitlan, where the army halted for the night, the soldiers being so exhausted by the continual rain and the weight of their arms that they could proceed no farther. Such was their lassitude and the severity of the weather, that, though the enemy hovered round and annoyed them, the common military precaution of visiting the outposts was entirely neglected. Luckily for the Spaniards, no serious attack was made upon them; and, after struggling for two days more through roads deep in mud, they reached Aculman, in the district of Tezcucu. There their hearts were cheered by the sight of a re-enforcement which had newly arrived from Castile. They closed their retreat on the following day at Tezcucu, "fatigued, worn out, and diminished in numbers."

Cortez had been only two days at Tezcucu when he received the startling intelligence that his life was in more peril from some of his followers than it had lately been from the Mexicans. He learned that a formidable conspiracy was on foot against him. The contriver of it was Antonia de Villefana, one of the soldiers of Narvaez, and he had drawn into it numbers of his comrades, and even many of the original companions of Cortez. They were weary of their toils, and hopeless of success in the coming contest; and, as all cowards are cruel, they basely determined to end their perils and privations by the murder of their commander, and of all those officers who remained faithful to

him. "The assassination," says Bernal Diaz, who was himself to have been among the victims, "was to have been accomplished in the following manner. A vessel having lately arrived from Castile, a letter was to be brought to the general as from his father, and as if it had come by that opportunity, which letter was to be delivered as he sat at table with his officers and soldiers; and when he had opened and was in the act of reading it, the conspirators were to fall on and despatch him with their poniards, together with all of us who were in his company."

This nefarious plot was timely disclosed to Cortez by one of his trusty soldiers, whom the conspirators had attempted to seduce. In this emergency Cortez acted with admirable promptitude, presence of mind, and good policy. Villafana was instantly seized, while he was in council with some of his companions in guilt, was brought to trial, and hanged out of the window of his own apartment. From his confession, and still more fully from a paper found on him, Cortez learned the names of all who had signed the treasonable association, and among them he saw, with equal grief and surprise, those of many persons in whom he had been accustomed to place an implicit confidence. His situation at this moment was one of extreme difficulty. It might be dangerous, and, at all events, must cripple his future operations, if he should attempt to bring the numerous delinquents to justice; and there was scarcely less danger in their knowing that he was aware of their guilt, as they would then live in constant dread of his vengeance, and might be tempted to form new plots to

destroy the object of their fears. Cortez, therefore, wisely spread a report that Villafana had swallowed the paper which contained the names of his confederates; and, that this report might obtain credit, he continued to treat the frustrated traitors with apparently undiminished confidence and kindness. He took care, however, to keep a watchful eye upon them, and also availed himself of this opportunity to form a guard for his person, consisting of soldiers on whose fidelity he could rely.

Equal praise, however, cannot be given to Cortez for his conduct in another case which soon afterward occurred. It has been seen\* that the younger Xicotenga, who was now become the Tlascalan commander-in-chief, was gifted with more foresight than his compatriots, and that he consequently deprecated the alliance with the Spaniards, into which they had been led by their blind hatred of their Mexican neighbours. Quitting the Tlascalan troops while they were on their march to join Cortez, he now returned to Tlascala. It was charged against him that he did so for the purpose of seizing the property and territory of Chichimacatecle, another chief who was friendly to Cortez. But his real offence seems to have been his repugnance to seeing his countrymen made the tools of a foreign invader. Cortez immediately despatched several chiefs to summon him back. "His answer was," says Bernal Diaz, "that if Maxicatzin and his old father had believed him, they would not be now ridden by Cortez in the manner they were, and he absolutely refused to return.

\* Page 290.

This answer being sent back to Cortez, he commanded an alguazil, attended by four of the cavalry and five of the chiefs of Tezcuco, to set out immediately, giving them orders, wherever they found Xicotenga, to seize and hang him without ceremony. Alvarado interceded strongly for him, but ultimately to no purpose ; for, although Cortez appeared to listen to him, the party which arrested Xicotenga in a town subject to Tezcuco, there hung him, under private orders of Cortez not to let him go from them alive, and, as some say, with the approbation of his father." This was a foul murder, and the friends of Xicotenga would have been fully justified in consigning Cortez to the gibbet had he chanced to fall into their hands.

The brigantines were at length completed, and the canal along which they were to be floated into the lake was enlarged to a sufficient width and depth. Crews were selected for them from among such of his followers as had been accustomed to the sea, and a proportion also of crossbowmen and musketeers was embarked in each vessel. It was not without much murmuring, however, that his men submitted to what they considered as a degradation, the handling of an oar. But Cortez would admit of no excuse even though some of them pleaded their gentility as an unanswerable objection. He next sent orders to the surrounding districts to supply him with eight thousand copper arrow-heads, and as many shafts of a particular kind of wood. The men were likewise directed to point their lances, provide themselves with extra cords to their bows, ascertain the range of their missiles, and exercise their horses daily. Powder



he had recently received from Spain. Strict regulations were at the same time promulgated for the maintenance of discipline. Lastly, messengers were despatched to summon all his allies to meet him on a certain day. Seventy thousand Indians are said to have been brought into the field by this summons. On the day after the festival of the Holy Ghost he reviewed his European troops; they consisted of eighty-four cavalry, six hundred and fifty infantry armed with sword and buckler or lances, and a hundred and ninety-four musketeers and bowmen, with three iron cannon and fifteen small brass fieldpieces.

In the latter end of May Cortez put his forces in motion towards the Mexican capital. That city being approachable on the land side only by its causeways, the Spanish general divided his army into three parts, which were to push forward their attacks simultaneously along three of these causeways, and to be supported by the flotilla of brigantines, which was also divided into three squadrons. Each of the divisions consisted of about a hundred and fifty infantry, thirty cavalry, eighteen musketeers and crossbowmen, and eight thousand native auxiliaries. Alvarado, with the first, was to advance from Tacuba; De Oli, with the second, from Cuyoacan; and Sandoval, with the third, from Iztapalapa. The flotilla was commanded by Cortez in person.

The divisions of Alvarado and De Oli, which were stationed nearest to each other, were the first to commence operations. Uniting together, they succeeded in destroying the pipes by which fresh water was conveyed into the city from the aque-

duct of Chepultapeque. Elated with this success, they resolved to gain an immediate footing on the causeway of Tacuba. But they had overrated their strength. The enemy had on their side a superior force and equal courage. Diaz declares that the immense number of their boats, and of their troops upon the land, was a subject of astonishment. The first flight of Mexican arrows killed three and wounded thirty men. The Spaniards, nevertheless, pressed on, while the natives artfully fell back till they had drawn them to some distance on the causeway, which was only twenty feet wide. There the assailants were opposed in front by enemies behind parapets, and armed with long lances; and on their flanks by swarms of warriors in canoes. The canoes themselves were so well barricaded that no impression could be made upon them by the crossbow or the musket. After a hopeless struggle of an hour's duration, the Spanish troops were compelled to retire, with heavy loss, closely pursued by the Mexicans. For the four or five succeeding days they were harassed in their quarters by desultory attacks, and, had their weakness been known to the Mexicans, their ruin might perhaps have ensued; for De Oli, who was at variance with Alvarado, had refused to remain with him, and the flotilla was not yet at hand to support them.

Sandoval, at the outset, was scarcely more fortunate. His march to Iztapalapa was for the most part through a friendly territory, but when he reached that city he found antagonists prepared to receive him. Iztapalapa was one of the places which were built partly on the shore of the lake

and partly in the water. Sandoval immediately attacked the natives, and burned several of the houses on the mainland. Fresh bodies of Mexicans, however, came up both by land and water, and he was engaged in a doubtful struggle to maintain his ground, when he perceived a smoke rise from a hill behind the town, which was answered from other points around the lake. The enemy immediately began to retreat, being wanted in another quarter: the smoke was for a signal that the Spanish brigantines had entered the lake. Sandoval was consequently left in possession of that part of the town which he had gained. In the course of a few days he made an attempt to advance upon the causeway, and master that part of the town which was situated in the water. But the Mexicans sent a large body of troops to cut the causeway behind him, and he would have been in great jeopardy had not the Spanish general ordered De Oli to succour him, and sailed himself with the brigantines for the same purpose. Finding that an attack upon the capital from this side would be exposed to many difficulties, Cortez now removed Sandoval from Iztapalapa, and stationed him at Tepeaco, where the northern causeway joins the mainland.

The bringing of the flotilla into action was soon productive of considerable advantage to the besiegers. It linked together the operations of the Spanish divisions, covered their flanks, and rendered difficult and more scanty, though it could not wholly prevent, the supply of men and provisions to the Mexican capital. The Mexicans were not blind to this danger, and they left no means untried

to avert it : nor was there any lack of ingenuity in some of their devices. At first they hoped to overcome the enemy by close fighting. Accordingly, as soon as the brigantines made their appearance upon the lake, the Mexicans hastened to meet them. The number of their canoes, filled with warriors, is said to have exceeded four thousand. Perceiving that a breeze was about to spring up, Cortez drew his vessels into an open part of the lake ; and, as soon as the wind had become sufficiently strong, he ordered every sail to be spread, and the oars to be vigorously plied. The weight and velocity of the brigantines were irresistible. The frail canoes were unable to withstand the shock, and their numbers only added to their confusion and loss. They were broken through and scattered in all directions ; very many were sunk and all the crews drowned, while the remainder were glad to find shelter in the shallow water and creeks, whither the Spaniards were unable to follow them. Yet, undismayed by this disaster, they soon after ventured to fall upon Cortez at Cuyoacan. They were again routed ; but during the action the powder magazine in the vessel of Cortez was blown up, and many of his men were wounded. Force failing them, they had now recourse to stratagem. Two of the brigantines being ordered to cruise during the night, for the purpose of cutting off supplies from the city, the enemy formed a plan for making themselves masters of them. Among the tall reeds of the lake they concealed thirty of their largest piraguas, and drove large beams of timber under water in various places. Two or three canoes, apparently la

den with provisions, were then sent out as a bait. The brigantines fell into the snare: they eagerly pursued the canoes, and were led by them among the labyrinth of hidden piles. Enclosed in this trap, it was impossible to manœuvre or escape. Out rushed the thirty piraguas, and the first volley from them wounded every soul on board of the devoted vessels. The Spaniards fought desperately, but were compelled to surrender. Encouraged by this success, the Mexicans soon after planned an ambuscade on a larger scale. It might, perhaps, have answered its purpose, had not the scheme been betrayed by a prisoner, when Cortez, in turn, arranged a counter-ambuscade. A detected stratagem generally recoils on its contriver, and it did so in this instance. The Mexicans were defeated with great loss in killed and prisoners, many of their canoes were run down, and many were taken. This action not only put a stop to their attempts to recover the supremacy by water, but also rendered them less daring in the conveyance of supplies to the city, and induced many of the towns on the lake to make their submission to Cortez.

We must now revert to the operations of the land forces. The task which these troops had to perform was more wearisome, protracted, and perilous than that which fell to the lot of their comrades in the brigantines. Day after day, week after week, the same monotonous and apparently fruitless toil was to be undergone. Their labour seemed like that wasted on the fabled web of Penelope. Bernal Diaz presents a striking picture of it. "We drove them from several bridges and barri-

rades," says he; "but, after fighting during the whole day, we were obliged at night to retreat to our quarters, almost every man of us wounded by the showers of arrows and stones, which exceeded imagination; for we were attacked constantly by fresh troops, bearing different devices, by land, while from the terraces of the houses the enemy commanded our ships. As we could not leave a party to secure what we got in the day, at night the enemy repossessed themselves of the bridges, and put better defences on them. They deepened the water in some places, and in the shallow part they dug pits, and placed canoes in ambuscade, which they secured from the attack of our vessels by palisades under the water. This was the manner in which they opposed us every day. The cavalry, as I before observed, could do nothing; the enemy had built parapets across the causeways, which they defended with long lances; and even had an attack been practicable, the soldiers would not risk their horses, which at this time cost eight hundred crowns, and some more than a thousand, nor, indeed, were they to be had at any price." He concludes this description with an amusing trait of superstition and credulity. "When we arrived at night, we were employed in curing our wounds; and a soldier named Juan Catalan also healed them by charms and prayers, which, with the mercy of our Lord Jesus, recovered us very fast. But wounded or not, we were obliged to go against the enemy every day, as otherwise our companies would not have been twenty men strong. When our allies saw that the before-mentioned soldier cured us by charms and prayers, all their

wounded came to him, so that he had more business on his hands than he knew what to do with."

Tired of gaining ground in the day and losing it at night, the besiegers adopted a new plan. There was on the Tacuba causeway a small open space, containing some buildings for religious worship. There the division of Alvarado at last succeeded in establishing itself, leaving the cavalry and allies to keep open the communication with Tacuba, whence they were supplied with bread. In future it was intended to fill up the causeways, and to destroy the insulated houses in the water as fast as they were gained; the materials from the latter serving to throw into the canals, and to widen the ground upon which the troops were acting. In the work of demolition and filling up the allies were employed, and their services were in this way more effectual than any they could render with their weapons.

The Mexicans, on their part, were so far from being idle, that their attacks compelled the besiegers to keep a large portion of their men under arms the whole night, and the rest ready for action at a moment's notice. At times, the entire Spanish division on the Tacuba causeway was obliged to remain under arms throughout the hours of darkness. It was against this point that the Mexicans bent their principal efforts. Their intention was to assail it on all sides, and make themselves masters of Tacuba, which contained the baggage and bakery of the hostile army. For several nights in succession they made onsets upon Alvarado's troops, from midnight to daybreak. All this, however, was only meant to weaken and weary their

antagonists preparatory to a more desperate struggle. To give effect to that struggle, art was brought in aid of strength. "The Mexicans," says the honest chronicler, "opposed our progress by breaking a bridge in the rear of their parapets and barricades, where the water was very deep, leaving one obvious pass as a decoy, and in other parts pitfalls under the water; they also made parapets on both sides of the breach, they placed palisades in the deep water where our vessels could approach, and they had canoes manned ready to sally out upon the signal given. When they had made these preparations, they advanced against us in three bodies, one by the side of Tacuba, another by the ruins of the houses which had been destroyed, and the third by the causeway where they had contrived their plan to entrap us. Alvarado had brought part of his cavalry to our post since the houses were destroyed. We repulsed the enemy on all sides; and one party of us, having forced them from the works I have mentioned, crossed the water, up to our necks, at the pass they had left open, and followed them until we came to a place where were large temples and towers of idols. Here we were assailed by fresh troops from the houses and roofs, and those whom we were pursuing faced about and came against us, so that we were obliged to retreat, which we did with regularity; but when we came to the water, we found that the enemy in their canoes had got possession of the pass where we had crossed. We were therefore obliged to look for other places; but, as they came pressing on us, we were at length compelled to throw ourselves into the lake and get



over as we could. Those who were not able to swim fell into the pits; the enemy closed in upon them, wounded most, and took five of them alive. The vessels which came to our relief could not approach, being embarrassed among the palisades, and here they lost two soldiers. It was a wonder we were not all destroyed in the pitfalls; a number of the enemy laid hands on me, but our Lord Jesus Christ gave me force to disengage my arm, and by dint of a good sword I got free from them, though wounded, and arrived on the dry ground, where I fainted away, and remained senseless for a time. This was owing to my great exertions and loss of blood. After this success the enemy kept us constantly employed day and night, by attacks upon our posts."

Cortez now endeavoured to carry an outpost which was of so much importance to the city that it had been strongly fortified. It was vigorously defended both by land and water; but Cortez, who led the attack in person, at length obtained possession of it. He was, however, ultimately obliged to retire, with considerable loss, and without having been able to fill up the deep canal which was in front of the work. The terraced houses in the vicinity commanded the position, and the palisades prevented the brigantines from acting in conjunction with the troops. For a few days after this event, Cortez was too much occupied in defending himself to think of offensive warfare. Guatimotzin had resolved to try whether the Spaniards might not be worn out by a series of almost unintermitted attacks upon them. These attacks were commenced simultaneously by land and water, two hours

before daylight on the 21st of June, against all the Spanish divisions: they were continued for the two following nights, and ended in a combined assault by the whole Mexican force upon Alvarado's division. These desperate onsets, especially the last, were not repelled without much difficulty and no inconsiderable loss.

It was now July, and the Spaniards, though they had been six weeks before the Mexican capital, had made but little progress. Grown impatient from his want of success, Cortez now formed the desperate resolution of endeavouring to carry the city by a general assault. His intention was to push forward along the three causeways, and reach, if possible, the great square, the possession of which would, he thought, enable him to command all the streets which led to it. In the council of war which he called on this occasion, the scheme was strongly opposed by several of his officers. They urged that if they should even succeed in reaching the great square, they would then be only in the same situation as when they were expelled from Mexico, with the additional disadvantage of having to contend against a more numerous force; and that this time the enemy would perhaps effectually preclude their retreat by cutting the causeways behind them. It was therefore more prudent to adhere to the slow but sure system of destroying the houses and filling up the canals as they went along, thus gradually gaining a firm footing. They were, however, overruled by a majority of the council, and it was determined that the plan of Cortez should be carried into execution by the whole of the Spanish and allied force.

This ill-advised adventure had the result which the minority anticipated. At first, the division led by Cortez in person met with less violent opposition than was experienced by the other two. But this apparent slackness of the enemy was only a feint to draw on their adversaries. The Mexicans had narrowed the causeway, which was also covered with water in some places and deep in mud, and had got everything in readiness to fall upon the Spaniards at the proper moment. Cortez himself added to the danger by neglecting to give orders for filling up the ditches he had passed. No sooner had he reached a certain point, than multitudes of canoes sallied forth and took him in flank and rear, his own vessels being unable to succour him on account of the palisades. A retreat was in consequence ordered, which was conducted with tolerable regularity till the Spaniards arrived at a narrow pass, where their assailants fell upon them with tenfold fury. "The retreat," says Diaz, "was turned into a race, our people flying before the enemy without attempting to defend themselves." Cortez tried to rally them, but in vain. He was now in imminent peril; already wounded in the leg, he was seized upon by six Mexican chiefs, and must have fallen a victim had he not been saved by the valour of Lerma and De Oli. The latter paid with his life for the rescue of his commander; he was slain, after having killed four of the chiefs with his own hand. The liberated general was dragged out of the water, mounted on horseback, and hurried off to his quarters. Seventy-two Spaniards fell alive into the hands of the Mexicans, and the slaughter made among the allies was immense.

No better fortune attended the division led by Alvarado. The first dike which it attacked was so obstinately defended that above a thousand of the allies were slain or hurt, one of the Spaniards was killed, and most of them were wounded. The dike was nevertheless carried. But here ended the success of this column. "As we were advancing," says Diaz, "we were met by fresh troops in great parade, bearing plumes of feathers, and devices on their standards. When we came near them, they threw down before us five bleeding heads, crying out to us that they were those of Cortez and his officers, and that we should meet the same fate as our companions; they then marched up, and fighting us foot to foot, compelled us to retreat. We, as usual, called to our allies to make way for us, but in the present case there was no occasion; the sight of the bloody heads had done it effectually, nor did one of them remain on the causeway to impede our retreat. Before we arrived at our quarters, and while the enemy were pursuing us, we heard their shrill tymbals, and the dismal sound of the great drum, from the top of the principal temple of the god of war, which overlooked the whole city. Its mournful noise was such as may be imagined the music of the infernal gods, and it might be heard at the distance of almost three leagues. They were then sacrificing the hearts of ten of our companions to their idols. Shortly after this the King of Mexico's horn was blown, giving notice to his captains that they were then to take their enemies prisoners, or perish in the attempt. It is impossible to describe the fury with which they closed upon us when they heard

this signal. Though all is as perfect to my recollection as if passing before my eyes, it is utterly beyond my power to describe ; all I can say is, it was God's will that we should escape from their hands, and get back in safety to our post. Praised be He for his mercies, now and at all other times !”

The column headed by Sandoval suffered the least of the three. He seems to have been allowed to advance with only slender opposition, till the fate of the two other columns was decided. The moment that was ascertained, the Mexicans turned upon him with the utmost fury, wounded him in three places, killed two of his men at the first discharge, and wounded all the rest. Six Spanish heads were also thrown before his soldiers, accompanied by loud threats that they should soon be treated in the same manner as their companions had been. Sandoval, however, retained all his presence of mind, and succeeded in keeping his men to their ranks, and in bringing them off with but inconsiderable loss.

The post of Sandoval on the mainland was left in comparative quiet, but not so those which were occupied by Alvarado and Cortez : they were assailed with the utmost fury by the victors. Into the quarters of Cortez they threw four heads, which they said were those of Sandoval, Alvarado, and two other officers. At Tacuba the Spanish division would probably have been overpowered but for the fire of two guns which raked the causeway. Yet, in spite of the deadly discharges from these cannon, the natives persisted in pressing on. One of the brigantines had fallen into their power, but it was subsequently recovered. Of the canoes

belonging to the allies, one half were taken or destroyed. Sandoval, who had come to inquire what was the real situation of Cortez, was now despatched by him to Tacuba, to assist in repelling the Mexicans. A short pause ensued in the contest soon after his arrival at that position. "Here," says Bernal Diaz, "we were for a time at rest, and engaged in relating the events which had happened at each post, when on a sudden our ears were struck by the horrific sound of the great drum, the tymbals, horns, and trumpets, in the temple of the god of war. We all directed our eyes thither, and, shocking to relate, saw our unfortunate countrymen driven by force, cuffs, and bastinades to the place where they were to be sacrificed, which bloody ceremony was accompanied by the mournful sound of all the instruments of the temple. We perceived that when they had brought the unfortunate victims to the flat summit of the body of the temple, where the sacrifices were offered, they put plumes upon their heads, and with a kind of fan in the hand of each, made them dance before their accursed idols. When they had done this, they laid them on their backs, upon the stone used for the purpose, where they cut out their hearts, alive, and having presented them, yet palpitating, to their gods, they drew the bodies down the steps by the feet, when they were taken by others of their priests. Let the reader think what were our sensations on this occasion." This horrible and disgusting sight had a powerful and lasting effect upon him. "From this time," says Diaz, "I feared that cruel death; and this I mention because, before I went into battle, I felt a great depression and unea-

ness about my heart ; and then recommending myself to God and our blessed Lady, the instant I was engaged with the enemy it left me."

This reverse suspended for a while the progress of the Spaniards. For four days Cortez contented himself with endeavouring to keep the ground which he had previously gained. Even in this he did not quite succeed, for the Mexicans compelled him to recede at some points, while at the same time they strengthened their own defences. A circumstance now occurred which placed the invaders in a very embarrassing situation, and might have proved fatal to them. During their incessant attacks on the Spanish posts, the Mexicans taunted their enemies, and exultingly told them that the gods had promised their destruction within eight days. This denunciation produced such an effect upon the Tlascalans and other allies, that in the course of one night nearly the whole of them deserted. Had the priests, by whom this assurance was given to the people, been wise enough to fix a more distant period for the downfall of their foes, the prediction might perhaps have worked its own fulfilment, as without auxiliaries it would have been almost impossible for the Spaniards to contend against the multitudes that surrounded them. But, by limiting the term of the prediction to eight days, the priests deprived themselves of the advantages they might have otherwise secured. Cortez saw this error, and turned it to account. Committing nothing to chance, he confined himself to holding the Mexicans at bay till the ominous time had passed by. His policy was successful. When the allies found that not only eight days, but severai

more, had elapsed without the Spaniards having been destroyed, they were convinced that the Mexican deities were unworthy of belief, and they again thronged around the standard of Cortez.

From this time Cortez acted with more method and caution than he had hitherto done. It is singular that the proper plan should have been pointed out to him by a native warrior. This was Suchel, a very brave man, brother to the lord of Tezcuco : he had been baptized, and was known under the name of Don Carlos. He was much attached to the Spaniards, and was one of the very few who had not been frightened away by the denunciations of the Mexican oracles. He did not hesitate to remonstrate with Cortez on his imprudent conduct. "Cut off," said he, "their provisions and water : there are in Mexico so many xiquipils of warriors, and how can they subsist ? Their provisions must at some time be expended ; the water which they get from the wells is salt ; and they have no resource but from the frequent rains. Fight them by hunger and thirst, and do not throw away your own force." "Cortez," says Diaz, "embraced him for his advice ; not that the same had not occurred to many of us before, but we were too impatient." Men, however, who could suffer impatience to get the better of discretion, were manifestly deficient in one of the qualities most essential to military leaders.

The first step taken by Cortez was to obtain a more complete command of the lake, so as to circumscribe within narrower bounds the Mexican operations and supplies. In this he was successful. Two brigantines were always cruising in company



and they were constantly intercepting canoes laden with provisions and water for the city. The captains of his vessels also discovered a mode of breaking through the enemy's palisades, by dint of sails and oars, and were thus enabled to cover the flanks of the Spanish troops, and to harass those of the Mexicans. This was an important advantage. Strict care was now taken to fill up the canals and ditches, and to level and enlarge the ground as fast as the besiegers advanced, even Cortez himself carrying beams and earth for that purpose. The heavy rains, too, however unpleasant they might be, were of service to the Spaniards, as during such weather the Mexicans always relaxed in their exertions. Thus the assailants worked forward, slowly but surely, "gaining every day a bridge or a parapet." In this manner each of the three attacks was considerably advanced towards the city, till at length the Spaniards reached some fountains, which they cut off; their cavalry could likewise act freely throughout the whole of the space which they had won.

The progress which he was now making induced Cortez to hope that the Mexicans would listen to proposals. He therefore despatched three of his principal prisoners with a message to Guatimotzin: a mission which they undertook with no small degree of reluctance. In this communication Cortez dwelt upon the sufferings and dangers to which the Mexicans were exposed, his wish to prevent the loss of lives and the destruction of the city, and the affection which he bore to all the family of the great Montezuma! The Mexican monarch summoned a council of nobles and priests to

deliberate upon the propositions of the enemy. Brave though he was, he was willing to consent to a peace ; for he was moved by the distresses of his people, and, being abandoned by his allies, he saw but little chance of making an effectual resistance. The priests, however, were of a different opinion. They painted in glowing and true colours the conduct of the Spaniards to Montezuma and his family, to other princes, and, indeed, to all those who had fallen under their yoke ; they warned him to beware of the treachery of Cortez ; reminded him of his own martial fame ; and once more boldly promised, in the name of the gods, that his arms should be crowned with victory. Thus stimulated by every motive that can actuate the brave and the patriotic, Guatimotzin declared that he would fight to the last man ; and he issued orders to sink wells, to husband the provisions, and to spare no exertions for the procuring of nocturnal supplies.

The Spaniards were not long before they felt the effects of this desperate resolution. " Our army," says Diaz, " remained quietly at their post for two days, expecting the answer from Mexico. We were then attacked at all points by fresh bodies of the enemy, who fell on us like lions, closing upon and endeavouring to seize us with their hands whenever the horn of Guatimotzin was sounded. For seven days were we thus engaged, watching in a body during the night, at daybreak going into action, fighting through the whole day, and in the evening retiring to console ourselves with our wretched maize cakes, *agi* or pepper, tunas, and herbs. Our offer of peace only furnished new matter for the enemy to revile us upon, reproach

ing us as cowards, and saying that peace was for women and arms for men." While the Mexicans were thus keeping the Spaniards occupied in defending their position towards the lake, they were busy in assembling troops to fall upon it on the land-side. The mutilated remains of the captured Spaniards were sent round the provinces, to encourage the rising in arms of such of the natives as were yet faithful to Guatimotzin. A considerable force was by this means brought into the field, which commenced its operations by falling upon the allies of Cortez. Ill as he could spare them, the Spanish general was compelled to send two strong detachments, under De Tapia and Sandoval, to support his friends. Both officers accomplished their object, and Sandoval came back just in time to sustain the besieging army, which his departure had so much weakened that it was now "in a most perilous way." His opportune arrival, however, turned the scale in its favour.

In the hope that the dispersion of the provincial succours might have somewhat discouraged the enemy, Cortez now sent another embassy to Guatimotzin. Of promises and professions he was as lavish as on the former occasion. Perhaps, too, he was prompted by another consideration of no trifling weight. His stock of gunpowder was reduced almost to nothing. It was well for him that, by mere chance, at this critical moment he received a supply of soldiers and ordnance stores, which had been intended for another destination. This was singularly fortunate, for this embassy again proved abortive. The only notice which Guatimotzin condescended to take of it was to or-

der that the envoys should quit the city without delay.

Negotiation having failed, Cortez was obliged to recur to arms. There were some indications which justified him in looking forward to a successful issue of the contest. The Mexicans, it is true, still manifested the same spirit of hatred and the same determination; they still loaded their enemies with curses, menaces, and insults; they were still eager to rush upon the sword; but famine was evidently doing its dreadful work among them; and, though their minds were unconquered, their bodies were become less capable of endurance and exertion: "there was not so much movement among them as formerly," says the Spanish chronicler, "nor did they so busily employ themselves in opening the ditches." In proportion as their energy declined, that of their enemies increased. Every day the invaders made some progress towards the devoted city. At length, Cortez determined to make a vigorous and combined attack, for the purpose of gaining a footing in the heart of the capital. The three divisions were to establish themselves in the Taltelulco, or great square, in which stood the principal temples and strong buildings. The plan was ably executed. Alvarado, whose division was the nearest to the square, was the first to force an entrance. After a sharp combat of two hours, he drove the Mexicans from their barricades, and penetrated into it. Then, retaining two thirds of his men to keep the enemy in the streets at bay, he gave the remainder to Gutierrez de Badajoz, to storm the temple of the war-god. Headed by the priests, a body of the natives defended thi-

temple with the most obstinate valour. They receded slowly up the steps before their adversaries, disputed every step, and, when they were at last driven to the flat summit of the edifice, they continued the fight till darkness brought the sanguinary struggle to a close. The triumphant Spaniards then set fire to the images and sanctuaries of the Mexican deities, and planted their standard on the top of the temple. It was not till some time after Alvarado had achieved this conquest that Cortez and Sandoval were able to join him. Guatimotzin had retired to another part of the city, and the royal palaces in this quarter were levelled to the ground by the victors. Fifty thousand of the allies rapidly and joyfully accomplished this work of destruction.

This was a fatal blow to the Mexicans, but they did not yet lose heart. Their onsets continued to be daily made upon the Spanish posts with the same inveteracy as before, though with diminished means. They soon, however, received a severe check, which contributed greatly to repress their impetuosity. An ambuscade, consisting of the flower of his army and a thousand Tlascalans, was laid by Cortez during the night in some large houses which had belonged to a nobleman of the city. On the following morning, by a feigned retreat, he drew the enemy into this snare. The signal being given, the concealed party rushed out upon the rear of the pursuing Mexicans, who, unable to advance or retire, and assailed on all sides, were routed with fearful slaughter. Henceforth they no longer followed up the Spaniards when they had succeeded in repulsing them.

For a few days Cortez desisted from active operations. He ordered the destruction of houses to be suspended, and again endeavoured to open a negotiation with the Mexican monarch, to whom he gave the strongest assurances that "he should enjoy the plenitude of power and honours." Cortez was really solicitous to save the city from any farther devastation; he did not wish the trophy of his conquest to be a heap of ruins. The overtures of the Spanish general were received by Guatimotzin with an apparent disposition to come to an understanding; but this was all fallacious, for the king was wisely averse from trusting himself in the hands of his unprincipled foes. His object in pretending to listen to the proposals was solely to gain time for strengthening the portion of the city in which he resided, and for collecting forces to make another assault upon the Spanish quarters. "The mask," says Diaz, "was soon thrown off; we were attacked by great bodies of the enemy with such violence as if all were beginning anew. Having been rather taken by surprise, they did us at first some mischief." The Mexicans were ultimately defeated; and this was the last flickering of a flame which was about to expire.

Another attempt to negotiate having failed, Cortez resolved to force his way into the remainder of the city. A tacit suspension of arms was, however, continued between the two parties for four or five days: they paused from weakness, he with the hope that the consciousness of their exhaustion might lead them to surrender. "During this time, numbers of the wretched Indians, reduced by famine, surrounded the Spanish quarters every night."

In order to conciliate their fellow-countrymen, Cortez ordered that no injury should be done to these unfortunate beings. As, however, no signs of submission appeared, the Spaniards recommenced their operations, and gradually gained ground in all directions. The finishing blow was given to the Mexican monarchy by the measures which Cortez now adopted. All escape except by the lake was already cut off from Guatimotzin; that last resource he was on the point of losing. Cortez directed Sandoval to proceed with the flotilla, and invest that quarter of the city in which the sovereign had taken refuge. At the same time, he charged him not to injure any of the natives unless he was himself attacked, and even then not to go beyond self-defence; but to level all the houses, and the numerous advanced works which the enemy had constructed on the lake.

The fatal moment was at length arrived when Guatimotzin must cease to hope that he could longer hold the city against his foe. To yield himself up to Cortez was abhorrent to his feelings, and consequently nothing remained for him but flight. Besides, if he could succeed in eluding pursuit, there was a chance that he might raise his standard in some other part of his empire. As soon, therefore, as he saw the preparations for surrounding him, he embarked with his family, courtiers, and officers, in fifty large piraguas, which had been held in readiness for the purpose. All the nobility and chiefs likewise took to flight in various directions. But the Spanish flotilla kept too close a watch to allow of his carrying his scheme into effect. He was speedily discovered, pursued, and compelled to sur-

render. This event, which terminated the siege of Mexico, took place on the evening of the 15th of August, 1521.

When the unfortunate Guatimotzin was brought into the Spanish camp, Cortez embraced him, and treated him with every semblance of respect. But the fallen monarch could not conceal how deeply his heart was wounded. While the tears gushed into his eyes, he exclaimed to Cortez, "Malintzin! I have done that which was my duty in the defence of my kingdom and people. My efforts have failed; and being now brought by force a prisoner into your hands, draw that poniard from your side and stab me to the heart." In reply to this affecting appeal, Cortez again embraced him, praised his valour and firmness, assured him that all which had passed would be buried in oblivion, and promised that he should retain his crown, and exercise his authority as fully and as freely as he had hitherto done. How well he kept his promise, history, to his eternal shame, has recorded.

The dreadful state to which the Mexican capital had been reduced is thus emphatically described by Bernal Diaz. "What I am going to mention," says he, "is truth, and I swear and say amen to it. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but I cannot conceive that the mortality there exceeded this of Mexico; for all the people from the distant provinces which belonged to this empire had concentrated themselves here, where they mostly died. The streets, the squares, the houses, and the courts of the Taltelulco were covered with dead bodies, we could not step without treading on them; the lake and canals were filled with them, and the stench



was intolerable. For this reason our troops, immediately after the capture of the royal family, retired to their former quarters. Cortez himself was for some time ill from the effect of it. Guatimotzin now requested of Cortez that permission should be given to clear the city entirely of the inhabitants, in order to purify it, and restore its salubrity. Accordingly, they were ordered to remove to the neighbouring towns; and for three days and three nights all the causeways were full, from one end to the other, of men, women, and children, so weak and sickly, squalid, and dirty, and pestilential, that it was misery to behold them. When all those who were able had quitted the city, we went to examine the state of it, which was as I have described. The streets, courts, and houses were covered with dead bodies, and some miserable wretches were creeping about, in the different stages of the most offensive disorders, the consequences of famine and improper food. The ground was all broken up to get at the roots of such vegetation as it afforded, and the very trees were stripped of their bark! There was no fresh water in the town. During all their distress, however, though their constant practice was to feast on such as they took prisoners, no instance occurred of their having preyed on each other; and certainly never since the creation existed a people who suffered so much from hunger thirst, and warfare."

**THE END.**





G

525

D 47

1900

THE  
UNIVERSITY



3 1205 00550 8500

*ejl*

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 994 866 2

